PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1982 $3.50

MALE PROSTITUTES
WOMEN WHO USE THEM... AND WHY!

SEX AND STATUS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

COMPUTER CRIME: THE SCOPE INCREASES

DOCTOR LOVE AND THE INSATIABLES: GAEL GREENE'S LATEST SIZZLER

THE SECRET (AND BIZARRE) LIFE OF JERZY KOSINSKI

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Which means the V-9200 can be programmed to record a ball game on one channel while you watch a movie on another.

We searched for ways to improve picture search. The result? The V-9200 not only makes quick visual searches at 8 times normal picture speed, but also very slow ones at 1/5 normal speed. Or even one frame at a time.

And auto-rewind has been added to cue whatever you've recorded back to start as soon as the tape is finished.

So you see, Toshiba has taken the VCR a giant step forward. Yet still managed to put the price in reverse.

A federal court has ruled that recording copyrighted material off the air without consent is in violation of existing copyright laws.

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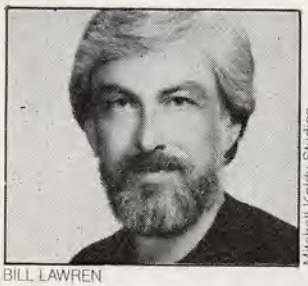
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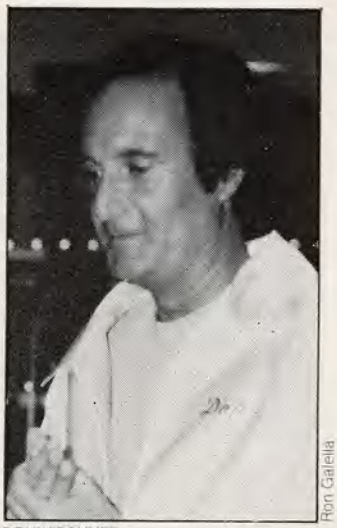
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HOUSECALL

For years people have been trying to find the answer to Freud's question: "What do women want?" And as women have become more "liberated," the answer seems to be: "More or less what men want." As increasing numbers of women move into executive suites and begin to enjoy more of the traditional prerogatives of their male predecessors, one wonders how they are negotiating the final sexual barrier—availing themselves of the services provided by practitioners of the oldest profession. Orthodox sex researchers had not investigated the idea of male prostitutes for women, and even so knowledgeable an expert as the legendary French madam, Claude, told *Penthouse* flatly (in our February 1982 issue): "Male prostitution just wouldn't work." But times and mores change, and we decided to see for ourselves. The results have been astounding . . . so much so that we will be running a series of articles during the next several months exploring this new phenomenon and profiling some of the more interesting men and women involved.

The first article, "Women Who Buy Men," by **Ellen Sherman**, starts on page 68. Sherman, a free-lance writer, actress, and screenwriter (she's working on *A-OK*, a unique, futuristic "techno-thriller," at the moment), was frankly skeptical when she first got this assignment from *Penthouse*: "I wasn't sure that there *were* any women using male prostitutes," she told us. But as she began to research the story, she quickly discovered how wrong she was. In fact, she now reports that budding entrepreneurs who missed the boat on video games and microchips should take heart. "There is at least one very promising growth industry yet to be explored."

The government of the United States, on the other hand, has become an all too exploited growth industry, and to celebrate Independence Day this year we take you behind the scenes of our nation's capital, guided by two of that city's best-informed inside observers: **Diana McLellan**, whose "Ear" column in the *Washington Post* makes and breaks news about what's *really* going on in the backrooms of the Pentagon and the bedrooms of Georgetown; and **James Dale Davidson**, chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, an organization that actually lobbies to save money, not spend it. In "Sex, Status, and Success: How to Play and Win in Washington" (page 72), McLellan lifts the lid on the secrets of some of the most important—and ridiculous—people who run the country, or at least who *think* they do. McLellan's article comes from her new book, *Ear on Washington*, which will be published by Arbor House. Whether you're in politics or not, you'll find this one of the funniest articles you've ever read.

Jim Davidson's "It's Only Your Money" (page 50) provides an equally hilarious look at bureaucratic Washington in action, but this time the joke very clearly is on *us*. From building elevated outhouses to investigating the brothels of Peru, when it comes to pissing away our tax dollars, U.S. government employees are world champions. "We are stuck with a bad and expensive government," writes Davidson, "the equivalent of a black hole."

If you're not a government employee, it's more difficult to rip off a lot of cash in one coup, but, thanks to high technology, an increasing number of educated thieves are learning how. **Bill Lawren**, a California-based free-lance writer, investigates the burgeoning problem of "Computer Crime" (page 138), and reports that yesterday's science fiction has become today's law-enforcement nightmare. As a leading computer specialist told him: "All the systems that we thought were relatively secure—including national-defense computers, and any of the very large-payment systems—are wide open."

The sexual possibilities at Plato's Retreat, New York's popular orgy emporium, are equally wide open, and Dr. Barney Kincaid, our fictional hero this month, doesn't want to miss out on a single one. Barney's adventures are depicted in our exclusive excerpt from **Gael Greene**'s sizzling new novel, *Dr. Love* (page 78), which will be published by St. Martin's/Marek. Greene, whose previous best-seller *Blue Skies, No Candy* fueled readers' sexual fantasies a few years ago, also finds time to write restaurant reviews for *New York* magazine (and because she needs anonymity to do this job we have refrained from publishing her photograph).

Jerzy Kosinski is another best-selling writer with a need for anonymity, because, as he explains in this month's exclusive interview (page 128), when he roams about in disguise, "I am more abandoned, as if an outer censorship has been lifted." Kosinski's obsessions with violence and perversity dominate his novels, but this candid interview, conducted for *Penthouse* by **Barbara Leaming**, makes clear that his taste for the bizarre is no literary affectation. From his childhood in a concentration camp, to his cherished and carefully cataloged files of homemade nude photographs (which he started when he was sixteen), to his complex relationship with the murderer-writer Jack Henry Abbott, the secret life of Jerzy Kosinski is more fascinating than those of the fictional heroes of his books.

You'll also want to read **Don Kirshner**'s "Stereo Star Trek" (page 132), in which TV's top rock impresario tells you how his stars listen to music when they're not making it—and it's not always on the best equipment money can buy. California reporter **Johnny O'Donnell** makes his *Penthouse* debut this month with a shocking "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" (page 100), which points out that Agent Orange is just the tip of the poisonous iceberg afflicting veterans. And, if you think the so-called oil crisis was bad, **Fred Powledge** warns in this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 102) that we're rapidly running out of water. A notion more or less guaranteed to make you thirsty.

But who needs oil or water when—as our Pets continue to demonstrate in such lovely profusion—there is no *beauty* crisis, no shortage of the sensual, no erosion of the erotic . . . at least, not in the pages of *Penthouse*!

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

MOCHA MADNESS

I have found myself in the worst predicament that I have ever been in. I am in jail. As you have probably guessed, I was framed and charged with robbing a homosexual. As if this is not enough, I have no outlets for sexual tension. Oh sure, you say, "Just pound the ham," but it isn't that simple.

As a prepubescent I had an incredible love for chocolate. As I grew older, so did my love for this delicacy until it became a fetish. I have tried making love to many gorgeous women in a lot of fantastic settings. But time after time I failed to get it on. As you yourself would probably have done, I became celibate. For four years I tried until I discovered the problem. Because of my great love for chocolate, I have to make love in the presence of at least two or three Hershey bars. Weird, eh? I've heard of a similar case in which an Italian sailor had to make love on an anchovy pizza, but never of anyone having the strong craving for chocolate that I have.

I realize that most readers probably ask for photos of your Pets, but I beg you for some photos of some mocha chocolate. The guards will not help me and I'm embarrassed to confide in friends or relatives.—*Name and address withheld*

A STUMPER

I'm an American fighting man stationed in the South. About two years ago my wife had an accident, and as a result she had to forfeit a leg. Of course, doctors supervised her recovery and eventually fitted her with a prosthesis. She appears normal in slacks and such, but she really depends on me to help instill the belief that she's still all woman.

We still enjoy an active sex life together. However, never did I think that it would involve love and affection to the wound that caused her so much grief. My tale goes like this.

On a rainy night last winter we decided to stay home and enjoy the night like domesticated folks. My wife was curled up next to me, and I was reading "Penthouse Forum" to her while sipping some wine. Clara was getting very excited. Her nipples did a lot of talking and I guessed that her cunt was dripping wet. I was turned on full power and was intending to get some fur pie that night.

We started to get it on on the living-room floor. With the carpet beneath us, we were pawing like two wild animals at each other's clothes and bodies. But that damned prosthesis got jammed and refused to release Clara from its icy grip. Infuriated, I grabbed a jar of Vaseline and eventually the buckles and straps gave way.

Of course, with Vaseline all over her legs I thought she might feel too greasy, so I grabbed a nearby towel. As I turned back to her, she was rubbing the Vaseline all over her body. The sight of her all greased up, including her bung hole, really hardened my dick. I knew that if she rolled over it'd be Greek style for a month!

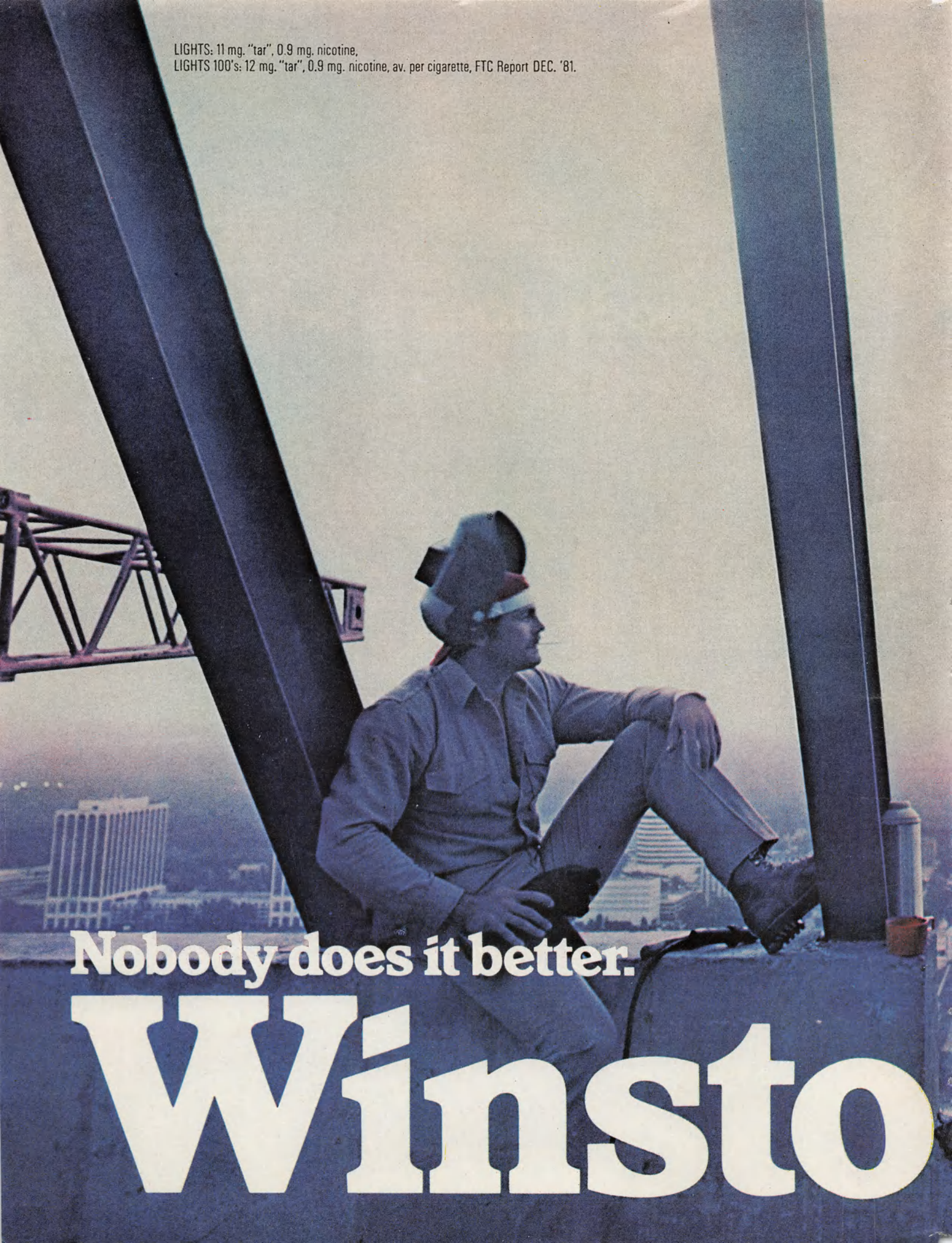
Abandoning the towel in my hand, I fingered her pussy and poop chute, relaxing it and exciting her. She moaned a little but gradually we both were moaning like animals in a primitive tone. She was taking immense pleasure, and I have to admit, I was having a good time myself. Eventually her little O-ring relaxed to allow her to take my eight-inch slab of man-meat. I humped her slowly, but sped up as she took all of me in. She had a vibrator under the sofa (I told her that was unsanitary) and proceeded to fuck herself furiously.

Suddenly, however, she demanded that I "take care of Prosey" (that's what she calls her stump). I took the vibrator and some Vaseline and rubbed, greased, and massaged her with it. As she closed her eyes I ate her beaver like fried chicken on Sunday! She wriggled in delight. I worked my way up to her mammoth mammaries, whose hard nipples beckoned for tender loving care. I sucked 'em all right, but Clara said, again, "TAKE CARE OF PROSEY!"

Now, gentlemen, I ask you: if all you have is a dick, two hands, a vibrator, and some Vaseline, and your wife wants you to love a stump, what more can you do? I went at it anyway, and licked her leg like a cat licks milk. Eventually, I worked my way to the scar tissue where the rest of her leg used to be. This must be her second slit, I thought, as she moaned loudly while I constantly licked her over and over. Then I just got up and thrust my man-meat against it, furiously driving and driving until she was about to climax. Then I grabbed the vibrator and put it in her cunt, copying my engorged member's repetitive action. In a kaleidoscopic sensory wave, we came together. She was having a true orgasm, and when I came I got man-milk all over her stump.

Eventually her multi-orgasm subsided and she lay there looking at me and crying. I asked her why, and she told me because she loved me so much. And that, gentlemen, makes the whole thing worth it.—*Name and address withheld*

Nobody does it better.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SHE'S HARD TO COME BY

One evening last month my husband, Ed, and I were having a few drinks at home with our friend Myra. She is a pretty blond girl of twenty-two with slim hips, long legs, and almost nonexistent breasts. As the drinks began to take effect, Ed began to get a little loudmouthed. Most of the time he knows when to stop, but he got way out of line in kidding Myra about her "teenie tiny titties." He just kept on and on, getting cruder and more insulting by the moment. Suddenly, Myra was yelling right in his face that he was a mammary-obsessed macho man who ought to be taught a lesson. She ripped open her blouse and buttons flew all over, exposing her almost flat, muscular chest. "Buddy, I'd love to make you beg for these," Myra hissed. Ed made it perfectly clear that there was nothing in the world that she could ever do to make him kiss or touch her boobs. The scene was going from bad to worse, and I was trying to stay out of it and out of the way. I expected blows to be thrown, but Myra smugly dared him to let us tie him up for a little while and prove how much of a big man he really was. Blame it on the drinks, but Ed readily took the dare. Maybe he did have something to prove. I said that I'd go along with it, but I wasn't going to hang around to see what happened.

Myra ran out to her car to get some rope from her trunk. Twenty minutes later Ed was tied over the top of our kitchen table, face up, in his briefs. His ankles were tightly tied to two table legs and his wrists were tied to the other legs so that his while body was bent like a bow. I could see that there was no way that he could get loose so I asked him if he still wanted to do it. "You bet," he snapped at me. Nothing I could do would make either of them stop, so I washed my hands of the whole thing and picked up my bag. The only thing I asked Myra was that she not hurt him too much. "Don't worry," she said, "I won't hurt him. But when you come back I'll have him as horny as hell for you."

I went to a favorite bar and had a glass of wine and did a little shopping at the mall. I was gone about three hours before I finally went home. When I opened the apartment door I found Ed still tied up, blindfolded, with pieces of his underpants on the floor by the table. His manhood was stiff as a board and throbbing helplessly in the air while Myra sat in the chair between his legs, resting her chin in her palm as if she were bored, calmly brushing the tips of her fingers up and down his hairy inner thighs and around his contracted balls. He was so dizzy from lust that he didn't even notice my entrance. His breath was ragged and short and I was amazed to hear him beg in a gasping voice, "Please, Myra, please!" She motioned me to silence with a gesture and whispered to me that she had won the bet. I had to agree. Around the table were a belt, a bottle of hand lotion—the traces of which were on the table top under his soaked ass hole—and a couple of my best scarves, which had been used as a gag and blindfold. He had little hickey marks all over his chest, mostly around his wrinkled and tightened nipples. It was easy to see that he was suffering for a good come and hornier than he had been, probably, in his whole life. Each time she brushed her fingers around the base of his cock he made a squeaky little sound in his throat and tried to hump his hips up and make her touch his hard-on. She whispered into my ear for me to watch something I wouldn't believe. Gently she massaged his balls in her fingers, moving slowly up towards his aching cock. Just as she got to the base of it she stopped massaging and began to tickle through the thick hair around his fat mound so lightly that I didn't see how he could feel it. Evidently he could, because he did something I never heard a man do before; he whimpered.

"Poor baby," she teased, "what's the matter? Hmmmm?" His answer was so low that I could hardly hear it, "Please, please!" "Aw, baby boy, what do you want? Do you need me? Tell Myra what you want." I could tell that he was trying so hard to shoot that I almost made her stop. But I was so amazed seeing my husband writhe at the slightest touch, as if he were in total agony, that I just stood silently beside him and watched her drive him crazy. She kept up the tantalizing questions, making him beg to get a look at one of her tiny breasts. As she moved one hand up to his chest to draw delicate circles around his nipples, she softly explained that she had sucked him briefly at first to get his cock sensitive but that she hadn't touched it for almost two hours. He had never touched her nipples or body at all.

I backed out of the way so that she could remove the blindfold and "give Eddie his reward for being such a good little boy for Myra." She stopped caressing him to bounce her little nipples right in front of his face. She never stopped tantalizing him for a minute. Myra finally let him have a nipple to suck for a brief moment, giving him a light squeeze on his purple cockhead to emphasize the pleasure of getting to kiss one of her "teenie tiny titties."

After these few object lessons in the pleasure of touching the nipples and breasts of a flat-chested girl, she was so wet between her legs that she had to relieve herself. As Myra collapsed onto the couch with her drenched fingers working overtime, I stood behind him and lifted his head so that he could see the whole thing stroke for tantalizing stroke. His swollen prick bobbed in the air helplessly; he couldn't use it and he for sure couldn't lose it. Ed pleaded for us to let him shoot but neither of us would till Myra got through with her own relief.

We were contemplating other ways to torment him, but I took pity on him and asked Myra to get him off. It was only right

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that, since she was the one to tease him all night, she should be the one to help him out. She said that she would but that I would have to go into the bedroom and not look. I agreed but peeked around the door anyway.

Myra tweaked his nipple just to make him jump one last time before climbing aboard. I could feel my own fingers probing my love hole as she fitted Ed's stiff prong into her sopping place. She sat down on him so fast that he had no time to shoot and stayed still. She played with her own little nipples, giving him a look at the things he most wanted to hold. Her red tongued played around her full lips as she sat there. From where I stood, I could see that her love muscles were clenching at his trapped cock because her stomach muscles moved rhythmically. "Ed, look at Myra's teenie tiny titties," she taunted. "Shoot for me, little boy. Do it now, do it now. Ahhhh, it feels good." Myra was making him shoot without stroking on his cock at all. His chest arched up and his eyes bugged out as he gave up his juice to her, gasping his pleasure and relief.

Myra made me leave him tied up while she got dressed to leave. Before she left, however, she gave him the biggest kiss right on the end of his shrunken manhood. "If you ever get any more ideas that breast size is a gauge of a woman's potential, give me a call." I couldn't help teasing him just a little more before untying him, but he didn't seem to mind. We made love till almost sunrise the next day.—*Name and address withheld*

PREPPY LOVE

My friend Mike and I recently spent a long weekend visiting friends at a major southern university. We offer the following conclusions. First, some people still like Richard Nixon, and, second, sex does exist among preppies.

After arriving on a Friday evening (we were on leave from our own northern Ivy League school), Mike and I were whisked to a fraternity rush party. As professional students and Northerners, we merely outclassed the prospective pledges, who were boring most of their dates—especially the good-looking ones. After consuming six or seven beers, Mike and I made our move. We casually asked two of the best-looking women to dance. They looked relieved as we walked toward the floor and left their dazed, boring companions behind.

Mike's partner was named Barb, and mine was called Buffy. She was the type who wears a fair isle sweater, three shirts, and a turtleneck with little hearts on it. After many dances and several more beers our Ivy League rap was working well. When Mike suggested that we go back to our friend's apartment, the girls eagerly agreed. Upon arrival Mike poured some strong gin-and-tonics. I got out my cache of coke, and Buffy snorted more in a shorter time than any woman I've ever been with, "prep" or not. She and Barb started talking politics and mocked the guys they'd been with for being anti-Nixon. Aristocracy allows its eccentricities, I suppose. Mike, a diehard liberal who spends most of his time apologizing for his wealth, winced and remained silent as we all sensed what was about to happen.

Soon Buffy complained about the heat, and her fair isle was thrown to the floor followed by her button-down. Mike and his newfound friend soon departed, and I removed my tennis sweater and my Izod. Buffy was surprised, but blushing only slightly, countered by taking off her turtleneck, revealing a pair of small, pert breasts capped by dark areolas the size of silver dollars. As I began to touch her nipples, they became fully erect and stretched almost completely across her boobs. I could wait no longer, and I unzipped my Greenwich greens and approached her as my cock slowly crept up my stomach. After sliding off her Nantucket reds, I could not help but think that the room looked liked Brooks Brothers after a hurricane.

Moments later we were sucking each other off with such verve that we almost broke into a sweat, a cardinal sin for two preppies. As Buffy filled her mouth with the bulbous head of my fine-nine, I ate her until she came several times in succession. Her clit was quite large, perhaps an inch and a half or so when erect, and her pleasure center functioned quite well. She wanted me inside so badly now that I could not refuse. Good head could wait till later if this Ali McGraw look-alike wanted me now.

Entering her sopping pussy in one thrust, I found her vagina to be like a well-oiled vise. The friction made her come instantly, and when she stopped shuddering, she pumped me for all she was worth. The resulting geyser was the most intense orgasm I've ever had.

Buffy continued to pound and finally took all of my semihard penis into her. I rose to the occasion and gave her two more orgasms before she collapsed. Deftly moving to enter her doggie-style, I wondered why things were rarely like this up North. After she came yet again, I flipped her over and she took all of me the old-fashioned way. She returned my every serve and volley like it was match point in the Wimbledon finals. Finally, after a groan from me and a bloodcurdler from Buffy, we both came for what seemed like months. To our mutual surprise this was followed by applause and then laughter. Our screams had brought Mike and Barb out of the other bedroom.

After the red glow had left everything but my now limp hose and Buffy's frightened expression had eased into a smile, they told us that though probably physically worn out, neither Buffy nor I appeared ruffled or sweaty. We explained the advantages of using cocaine and being

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preppy. As far as those shirts are concerned, we proved that it doesn't always take as long to take them off as it does to put them on. We also agreed that I should write this letter to prove that preppies can be lustful in bed and fall in love.—*Name and address withheld*

NOSE JOB

I go to a major western university, and last week I had the greatest sex session in my life. I met this girl at a party, and little did I know that I was in for a night I would never forget. She was kind of cute but had a very large nose. After a while we left the party and went back to my dorm room. It didn't take long for things to get started. After we started kissing she was already rubbing my bulge. She unbuttoned my pants and started sucking me off, and might I add, she was doing a hell of a job.

I leaned my head back and was enjoying it immensely, when I looked down at her. To my surprise she was sticking my cock in her nose. I said, "What the hell are you doing?" and she replied, "Don't worry, just relax and enjoy." I said to myself, "Why not, it could be a good new experience." I was very surprised at how good it felt. Her nostril hairs were rubbing against my rock-hard prick, which gave me the most tingling sensation of my life. When it started to get dry she just blew her nose. Boy, I never knew that snot was such a good lubricant. Finally I came, and when I shot a load, I sure did clean her sinuses.

The next day I told a couple of guys on my floor about it, and they all said that I was full of shit. I then introduced her to a couple of my friends, and after a couple of days they got it on with her. The next day after they messed around with her, that was all they talked about. We all agreed that this was the greatest sexual experience of our lives, and to this day we all call her "boner nose," and believe me, the name fits.—*Name and address withheld*

A NEW ORDER

In your February issue you have two accounts of male slavery. Because of my own unfaithfulness I have experienced much the same fate. On business trips, I used to be accompanied by my secretary, and too many times we were rather careless. Of course my wife found out about what was going on. When we had it out, she frankly suggested either a divorce or what she called an appropriate punishment. Carelessly, I chose the latter alternative. I was ordered to undress and to bend over for a thrashing with a thin stick, originally designed to support flowers. She gave me a first, very painful treatment.

Well, I thought I had been lucky to get off that easily. However, the following day, when I came home from the office, she insisted on repeating the treatment. Now she had obtained a riding crop, and the lashes really made me jump. The third day resembled the previous punishment sessions, only now my poor ass was all black and blue and very sensitive.

My wife also made a whole book of rules for my existence in the house. All household chores were to be taken care of to keep my mind off sex and girls in general. If my jobs weren't done perfectly the whip was always close at hand. In order to make me more easily available for correction, she invented a uniform that left my backside naked. Of course, I did not share her bedroom any longer and we did not eat at the same table. My place was in the kitchen, and cleaning, washing, and polishing kept me busy all of the time. I adjusted to this life-style and in many ways enjoyed being her obedient servant. Finally she realized that some new measures were essential if she wanted to underscore her superiority.

Lately she has started to invite a male friend to the house, and they often make love with me watching and serving them in different ways. Drinks, coffee, cigarettes—I get them whatever they want. I'm supposed to be there, ready to fill their demands. Dressed only in a small apron, I dash around with glasses and cups.

One of my wife's friends is a well-built and handsome young man, and I had the misfortune to spill a drink while he was visiting. "Fetch the cane," ordered my wife, and then she asked him to give me six of his best. Which he did. But this obviously turned him on and his bisexual tendencies were revealed. She offered him my services, and for the very first time in my life I was initiated into homosexual conduct. His entering me did hurt, and my freshly thrashed buttocks suffered under his attacks. I was in a state of utter degradation when he finished.

All this shows to what lengths a woman can go in order to get even. She feels that my behavior at one time was very degrading to her, and I must admit that she certainly had a right to take some revenge on me.—*Name and address withheld*

HIGH-TECH SEX

As an avid reader of your "Forum" section, I have in the past wondered how many letters were actual experiences versus "creative writing." I recently enjoyed a week-long encounter with a newfound friend that in retrospect is hard for even me to believe. It is all true, and I hope your other readers enjoy it also.

The company I work for manufactures diagnostic ultrasound systems, which produce images of soft tissue areas. This examination is widely used in obstetrics, cardiology, and gynecology and visualizes things like the growing fetus and even "lost" IUD's in women. We sponsor training programs at hotels around the country for our customers to teach them proper use and applications of the equipment. Most trainees are young female X ray technicians. Being single and heterosexual, I enjoy these programs very much. My

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encounter happened at the course we held in Miami. The first day of the course I noticed an attractive, tall brunette around 25 with a nice figure. During the day I would watch her, and every now and then she would look my way, smile, and nod. My first sexual stirrings occurred late that afternoon when I noticed her nipples very erect under the close-knit sweater she had on. I could just see the dark areola around the nipples of her 36C breasts.

At 5:00 P.M. we had a cocktail party for everyone to socialize and make new friends for the coming week since most attendees were from out of town. I got a chance to talk to her and found out she was married, alone for the seminar, intelligent, pleasant, and sexy. After several drinks and more conversation, I picked up signs that she also wanted to have "fun" at our course.

A group of mostly young women from the course wanted to go to a male strip club nearby. Andrea and I joined the expedition and sat at a table with Lucy (another course attendee) and her husband, Clark. As the show got hotter and hotter and the drinks stronger and stronger, Andrea and Lucy would get up and tip the dancers while Clark and I talked about how turned on the girls were getting. Soon all four of us were feeling no pain, and both ladies took turns sitting on our laps, hugging and kissing us. All through the evening they would comment on the various dancers' bodies and cocks. At one point, one of the dancers got hard because Andrea was shouting sexy suggestions to him while undulating sexily in front of him. Around midnight we went across the street to a disco, where we changed partners and danced for a few hours. The four of us then decided to go back to my hotel room, smoke a few joints, and go skinny-dipping in the warm Atlantic.

When we got to the beach, it was deserted, softly illuminated by the hotel lights with a very clear sky. The humid night air forced us quickly out of our clothes and into the ocean, which felt to me like my idea of the womb—warm, wet, and dark. Lucy and Clark stayed at the shoreline necking while Andrea and I went into five feet of water. Soon we were kissing and hugging and feeling the warm salt water caress both of our bodies. We could see and hear the other couple making love just at the water's edge, which excited both of our already pot-heightened libidos! Andrea finally put her arms around my shoulders, her legs around my waist, and I guided my throbbing cock into her wet pussy. Although I was standing up holding her, the water made her seem weightless and the gentle waves would on their own push her up and down on my cock. This went on pleasantly until we could stand no more. Andrea started moaning and biting my neck while I started to thrust into her as hard as possible. Finally we both came with Andrea crying out, "It's so good! It's so good!" over and over. During this whole time we were vaguely aware of people strolling down the beach and Lucy and Clark a few feet away.

The next night the four of us got together again in the hotel bar and while getting drunk started talking about vibrators. I said I just happened to have one. Andrea went on about how nice it would be to use mine, and someone brought up the suggestion of trying to visualize a vibrator in the vagina with our ultrasound equipment! We snuck into the room where the equipment was, locked all the doors, and watched Andrea strip and lie down on the examination table. Clark and I rubbed mineral oil all over Andrea's pubic region while teasing her clit with the vibrator. (Mineral oil is used to transmit the ultrasound waves into the body.) I then turned on the equipment and performed the "examination" as we took turns inserting the vibrator as far into Andrea's vagina as possible. Much to our delight, we were able to see the vibrator as it moved in and out. Soon an exhausted but happy Andrea got off the table, and we repeated the procedure on Lucy with equally good and exciting results. After that Andrea and I had marathon screwing sessions that literally left us raw. Since then I've been thinking of writing a scientific paper entitled "Ultrasonic Visualization of Variable Speed Vibrators in Vivo" and submitting it for publication.—*Name and address withheld*

"Maybe there are more fish in the sea, Fred, but you need a pole to catch them."

SHE LOVES HER WORK

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* magazine, especially the "Forum" section. I work as a mud logger in central Arkansas, and my job required me to work long hours (24-hour shifts) out at the well site with little to do. I've always wondered if the letters in the "Forum" are true, and until last week I wouldn't have thought so.

I had a trainee at the well site that day, so I was in the back room of the trailer, reading *Penthouse* while he did all the work. It was 2:30 in the afternoon on a very hot spring day. We were getting ready to set casing in the hole when the drill pipe inspector arrived. Instead of the usual male of the species, to our pleasure it happened to be a gorgeous blonde. It was fun watching her work, since the opportunity of having a woman at a well, let alone a good-looking one, is rather slim.

As it turned out, she walked over to our trailer and to our surprise knocked on the door and slipped in. She was even prettier than we imagined, with long golden curls dancing around her shoulders. She introduced herself as "Kitty" and asked if she could have a glass of cold, refreshing water. Quick to oblige, we must have looked like bumbling fools. While she drank, we couldn't help noticing her nipples hardening under the cool draft of the air conditioner. This was too much for my sex-starved eyes to take, and the bulge in my pants proved it. Glancing at the trainee, I could see he felt the same way.

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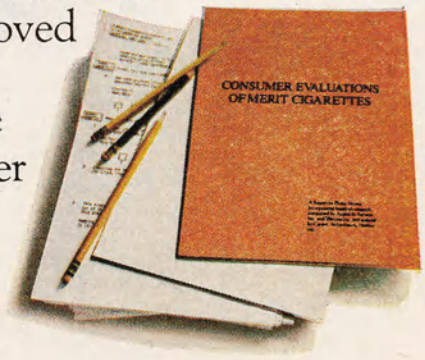

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Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 3 mg "tar," 0.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81—Ultra Lights 100's: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

She told us about inspecting pipe, and, God, was she sweet! Her sparkling blue eyes kept wandering down to our bulges during the conversation. She just flashed a naive smile and batted her baby blues.

The small talk soon turned to sex when she eyed the *Penthouse* lying on the bunk bed. She said she felt sorry for us being penned up like this, and it looked like we needed to get our pipes inspected. Quickly dropping to her knees, she pulled free our now-rigid stands of pipe. Slowly, methodically, she began caressing the head of my cock with her talented tongue while rubbing the trainee's cock with her long, sensuous fingers. We both groaned with pleasure. As she gently gnawed at my cock, I felt the tension growing inside me. I grabbed her shoulders, forcing myself deep into her mouth, as my muscle stiffened to a welcome orgasm. As the tension grew, I shoved my swollen member faster and faster into her luscious orifice. I told her I couldn't control it any longer, and her hot, wet lips clamped down on my throbbing tool as I came with a spurt. The sperm trickled down her chin as she milked me dry.

I fell back down and watched her work on the now big-eyed, bulging trainee. She slowly worked his cock with her puckered, red lips until she took all seven inches to the base. Using her lips, tongue, and teeth, she explored every inch of his now very rigid member. By the look in his eyes, he wasn't going to last much longer. She began to really suck his veiny, rigid rod, working it slowly in and out of her mouth at first and then faster and faster. All of a sudden, with a moan that shook the trailer, he shot his load into her mouth. She lovingly licked him clean and then stood up and took off her clothes.

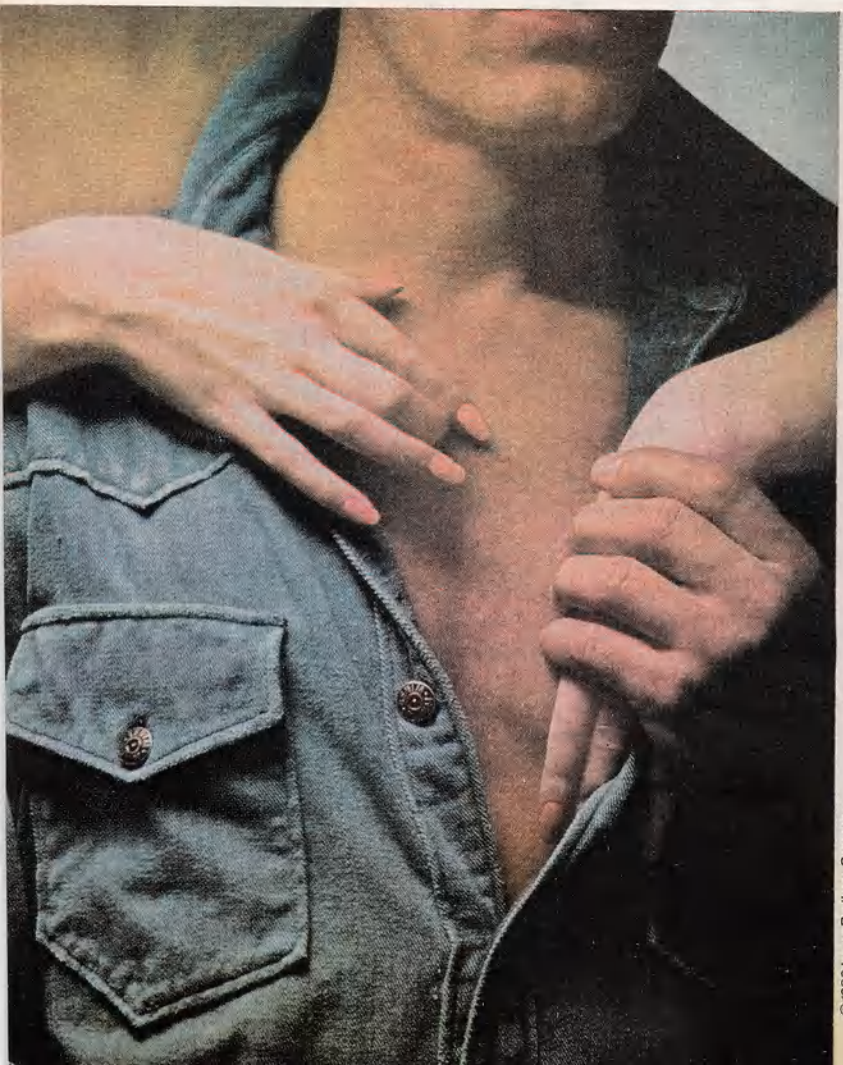
She said now it was our turn. I was only too happy to oblige, since watching her give such fantastic head to the trainee had me hard as a rock again. But first I wanted to go snorkeling in that beautiful blonde snatch of hers. I worked slowly up her legs, alternately nibbling and kissing, until I reached that golden honey pot. Then I went at it like it was my first time. She moaned and groaned and came so often that it was hard to hold onto her gyrating hips. The trainee, not wanting to be left in the dark with a bird in his hand, proceeded to suck on her erect nipples. They sure were a great pair of tits, all soft, with silver-dollar-size areolas that got all wrinkly around the nipple itself when sucked on.

By now my dick was throbbing, and I knew I had to shove it into her dripping-wet love box. I got on top and slowly entered her. I'll never forget the sight of that blonde pussy quivering as my shaft slowly parted her juicy cunt lips. She was really wet and hot. As our rhythm got in tune, she threw her legs up around my shoulders and dug her fingers into my rear. Kitty begged me to push harder into her pulsating pussy. I began to increase my rate of penetration and weight a bit at first but slowed down to a gentle, shallow reaming whenever I thought I was going to come. This didn't last too long, as it felt too damn good. I pumped wildly, and my cock let loose a load as she bucked and came again. I felt like I was in seventh heaven as I slowly rolled off of her.

The trainee could hardly stand it any longer, rocking back and forth while rubbing his engorged tool. He wasted no time in mounting that blonde sex goddess. It was the first time I had ever watched another couple fucking in real life. It was kind of exciting to lie back and watch them screw their brains out. The whole afternoon was spent in making passionate love in various positions until everyone was sore. Kitty said they were the best pipes she ever inspected. And they say drillers make better holes!—*Name and address withheld*

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

I wear sexy nylon bikini panties and I am proud of it. I wear taupe, nude, or black sheer or support panty hose and I am proud of it. I wear them together or separate, one without the other or together, and I find no frustration but simple joy and satisfaction from the feeling this lingerie brings. The man in your March "Forum" letter "Snug and Stylish" has truly found something that satisfies a need for certain



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And, for a limited time, your Yamaha dealer has all kinds of Yamahas on sale. Including a 1982 Maxim 550 for the ridiculously low price of $2499** or a 1982 Maxim 650 for $2749.**

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*Source: Cycle Guide. **Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

men. I am certainly one of them.

I, too, feel that someday there will be a Mr. L'Eggs. I wrote my girl friend in San Francisco, who knows I wear panties but had not seen me with panty hose yet, and asked her to comment on this article. She would not or could not deal with it. However, in the same week another girl friend from Los Angeles called me and asked me if I had written this "Snug and Stylish" letter in *Penthouse*, as she has participated in this fetish of mine for three years. We go to the lingerie departments together and pick out sexy panties for me, and we both like for me to have the sexy, lacy, sheer white bikinis. When we buy panty hose, we both buy the same kind from the supermarket. When she does the laundry for us, we laugh when she says, "These must be yours, not mine." For over five years I have worn panty hose three or four times per week to the office. I also enjoy the sensation of masturbation by my girl friend while I am wearing them. The panties we buy are really sexy, and we both enjoy our time at her apartment together when all we both wear is our panty hose.

I am a very busy executive who chooses to satisfy his lack of sexual opportunity by alternate means. To me the fact that I wear bikini panties will never be any issue to a woman, as the bikinis all look the same now, with the exception of the lace kind. But with the panty hose, I find that of the five women I have dated since starting this fetish, over 60 percent of them really get turned on with it. One girl could hardly wait to see me in them, and five minutes later we were in the hotel room in bed masturbating each other with our panty hose still on. Another girl loves coming into my office at work. I don't allow her to wear panties to the office. She sits on the couch I have, legs wide apart, showing me her crotchless view. Then she pulls her skirt up above her hips so I can see her beautiful body draped in her sheer-to-the-waist panty hose so she can tease me. Once she bought the sexiest nylon lacy white sheer knickers from London I had ever seen to give me for a present. Other times she has me unzip my pants to confirm that I'm wearing my panty hose that day. Throughout the day she calls me on the intercom to see if I'm still dripping with anticipation and excitement, and tells me over the telephone intercom how hot and wet her cunt is, and how great it would be if I could come inside her at that moment. She knows how wild that makes me. She took me to Frederick's one day to show me that shop's solution for men's panty hose, but I don't enjoy the penis extender they've made. The excitement for me is much greater when I have the fear of being discovered wearing ladies' panty hose.

I would appreciate it if you could tabulate the results of what other men have experienced who wear panty hose, bikini panties, or other lingerie. It would also be interesting to discover what the female readers of *Penthouse* feel about this.

I have even thought about submitting my photograph to the centerfold contest at *Cosmopolitan* magazine for the man of the year, but wearing my panty hose. Why not!

The "Snug and Stylish" letter suggested wearing a sanitary napkin. That is a super feeling and I tried it. The sensation next to my penis is fantastic, and for that I wore both my bikinis and my panty hose, much like the article suggested. Tremendous feeling! I have also tried it with the napkin and a Tampax inserted in my ass, have bought pretty tap pants and knickers from various lingerie departments throughout the country, and find the entire sensation a wonderful and mentally complete experience for me.—*Name and address withheld*

"I'm sorry, sir! You're sitting in the no-sex section!"

WHEELING AROUND

Many of your readers are young, healthy, and beautiful. These qualities aren't necessarily shared by all your readers, though, nor are they necessary for amazing and exciting sex—as I can attest to because of a recent experience.

During the Vietnam War my buddy Bob and I were both medics. One morning we were shelled heavily and Bob was badly injured. He was shipped back home after losing both of his legs and his left forearm. I didn't see him again until recently.

Last summer I accepted a volunteer position at a private facility for invalids and amputees. On my second day at work, I found out that Bob was there. Excitedly I located him and went to see him.

Our conversation was short since I had to get back to work, but he asked me if I could come to a party he was having the next evening—apparently a regular happening at the home. As he sped away in his motorized wheelchair, I could tell that he was looking forward to it.

The day of the party I happened to pass through the cafeteria, where some of the more self-sufficient patients were sharing their meal. I stopped for a moment, admiring their drive and courage. That evening I arrived at Bob's room shortly after nine. He introduced me to a very pretty woman named Beth, also missing both legs. She was about forty years old and sported a pair of the finest-looking tits I'd ever seen on a woman of her age. Bob obviously had a thing for her.

Next, I met Rich, Bob's closest friend at the home, and his date, Kim. Rich was also a vet, paralyzed from the waist down, and he had a mechanical right arm. Kim was very beautiful and blond. She was thin but also well-endowed. As an MS victim, she wore large braces on both legs that went all the way up to her slim waist.

The party progressed and everyone was having a great time. By 11:00 P.M. most people had left to comply with the curfew in the home. I told Bob I was also leaving but he urged me to stay, saying, "The real party is about to begin." Bob,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

WE FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO MAKE A VIRAGO LOOK BETTER.

The 1982 Virago 750 has a lot going for it.

Take its sleek, V-twin engine, for example.

Yamaha technology has refined the V-twin into an almost perfect combination of narrowness, efficiency, reliability and power. The kind of relaxed locomotive power that only a classic V-twin can give you.

As even a casual glance at the Virago will tell you, that engine is far from everything.

There's the adjustable Monoshock rear suspension. Smooth shaft-drive. Rigid, lightweight monocoque frame.

And, of course, looks. Looks that are as radical a departure from the ordinary as the rest of the bike. Beautifully simple. Simply beautiful.

In fact, the Virago 750 has so much going for it, a lot of people have said we shouldn't change a thing.

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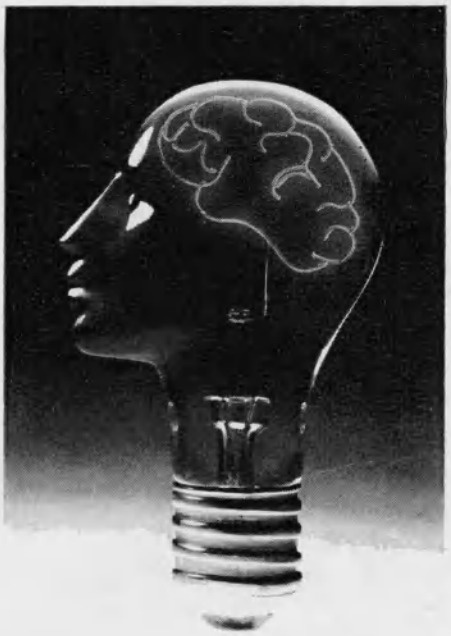
AMERICA'S ENERGY IS MINDPOWER



In the sixties higher education was a high priority. Not today. Put education's priority back where it belongs and you put America up where it belongs!

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

CHILD ABUSE

Michael Disend's "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" in your February 1982 issue *made my blood boil*! As a broadcast journalist, I rarely express my opinion, but I was so moved by your article that I feel compelled to speak my mind.

I try to be sensitive to other people and their philosophies, but I can't tolerate the bullshit that the New Right is spreading underfoot. Anyone in his right mind can see the handwriting on the wall: Falwell, Dixon, and the others who are out to "save us" and moralize the world are bold—but *blind*. They scare the shit out of me! Just what gives them the option of labeling me—or anyone else—moral or immoral? Good or bad? The idea that you cause someone physical pain because of your love for them is sick and a lie. I assure you, children don't see the love in a beating—the two don't jibe.

My father was a career navy man. He was always right—and cold and brutally unloving at times. No, *most* of the time. I am twenty-eight years old now and still remember the physical pain and mental anguish of a beating or a rap in the mouth. I'm still angry, and I know that I am the person I am not because of his discipline but because I got the direction, love, and understanding I needed from someone else. Violence is contagious; just ask my brother, because he loves to fight.

Dixon has the gall to call liberals the "new Nazis." That's a classic case of the pot calling the kettle black. Read a little history and maybe you will see how Hitler, Khomeini, and their like who demanded that others live by their moral codes turned out to be a menace to society. There are no exceptions to this! No one has the God-given right or the "responsibility" to tell you what to do in every aspect of your life. This is America and I'll do what I damn please, and it will be a cold but bloody day when the likes of Dixon, Falwell, and the other snakehandlers and Bible-thumpers hobble me and rule my life. We'd better wise up and take Sen. Barry Goldwater's advice and start kicking their asses! Dixon and Falwell are the wolves in sheep's clothing—not the other way around.

As a Catholic, I am aware that we have operated our own school systems for centuries. But it was not because we didn't want our kids in school with "niggers" or "the wrong kinds of people," but because we wanted our children to receive a quality education while receiving religious instruction. What the New Right is offering is not education—it's brainwashing to the most base degree. And I do not want our schools to get tax exemptions or federal monies! All businesses should pay taxes, especially those, like the Moral Majority, that make megabucks.

Yes, Mr. Disend, "their God is angry, vengeful and unforgiving." Mine is not.—*Dave Clark, Mobile, Ala.*

I read your article entitled "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" and wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Michael Disend's point of view. The National Center is a nonprofit organization committed to researching the topic of corporal punishment, and the overwhelming evidence is that hitting is not a way to change behavior. I am always pleased to see this topic addressed in a nonscholarly magazine with a wide readership. Obviously, that is the best way to reach the public at large. Thank you very much for your help. Keep up the good work!—*Irwin A. Hyman, Ed.D., Director, National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment and Alternatives in the Schools*

Your feature story on the fundamentalists' treatment and indoctrination of children was, quite frankly, terrifying. When will the public awake and realize that the "New Right" is not "right" at all but extremely left in nature? Dixon is the epitome of a hypocrite in his pretension that the public-school system is fascist. It is so obvious that the Moral Majority are the real fascists with their anti-Semitism, behavior-control tactics, restriction of freedom of thought, and blind following of a demagogue-type figure.

Mr. Falwell (I refuse to call a demagogue "Reverend"), let's face it: you and your clones are flocking together because you are childishly afraid of the changes occurring in our society. Beware of showing your face in Milwaukee, because we Milwaukee "animals" do enjoy our beer and will not hesitate to throw beer bottles at you, after they are empty, of course.—*John Jankowski, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Michael Disend's article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" is a timely and well-written example of investigative reporting. It shows very clearly what may be the opening phase of a movement by the *soi-disant* Moral Majority to establish a theocracy in the United States with Falwell as Der Fuehrer—oh, excuse me, the "Divine Prophet," although he may have to compete with Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard, Sun Myung Moon, "Moses" Berg,

et. al. for the title.

If you want to see what the middle and end phases of such a movement look like and how they may turn out, read *Revolt in 2100*, by Robert A. Heinlein. When I first read it, I thought that the takeover of a nation by a scheming con artist masquerading as a divinely inspired prophet was impossible, that Americans were too smart for such a scam to work. In light of recent events, I'm no longer sure of that.—*Name withheld*

Congratulations to Michael Disend for his very interesting and revealing piece "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" I fail to see what our so-called Christian leaders think they are doing. I simply took it for granted that in the past twenty centuries, we (including government, our religions, our laws) have been moving into the future, and are supposedly becoming more civilized. Apparently, going by the views stated by the priests and reverends in the article, these people want to reverse the wheels of time and once again obtain absolute rulership and turn us all into a congregation of God-fearing medievalists. Their actions toward our younger generation also prove that they are far from our definition of civilized. It's no wonder they don't practice their doctrine on adults, as they would probably be severely chastised themselves. Instead, they beat and scare our children into believing in God and themselves as they see fit.

Don't take me wrong, for I am not opposed to religion—the right kind of religion and religious guidance. Why can't religion be like it was a hundred years ago, when it didn't matter whether you were rich or poor, or prayed in a church or a school or outside, and when a child did wrong he was taught that what he did was wrong and was given a chance to make it up, without being severely beaten? Religion isn't religion anymore; it is merely a battle between the different doctrines to gain material goods, wealth, and power.

A message to Rev. Jerry Falwell, Rev. Ed Thibodeaux, Rev. Donald Howard, and all you other religious do-gooders: start practicing what you preach and refrain from taking your frustrations out on our younger generation.—*Gene Damm, Strome, Alberta, Canada*

I've just finished reading your article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" I would like to thank you for presenting to the American public what the Moral Majority is all about—hypocrisy! They preach God's ways on one hand and beat the shit out of anyone who doesn't conform to their ways with the other. I say, let's make them beat the shit out of us while we still have a chance to fight back. These people are just plain out to control everything, and somewhere, somehow, we—the common man—along with the politicians and judges, have got to start to put them in the history books where they belong.—*Name withheld*

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SCARE TECHNIQUE

Stephen King, the subject of your April 1982 interview, deserves the title "Master of Horror" because of his keen grasp of what it is that keeps his fans reading "between the blood." His characters carry us from one horrifying event to another because they are not one-dimensional. We cry, laugh, fight, and strive along with them. They are *us* in situations we fear could happen to us.

I am not particularly a fan of horror; I *am* a fan of Stephen King. Unfortunately, King has not had the best experiences with film studios and directors. As a fellow filmmaker, I only hope I will be able to escape his label "pinhead." God willing, someday I will be able to bring *The Dead Zone* to the screen. It is not overflowing with violence and blood; it is a compelling story of what we all live for: our "stakes" in life. Thank you, Stephen, for allowing us to ask ourselves "What if?" What if we had to fight for those stakes? Under those circumstances? Hopefully, we won't have to, but . . . what if?—*Daniel Bret Williams, Longhorn W Productions, Austin, Tex.*

DRUGS DEFENSE

I have read the letter from Mr. Willem Bulder of the Netherlands in your March 1982 "Feedback" section. I congratulate Mr. Bulder on his accomplishments after giving up the antipsychotic drugs. If he had indeed been labeled "hopeless," his recovery is most commendable.

However, I would not have Mr. Bulder think that patients on antipsychotic drugs are all helpless basket cases, nor would I have him believe that all antipsychotic drugs are detrimental. I have taken antipsychotic or psychotropic drugs for many years, and although I have not gained the recognition that Mr. Bulder has gained as a writer and radio commentator, I have done quite a bit of intriguing work in oils, acrylics, and watercolors, and have opened new roads in my own mind toward greater poetic expression.

If I had known, however, that the antipsychotic drugs were as harmful and addictive as they are now being proven to be, I would have refused treatment with those drugs. Still, there are times when reasonable doses of antipsychotic drugs can forestall a nervous breakdown or keep it from getting so severe that the patient cannot, temporarily, control his actions and thereby puts himself in peril.

Several times in the past few years, persons who had given up the drugs have tried to put me down for my continuance of drug-taking. One such person even called me a junkie. I am naturally concerned about my own welfare and am careful with all drugs, but the next arrogant remark to me on this sensitive subject will be met with the dirtiest look I can muster. I don't need any self-styled liberators in my life. If I feel that one of the antipsychotic "poisons" will help me out, I don't feel obligated to listen to any contrary opinions.—*Name withheld*

PHOTO REQUEST

Your recent pictorial of Carmen Pope (called "Sunken Treasure") in the February 1982 edition of *Penthouse* fulfilled a great yearning in me. I am sure that Miss Pope is one of the most universally appreciated spectacles of female beauty that *Penthouse* has ever presented. Being provided with the opportunity to view Carmen once again proved to be a most gratifying experience.

I do think, however, that many *Penthouse* readers would have enjoyed viewing a few of the photographs that were taken when Miss Pope was Pet of the Month in March 1978. Such a vision of pulchritude deserves to be commemorated, not just ensured with a follow-up photo session. We need a Carmen Pope retrospective!

In closing, I would like to thank *Penthouse* for rewarding its viewers with another pictorial on Carmen. A special thanks goes out to Earl Miller, for without such a creative mind, skill, and talent, such photography would not have been possible.—*Thomas James O'Neill, Mansfield, Ohio*

Ms. Carmen Pope, in retrospect, below.—The Editors

BETRAYED WITNESSES

The "Twice Betrayed" article (October 1981) and the "Thrice Betrayed" letter in "Feedback" (April 1982) accurately reveal the lengths to which departments of the U.S. Department of Justice (Marshals Service, FBI, U.S. Attorney's Office, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons) will go to deceive the public.

"Protection" by these agencies is a misleading term; it is certainly loosely applied and a seldom-honored commitment used as an inducement to cultivate the witnesses needed in difficult cases or to cultivate their garden of convictions.

I testified as a government witness in 1973 regarding a grisly firebomb attack on an inmate at a federal penitentiary. The FBI, U.S. Attorney's Office, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons promised me protection in return for my testimony. I was the sole eyewitness. I testified. I regret it and would not do it again!

Since the trial I have been assaulted while supposedly hiding out in a state prison. I have been transferred to numerous jails, state prisons, and federal prisons. Just recently, at a federal prison in Oklahoma, I was saved in the nick of time from being murdered by sheer luck and my own paranoia.

Now I've been classified as a management problem. My central file has been raped of references to trials and promises made to me. I am being shuttled from one federal prison to another like a suitcase. As of this writing, I have over seven years left to serve before my release and am planning on spending it in isolation status. I have three words to say to anyone who is a potential witness: *Don't do it!—Burl Maret, El Reno, Okla.*

PRAISE FOR THE MADAM

I read the very interesting and insightful interview with Germaine Grudet—Madame Claude in the February 1982 issue. She is a very brilliant, discerning person, and I found her responses packed with insight! I agree with her that women are smarter than men; however, I do not agree that a woman should strive to please a man. On the contrary, I believe men should try to please women.—*Name withheld*

AMERICA FOR SALE

What does it take to convince the American public that being pro-Arab is not all bad? Such articles as "The Selling of America" (April 1982) by Ernest Volkman only prolong the inevitable—Americans' accepting the fact that Arab dollars flowing into our economy is not only beneficial but necessary for ensuring the growth of our country.

Can't Americans see that the Jewish conspirators are worried about losing their foothold in the United States? That is why we are seeing an influx of Jewish propaganda, trying to convince us that the U.S. will become Arab-controlled or some such gloom-and-doom story unless restrictions are placed on Arab dollars.

Israel, for years the United States' largest military-aid recipient, will receive this fiscal year a total of $1.4 billion, of which $550 million will be in the form of "forgiven" loans. Israel will also be given $800

million in economic grants, for a total package of $2.2 billion. Such a giveaway is one of the many reasons why the Jews are afraid to lose their well-established influence in the United States. Americans should examine more closely just what it is we are supporting when we send billions of tax dollars to Israel. If and when the day comes that our oil supplies are shut off or we find ourselves in nuclear confrontation with the Soviet Union, we should not place any blame on the Arab people.—*Ralph Ruark, Hagerstown, Md.*

Mr. Volkman replies: *I hardly know where to begin regarding this letter, whether with its gross anti-Semitism ("Jewish conspirators"), or the brainless economics (Arab dollars are "beneficial"), or the plain stupidity (does Mr. Ruark really believe that the American economy will face imminent danger of collapse without the infusion of Arab petrodollars?). Perhaps it is simply necessary to say that Mr. Ruark's letter speaks for itself: he believes, all facts notwithstanding, that this country is in the grip of "Jewish conspirators" who have managed to coerce the United States, against its will, into supporting Israel, its only ally in the Middle East, and who, further, are attempting to raise unjustified alarms about Arab investment in this country in order to protect Israel. And if Mr. Ruark believes that, then he'll believe anything.*

If America were not for sale, the notorious Arab sheiks would not be interested in buying it. Of course we hate their guts, dislike their approach, and envy their new wealth, but we must admit that they have a natural talent for how and where to shop for the best investment deals in the whole world!—*Donald Smart, Torrance, Calif.*

LETTERS FROM PRISON

I would like to comment on the "Feedback" letter from Mr. Todd Pasterski in which he discusses the article "The Failure of the Criminal Justice System," by Seymour Wishman, published in your October 1981 issue.

I was arrested and found to be "guilty of my crime" and then sentenced to the largest prison in the U.S. I am now an inmate in Texas. I certainly wish that I could "volunteer" to work, as suggested by Mr. Pasterski. But I can't. I have to work whether I want to or not, or I face having time added to my sentence or being put in solitary confinement for up to fifteen days. Also, if by any chance Mr. Pasterski ever has a chance to "visit" a Texas prison for any length of time, I'm sure he will also find out that we don't get paid for our work. He will see what it means to be "inside" and "have it better," as he claims, than it is "outside." I'd give anything to change places with him anytime.—*Donald Worrell, #270204-J, Weldon, Tex.*

My name is Clay Ambrose, and I am now doing time in prison for something I did not do. I disagree with Mr. Pasterski, who wrote a letter to "Feedback" in your March issue. I do agree with Mr. Wishman; I think most court-appointed attorneys do not really try to help a man. All the attorney thinks about is getting his client to cop out so he can get the case over with. A client who has money goes free most of the time, and a man with no money goes to prison. Believe me, I know. I think that if I had had the money to hire a good attorney, I would not have gone to prison for something I did not do.

I also agree with Mr. Wishman that sending a man to prison does not help him. He leaves prison more dangerous than he was when he went in. I certainly do not think, as Mr. Pasterski said, that a prisoner has it made in prison.—*Clay Ambrose, #32133, Eddyville, Ky.*

FAN MAIL

I have always held a very deep admiration for your magazine. My admiration stems from the fact that your seemingly tireless editorial staff goes after the important issues of the day with such relentless vigor. I am constantly amazed at your uncanny ability to be so consistent, factual, and timely in your reporting. You somehow always seem to hit the nail right on the head. May I hazard a guess here that the entire editorial staff of *Penthouse* magazine frequently spends sleepless nights engaged in marathon editorial meetings?—*David Alan Smith, Hollywood, Fla.*

We're glad that you enjoy reading Penthouse *as much as we enjoy producing it. Thanks for the kind words.*—The Editors

AMPUTEES, ANYONE?

In the April issue's interview with Stephen King, he states "I'm glad 'Forum' got away from amputees and all that stuff."

There are a great number of us out here who are attracted to female amputees for reasons best known to a psychologist. A company in Lorondale, Calif., called AMPIX does a mail-order business in female-amputee snapshots, and they have some real beauties on file.—*R. C. Johnson, Detroit, Mich.*

Despite Mr. King's comments, we do not *have a policy against publishing these types of letters. On the contrary, we welcome and encourage letters on all aspects of sexuality.*—The Editors

THE FALWELL WATCH

I am appalled at the people who, claiming to be part of the Moral Majority, try to slander *Penthouse* and the people who work to produce it. What a shame that those people, under the guise of religion, have become so caught up in superstition that they make themselves blind to the beauty of the human body and turn against fellow Americans, even though their religion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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"If you do get laid again
by your brother-in-law, don't write about
it in a book. I did
that and my sister never wants
to talk to me again."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I recently attended a three-day annual conference in a nearby city. My wife usually attends, but this year she was ill with the flu. On the last evening of the conference, there was a cocktail party. I was still on my first drink when a young woman came in, and I was immediately enchanted by her. She was about twenty-five, brunette, slender, and shapely, with wonderfully long legs. My groin was responding to her like a Geiger counter to a field of uranium.

I knew I'd hate myself in the morning if I didn't do something about how I felt tonight. I made my way over to her and whispered, "I've watched you all evening and I want you." I then turned and pushed my way through the crowd to the doorway. She followed. When she got to my room, I closed the door firmly behind her, took her in my arms, and kissed her possessively.

I pushed my tongue between her lips. She moaned as she opened her mouth and her tongue went wild with mine. I began to kiss her neck as my palms traced small circles over her breasts. I could feel her hard nipples through the silk jacket. I dropped my hands and began lifting her skirt. She made no effort to resist when I began caressing her smooth, nylon-encased thighs. I told her to spread her legs and I immediately started sawing my fingers back and forth between her panty-covered pussy lips. She was already sopping wet. She began panting uncontrollably. I palmed her cunt fiercely, alternately pinching and pressing her clit with my fingers.

Her legs suddenly snapped shut as she rose and bucked wildly, convulsively. I had literally made her insane with passion.

By this time I was in a frenzy myself. I pushed her up against the wall, dragged off her panties, and unzipped my pants while she was still convulsing. I looped my left arm beneath one of her knees, raised her leg, and slammed my prick up her cunt. Her eyes flew in surprise and then slowly disappeared beneath her drooping lids as I began pounding away at her. She moaned with every thrust as though my cock was pushing out the sound. I never felt so powerful or turned on in my life. I unbuttoned her red silk jacket and stripped it from her. Then came her black crepe blouse and black lace half-bra. Her breasts were very full and her nipples were long and hard, like erasers. I rolled them and pinched their hardness. I could feel her tensing, and when she was as close as I dared to bring her, I pulled out abruptly and told her to get on the bed.

I pulled her onto me and offered her my cock. She got to her hands and knees and all but swallowed it in her enthusiasm. She licked, sucked, and mouthed my cock and balls. She greedily swallowed all the cream I pumped into her mouth. I then pulled away from her and told her to stay just as she was (on her hands and knees). I crawled behind her and slid my throbbing cock into her. I fucked her languidly. I wanted an easy, relaxing interlude. When I was completely buried in her, I stopped and remained motionless inside her. I reached between her legs and played with her clit. I could not believe her wetness. I continued the action of my fingers while I moved my other hand to her anus. Her excitement grew as I began to worm my finger into her tight hole.

Finally, I withdrew my cock from her pussy and placed it in her backside. I made my insertion as gradually as possible. I pressed myself deeper and deeper into her until I was buried to the hilt. I drew back a very tight inch or so and thrust back softly. Then again. I banged a little harder, then harder still. I slammed into her

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so hard I knocked her sprawling and popped out of her. Mad with desire to shoot my load up her ass, I grabbed her and threw her on her stomach and pumped furiously until I came thunderously in that ass of hers.

Although the sex was first-rate, the aspect of dominance, even cruelty, disturbs me. When it comes to sex, I'm generally very tender. I'm concerned that I've got some kind of sadist floating around inside of me. What do you think?—A. K.

You are obviously a very talented lover and extremely cocksure. Your description of what you did to this lucky woman could serve as an instruction manual for getting laid. You also must have a strong personality and willpower that radiates and attracts others. She didn't have to follow you to your room, and she didn't have to stay.

Your moment of dominance is perfectly natural for any man who is accustomed to getting what he wants when he wants it. You mentioned that you thought of her possibly having pain and took that into account. If you hadn't, I would say you were a little cruel and maybe sadistic. Taking control of a situation can be a big turn-on. Making someone your sex slave is fun for both of you.

THE NEXT BEST THING

I really love screwing, but my wife does not have the same drive as I do. So, through the years I have had brief affairs. These have always been great for me and have in no way hurt my marriage. In fact, they've helped keep it together.

My best affair has been with my sister-in-law. She is a blond beauty with what has got to be the hottest love nest between her legs in the whole Rocky Mountain area. She likes sex any way and every way. The only problem is that we both had strict religious upbringings and can't quite free ourselves of enough guilt to screw as often as we would like.

Some months ago, while having a very sexy phone conversation with her, I slipped down my pants and shorts and began masturbating. I soon told her what I was doing, only to discover that she had slipped off her panties and had her finger in her very wet pussy. In no time at all we both climaxed.

Well, we have had several of these intimate phone conversations since then. We get very plain in our language. She may tell me that her pussy is warm and wet, her clit is hard, and she is fucking herself with her middle finger. I tell her I'd like to be there eating her out. Maybe not quite as good as fucking, but it gives us both a really good experience and no adultery is being committed. How can you commit adultery over the phone?

What do you think the odds are that the phone company will tune into us and make a scene over it? We're not in a real large city, and I'd hate for our conversations to be made public.—J. K.

I get the idea that your guilt is based more on the fear of someone finding out than on ethics. I have a friend whose wife has five younger sisters. He fucked each of them under the guidance and supervision of his wife, who participated. Get gutsy—why don't the two of you make an obscene phone call to your wife? Maybe you can turn her on.

If you are worried about the phone company, why don't you invest in a couple of CB radios and get the whole world in on the act? Use nicknames and no one will guess who you are; the best place to hide something is always in the most obvious place. Remember, too, phone lines are traceable.

BOND TRADING

Do you know of anyone with a tickling fetish? The reason I ask this is that my very first sexual experience involved light bondage. I am a thirty-year-old male, and to make a long story short, I lost my virginity with a hooker in a cathouse in San Francisco. When the girl found out I was a virgin, she offered me anything on the house, so I asked to tie her up. She willingly complied, and with a few leather straps I soon had her spread-eagled on the bed, tied down at the ankles and wrists.

Just as I was about to start licking and kissing her breasts, I got a strange urge to tickle her. I tickled her feet, armpits, rib cage, etc. She really went crazy, and seeing her wriggle and squirm really turned me on. I tickled teasingly for about ten or fifteen minutes until I had a very strong and rigid erection. The girl then started asking me to fuck her, which I gladly did.

Later, after I screwed her and undid the straps, I let myself be tied up and tickled in a similar fashion. She teased and taunted me by offering her breasts and cunt but kept them just out of licking range. Then she started tickling me, and I went crazy. I almost lost all control when she brought out this feather and started flicking it against my cock and balls. Finally she let in this other girl and the both of them took turns licking me slowly, bringing me to a very strong climax.

Ever since that wild night, I have never let myself be tied up and tickled again, although I have done it to a few girls. Have you ever met someone who enjoyed using feathers on you while you were bound up?—F. H.

Yes, I have been tied up and tantalized with feathers, although the guy that did it to me didn't know when to stop. I thought I was literally going to die laughing. Feathers can be a great sex toy when used properly and in just the right spots. For a real turn-on, try it just after a thorough body massage.

I wouldn't consider tickling a very weird fetish. I've gotten a lot of mail from folks who like to get their giggles in the sack.

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

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START ME UP

I have a steady boyfriend, and my rule with him, as with my past boyfriends, is no intercourse before I'm married. I do love to have my boyfriend eat me to orgasm, and I jack him off to give him his release. Well, my plans to stay a virgin until I married were popped, literally, last Saturday, when I went to see my sister. She wasn't home but my brother-in-law was. Soon he had talked me out of my clothes and into his bed. We did just about everything a man and a woman can do together.

Dan spent a lot of time stroking my body and then opening me up with his tongue. As he ate me, I could actually feel my vagina opening wider inside me. I just about flipped when he pushed my legs back and tongued my anus. If a guy had ever asked to do this, I would have been disgusted, but it felt great.

When Dan climbed on top of me, I was in such a state of bliss that I couldn't stop him. Dan worked his penis in slowly and there was none of the pain or bleeding I had been brainwashed to expect.

We fucked slowly at first so I could warm up to the sensations. Then Dan stroked my clit and the combination of cock and finger was too much. I began to twitch as orgasm approached. Dan pulled his finger away and told me to do it myself. I was too horny and too close to coming to be embarrassed, so I frigged myself for all I was worth. As I came, Dan kept telling me how beautiful I looked. Then his breathing became heavy and I could see and feel his body tensing. With a loud groan he let his semen shoot inside me, and I could feel his cock throbbing deep within me.

We cuddled and kissed, and I was aware of Dan's cock shrinking inside me until it finally slipped out. He rolled off me and told me to help it back up again using my mouth. I have never sucked a cock before but figured I should give it a try. I got between Dan's legs and popped his shrunken penis into my mouth. It was slippery with our juices and had a powerful odor. It tasted salty and tangy. Almost at once, I felt this warm tube of flesh begin to grow, and in no time it was too big to fit in my mouth. I tried to simulate a vagina with my mouth, bobbing my head up and down, and his groans told me that I was doing okay.

My own heart was racing in anticipation of this new experience. Dan put one hand on the back of my head and ran his fingers through my hair. Then he fired his load into my mouth. It was warm and salty, and I concentrated on holding it all in my mouth as I continued to milk his cock. When he was through, I carefully let his penis out and swallowed his come. It wasn't difficult at all.

Dan grinned at me and said, "Come up here and sit on my face." I straddled him and walked on my knees up to his head. He grabbed my butt and pulled my crotch down to his face. His tongue entered me and I could feel him lapping up his own semen which he had shot into me just before. As he ate me he played with my boobs, which are very sensitive. When Dan began to pull on my nipples, I had another orgasm.

I certainly learned to love sex that day and I want more. I don't know how to approach my boyfriend, though. I've been refusing him for so long that he doesn't even try to screw me anymore. If I ask him to, he's bound to get suspicious. In fact, my boyfriend doesn't really turn me on that much. A lot of other guys turn me on, but I don't want to get a reputation as being easy. I have a standing invitation with Dan, which is really tempting and convenient, but he's married to my sister. What would you suggest I do to get the screwing I crave so badly?—D. B.

You are nineteen years old! Forget about marriage for a while. Get out in the world of men and enjoy yourself. Don't get stuck with some dreary boyfriend for the rest of your life. If he were really worth your time, he would have done what your brother-in-law did a long time ago.

Don't worry about having a reputation as being easy. Just make sure it's you that calls the shots. By the way, if you do get laid again by your brother-in-law, don't write about it in a book. I did that and my sister never wants to talk to me again.

"Objection! Counsel is blowing the witness!"

YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING

I have been dating my boyfriend for a year and a half. We plan to be married by next spring. I realize, however, that all is not well with my sex life.

A while ago Ron and I were reading one of your columns. There was a letter about this girl who went on and on about how she masturbated all the time. I commented that I thought that was kind of sick. Ron told me that he has masturbated since he was about twelve years old. This really threw me, even though I am an open-minded person. We talked about it and agreed that everyone should, because they know how they like to be touched and what feels best to them. I told Ron that I never did it because of my upbringing; I was taught it is wrong and sinful to touch your body except while washing. Well, the subject was dropped when Ron had to go to his grandmother's for a while.

While he was gone, I spent my spare time reading your columns and got very horny. I finally tried to masturbate, but no way. It was just my fingers touching my body, probing my puss. There was no excitement at all. I just felt weird.

My other problem is that I have an agonizing time trying to have an orgasm. I think I might be trying too hard. I can get plenty excited working on Ron, and when I have him ready to explode I stop short so he can't come. Then I start all over again. Seeing his many different reactions and his groans and jerks gets me off more than anything he could do to me. This upsets

him, and makes him feel he doesn't do enough for me.

I have a feeling that maybe subconsciously I can't get off because of the way I was raised. I haven't the faintest idea how to handle it. I really want to get off properly, and Ron wants it more than anything. I even tried masturbating when I was bombed off my ass, but still no good. I would really appreciate any clues you might have to help me and Ron.—D. P.

You are right about your upbringing. Your parents' telling you how sinful it was to touch your body has had a big effect on your attitude toward sex. You have trouble masturbating and you enjoy getting your boyfriend to the brink of orgasm and then stopping, thereby frustrating him. You are cheating him and yourself from a lot of fun. Now that you're an adult, rethink what your parents told you, then try to relax. Take a hot bath when no one is home and allow your hands to explore your body. Think of it as learning, and you'll soon find out how much fun you can make for yourself. Try relaxing more with Ron, too. Let him give you pleasure. Let him spoil you. Indulge yourself and see how much he loves it.

KING LEER

My twenty-year marriage has been a happy one, not too exciting, but relaxed and pleasant. However, the last year has been quite different; my life has been filled with an aura of excitement hitherto unknown to me. Things began to change around a year ago, when we took a vacation and drove down the coast to Southern California. We rented a cottage by the beach. One evening we went to a bar for a few drinks. Some young guys at the table next to ours were having an argument, and finally two of the three guys got up and left. After a while the remaining kid turned around and started talking to us.

I invited him to join us at our table and ordered another round for the three of us. Vera looked like she was taken with this attractive young guy with curly, sun-bleached hair and a dazzling smile. They spoke to each other all the time while I just listened politely. His name was Ken, and he had been hiking down the coast. He was broke and had been sleeping on the beach.

My good-hearted wife said we ought to invite him to sleep on the couch in our cottage, and I agreed with her. When we got to the cottage Vera poured some more drinks and I settled down to watch a late ball game on TV. Vera and Ken were chatting away until he mentioned he was interested in music and dancing. With that cue, Vera escorted him into the den, where there was an elaborate stereo system. I heard them turn on some music and just assumed they were dancing.

After a while Ken came in to refill their glasses. There was a trace of red coloring around his mouth and no one had to tell me how it got there. I had always considered Vera to be the ultimate in fidelity, and never felt a trace of jealousy. But then I felt an extreme excitement take hold of me.

After they went back into the den I sneaked over the heavy curtain that separated the two rooms and parted them an inch or two. Vera had her arms around his neck and their lips were glued together. Ken had his hands on Vera's buttocks and Vera's belly was clinging to his hips. I had no doubt that she could feel his erection buried in her lower abdomen.

After a while they both came back to the living room, and Vera poured more drinks. I had the feeling that Vera wanted to get me real drunk so she could do as she pleased with Ken. I pretended to cooperate, but when her back was turned I sneaked into the kitchen and poured half my drink, which she'd made so strong it could have killed a moose, down the drain. I then pretended to be totally bombed and staggered off to bed. I was actually trembling with excitement and my cock was standing out like a flagpole.

I climbed out of bed and tiptoed back to the curtain. The sound of wet kisses was easy to detect and I heard low moans and a few gasps. "You are a wild one, aren't you?" I heard Vera say. I then heard the steady noise of moving bedsprings. I was shaking all over and was pretty close to

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having an orgasm right there.

I parted the curtains, unable to resist a second longer, and there was my wife with her legs straight up in the air over Ken, who was on top of her. I had to keep myself from moaning as I saw his cock slide in and out of her with forceful stabs. They were both naked, and I guess Vera was getting the fuck of her life.

That was the first and, so far, the only time I have seen my wife being fucked by another man. Three days later we drove back home and Ken came with us. He fucked my wife several times before we left, but I only listened to their foreplay. It was not necessary to watch.

I know that Vera is "keeping" Ken, but we are pretty well off and I pretend I don't know. He is doing all kinds of work in my house like painting, mowing the lawn, and fixing things. I know that his main occupation is fucking Vera.

Vera used to be pretty sexy toward me, but that has ended. She does not resist me when I want her, but that is seldom now. I am having more orgasms than ever before from masturbating. The knowledge of my wife's infidelity is enough to keep me constantly excited.

Lately I have been wondering where it is going to end. I hope that it will last forever. If Vera found out about me spying on her, I am sure she would divorce me.—J. M.

You may love to jerk off, but your letter sounds more like a cry from the heart. Reading between the lines, it seems that you are not really all that happy about your situation. You have almost given up on sex because you are scared of your wife. You even say, "If Vera found out about me spying, she would divorce me."

Unless you're on your deathbed, you're never too old for fucking. At the moment I am dating a guy who is fifty-one years young. If I caught him masturbating I would go mad with jealousy, since I prefer him to keep on fucking me the average of three times a day, as he has been.

In your case, I think you would like to be that young boy instead of the voyeur. Why don't you try some audience participation and call her bluff? Get some nookie instead of just a lookie.

SOB JOB

I am twenty-four and well built for my age. I weigh about 180, am about five-ten, and have blue eyes and blond hair. I recently graduated from college and attended a party given by a few of my friends. The most gorgeous girl I'd ever met was there. Her name is Vicki but most of the guys call her Clam. I never knew why she adopted this nickname, but I sure found out that evening.

I didn't know Clam very well, but she seemed very friendly and affectionate toward me whenever we met. When I saw Clam at the party I knew this would probably be the last time I'd see her. I felt a little uneasy at first but relaxed as I downed a few beers. After a while Clam came up to me and asked if I would like to dance. I readily agreed, as I noticed her giving me a wry smile. I really got turned on when she started pressing her tits and head against my chest and grinding her hips against my crotch. As we were enjoying this seductive dance, Clam slowly led me across the living room and down the hall to one of the bedrooms. She gently pushed me on the bed and whispered, "Don't worry, baby, everything is all right. Just sit back and relax and let me call the shots."

Feeling Clam's warm hand on my cock made me rip her shirt off and start sucking her tits like I hadn't had anything to drink for a week. We managed to undress and started to engage in a sixty-nine position. She buried her cunt in my face and sucked my balls until I blew an unimaginable load. I was so overwhelmed that my sex drive took the better of me. Before Clam was about to climax, I rolled her over and rammed my rod into her soaking-wet love box. We rocked back and forth, when all of a sudden she started screaming in pain and pleasure as she arched her back and rode me like I was a bucking bronco. She exploded as her cunt became a river and flooded my body with cunt juices. She soaked our bodies and the sheets with what seemed like a quart of liquid.

I know my share of sex-education stuff, but I can't believe a woman can have an orgasm that big. Is that normal? Also, is it normal for a woman or, for that matter, a man to cry after they have sex even though they don't seem to be hurt in any way? A lot of people think this is no big deal but I think it's pretty serious.—R. N.

Everyone reacts differently to orgasm. I once had a lover who used to shout "Mummy!" when he came. When I asked him why he did this he told me that he had a nanny who used to jerk him off and taught him to say "Mummy" when he came. Another of my lovers was an opera singer, a tenor, who used to hit a high C when he orgasmed. It was a clear and sustained solo note I am sure his music teacher would have loved. A friend of mine told me that the only way he knew his girl friend was coming was when she made no sound whatsoever and big tears would start rolling down her cheeks. You could have given her the orgasm of her life, which could be so overwhelming as to make her cry. I am sure, though, that if she cried every time she had an orgasm her name wouldn't be Clam but Crybaby.

SUNDAY MATINEE

Veronica, my stepdaughter, is thirty-two, divorced, has one son in military academy, and lives and works about thirty miles away from us. She comes to visit every Friday night through Sunday afternoon. One Saturday morning several months ago, my wife had gone shopping and Veronica was running the vacuum cleaner

"I farm out everything."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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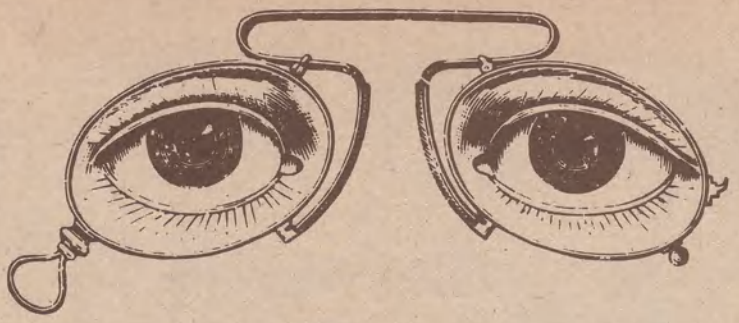


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE NATIONAL DIETING TEST

BY EMILY PRAGER

The following is a test for Americans who think they know everything there is to know about dieting and exercise class. Men, who have 50 percent less subcutaneous fat and, therefore, 50 percent less dieting expertise, should give themselves ten free points to begin. Score five points for each correct answer.

1. Which came first: (a) the Bronx Diet, (b) the Beverly Hills Diet, or (c) Ed Koch's I-Hate-the-Suburbs Diet? The correct answer is (c). Although not widely publicized, Ed Koch was a strict follower of the I-Hate-the-Suburbs Diet during his many years in Congress, stopping only recently when he decided to run for governor of New York State. Perhaps this explains why he could never keep a cook.

2. The following hunger strikers—(a) Bobby Sands, (b) Mark David Chapman, (c) Sarah Jane Moore, (d) Charlie ("Tex") Watson, and (e) Dick Gregory—match up with what crimes: (a) attempted assassination of President Ford, (b) killing of Sharon Tate, (c) IRA terrorism, (d) shooting of John Lennon, (e) not being funny? The correct answers: a-c; b-d; c-a; d-b; e-e.

3. How did J. I. Rodale die? (a) bone cancer, (b) bad mushrooms, or (c) on Dick Cavett? The correct answer is (c), on Dick Cavett. It was Adele Davis, the health-food expert, who died of bone cancer.

4. Which of the following Hollywood producers had his jaw wired shut to keep from eating: (a) Joseph Mankiewicz, (b) Alan Carr, or (c) Dino De Laurentiis? The correct answer is (b), Alan Carr, producer of *Can't Stop the Music*, starring Valerie Perrine and the Village People. At one point during the filming of that picture, Carr was so fat he could fit all five of the Village People into one pair of his harem pants. His new movie, *Can't Stop the Bingeing*, is set for release this fall.

5. Who was the Greek muse of dieting: (a) Anorexia, (b) Bulimia, (c) Agoraphobia, or (d) none of the above? The correct answer is (d), none of the above. Dieting, as a creative art, is as thoroughly modern as stomach bypass surgery. It is true that the ancient Romans liked to overeat at banquets and then visit the vomitoria, but they didn't do it to lose weight. They simply liked to puke. The only time the ancient Greeks ever threw up en masse is when they had to hang out with the ancient Romans.

6. At this point in time, who looks thinner: (a) Zero Mostel, (b) Victor Buono, or (c) Herman Tarnower? This is a tough one but the correct answer here is (c), Herman Tarnower. Zero Mostel died several years ago and is dust by now and therefore disqualified. Victor Buono, who died more recently, has lost some but not all of his flesh and is still pretty porky. But Herman Tarnower, whose body was once ridden with bullet holes, has, in the past two years, lost all the skin and muscle that once surrounded them and, at this point in time, is definitely thinner.

7. Which of the following weighs less than Liz Taylor: (a) Ling-Ling, (b) Tony Geary, or (c) the aircraft carrier *Nimitz*? The correct answer is (b) Tony Geary, star of the soap opera "General Hospital." During her recent appearance on the show, Miss Taylor hugged Mr. Geary too tightly and broke two of his ribs. Since then Mr. Geary has been working out on the overhead press, and he hopes to regain his strength soon.

8. What do passive electric exercise, shots of the urine of pregnant women, and earlobe staples have in common: (a) money down the drain, (b) Cher, or (c) S & M? The correct answer is (c), S & M. Clearly, any woman who allows electrodes to be taped to her thighs, piss to be injected into her veins, and staples to be driven into her earlobes on the pretext of losing weight is a serious freak and a wealthy one at that.

9. During this year's pro football season, who weighed more: (a) John Madden, (b) Abe Gibron, or (c) Phyllis George? The correct answer is (c), Phyllis George, who blamed pregnancy for her enormous weight gain. Pregnancy or no pregnancy, Phyllis ought to know that when you're as fat as she is, you should stay away from fluffy furs like lynx and stick with the flat, more slimming furs, like sheared lamb or beaver. Hooded parkas are a no-no too, as they only accentuate triple chins.

10. After Rona Barrett slimmed down, who inherited her size-16 muumuus: (a) John Madden, (b) Abe Gibron, or (c) Phyllis George? The correct answer is, again, (c), Phyllis George, who, when she was pregnant, offered to swap Rona her urine for diet shots in return for the oversized hand-me-downs.

Fernando Botero/Aberbach Fine Art

11. What over-the-counter diet pill best enables you to excel at adult-beginner's ballet: (a) Dexatrim, (b) Control, or (c) Dietac? The correct answer is (a), Dexatrim, which also works for jazz class and belly dancing. Fake amphetamines are of no use, however, in the more strenuous forms of exercise, like weight lifting, cross-country skiing, and the Lotte Berk Method, where half of a good, old-fashioned Eskatrol is your only hope of attaining the intermediate levels.

12. Nicole Ronsard is: (a) a sixteenth-century French love poet, (b) a nouvelle-cuisine entree, or (c) author of the coffee-table book *Cellulite*. The correct answer is (c), author of *Cellulite*, which went on sale in the 1970s and made a whole generation take note of the fatty deposits

beneath their skin.

13. How much did the coffee-table book *Cellulite* cost in hard cover: (a) $8.95, (b) too embarrassed to reply, or (c) $12.95? The correct answer is (c), $12.95, but if you answered (b), give yourself three points, because paying $12.95 for anything but an art-history book in those days was really embarrassing, especially a book about fat. Few people will admit to it now, because even after reading the book, buying the bath mitts, and going on the diet, they found they still had cellulite.

14. What national magazine volunteered to put Charlene Tilton on a diet: (a) *Glamour*, (b) *Mademoiselle*, or (c) *Veterinarian Digest*? The correct answer is (a). After watching Miss Tilton for several years on the nighttime soap opera "Dallas," the editors of the diet and exercise pages united in their determination to slim down her neck. Although Miss Tilton did lose inches from her hips and thighs, her neck retained the same dimensions.

Score five for each correct answer. If you scored between five and twenty, then you're either thin or stupid, but you know nothing about dieting. If you scored between twenty-five and forty, you're probably about ten pounds overweight and it's time you learned some self-control. If you scored between forty-five and seventy, you'd better check into Godfrey Cambridge's old hospital room and begin intravenous feeding before you end up like he did: in a pine box big enough to seat six.

CBS

Tilton: before or after diet?

SCENES

PIRATE PIRACY

Pirate movies have not exactly been hot box-office properties in the past few years. The Robert Shaw–James Earl Jones action comedy *Swashbuckler* and the Michael Caine–David Warner tale of contemporary piracy *The Island* both walked the box-office plank and sank without a trace. Roman Polanski has been trying to get his movie *Pirates!* before the cameras for almost five years and still hasn't announced a start date, while Bo and John Derek, who actually had their *Pirate Annie* lined up with CBS Theatrical Films, officially withdrew it last summer over "creative differences." Other skull-and-crossbones adventures, such as the rumored sequel to *The Crimson Pirate*, Burt Lancaster's 1953 romp, and yet another remake of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, have failed to materialize.

But fear not. Swash and buckle, sword and cannonade, romance and adventure, are on the way. Three Jolly Roger films are due out in the coming months, though, ironically, they're all based on the same material: Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance*. Each has a different approach to the material. Wilfred Leach has adapted his hearty, star-filled screen version of the great Broadway revival. Ken Annakin's youth-oriented rock fantasy, on the other hand, uses only the basic plot and a few songs from the original. And lastly, there is a television version of the play, starring Peter Allen, which is currently being filmed in England.

Pirate stories have always found an audience, as far back as Plutarch's version of Julius Caesar's capture by some incompetent villains who were as trusting as the gullible Penzance crew. While awaiting the arrival of his ransom, he regaled his captors with poems and speeches and calmly informed them that upon his release he'd track them down and string them up. Taking these threats as a joke, the pirates, like their Penzance heirs, accepted him as one of their own until the ransom arrived. After they set him free he returned, as promised, and hanged them all.

Embellished yarns of piracy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gave rise to the myth that their trade was a romantic business. In reality, however, the pirates of history were a scurvy lot, killing each other and anyone else who got in their way over trivial matters, and more often than not ending their lives at the end of a rope.

Hollywood has always glamorized this bloody trade, and many of the great adventure stars have boosted their careers with pirate roles, including Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Tyrone Power, Burt Lancaster, Anthony Quinn, and, of course, Errol Flynn, who became an overnight star upon release of *The Sea Hawk*. Even the passage of years hasn't dulled Flynn's electric performances in *The Sea Hawk* and its companion piece, *Captain Blood*. It's taken more than four generations of movie actors for a worthy challenger to appear on the scene: Kevin Kline is the potential usurper of Flynn's position.

Awaiting the release of his first major film, *The Pirates of Penzance*, Kline is hoping that his screen performance as the Pirate King will do to movie audiences what his stage appearance did to theater crowds. Playing a klutzy swashbuckler whose every Flynn-esque move resulted in comic disaster, Kline became a crowd-pleasing heartthrob as the Pirate King with a heart of gold, feet of lead, and a penchant for releasing any prisoner claiming to be an orphan, like himself and his crew. Kline now has the opportunity to become a superstar in the same context as Flynn. If the mass audience is interested.

Smash Broadway shows don't all translate perfectly to the screen. Every *Grease* that scores at the movies is matched by a flock of celluloid failures like *Man of La Mancha*, *Sweet Charity*, *Mame*, and *Hello, Dolly!* The question that fans and financiers alike

Movie Star News

Martha Swope

Pirate kings Errol Flynn, Kevin Kline: glamorizing a bloody trade.

are asking is, Can Leach's Broadway version work on screen?

"That's the wrong attitude," says the film's producer, Edward Pressman. "The film is as unique and striking as the play was, but it's a different experience altogether. Like the stage production, the picture is incredibly innovative, fresh and original, with the same feeling of wonder, but it's told in cinematic terms, twisting the concepts of time, space, and motion as only movies can do. Will [Leach] has pulled out all the stops to make this a special, surprising, and amazing experience from beginning to end. Since the script, casting, and music are essentially the same as they were on Broadway, he was able to concentrate on making this a cinematic experience in the purest sense."

Pressman isn't worried about *The Pirate Movie,* Ken Annakin's rock fantasy, which will beat *Penzance* into theaters by more than six months. "*The Pirate Movie* may be a fine film, and a commercial one," he says, "but in terms of historical perspective it can only be compared with the *Bikini Beach Party* or the Roger Corman kind of picture as an entity. This is not to underestimate its money-making ability. But it can't be expected to stand up to the test of time, as Wilfred's work can. *The Pirates of Penzance* is as innovative as *Pennies From Heaven* or *One From the Heart* in the way it advances the horizons of the screen musical, but it's far more commercial than they are."

Universal Pictures, which is distributing *The Pirates of Penzance,* has taken a more defensive posture. They see a musical based on the same material as theirs going into 1,000-plus theaters in July and saturating the market. Universal, remembering that *M*A*S*H* stole *Catch-22*'s thunder in 1970 by offering an outrageous service comedy to the audience before the much-touted, Mike Nichols–directed, superbudgeted picture came out, is worried that *The Pirate Movie* will considerably diminish its picture's potential audience.

"We look at the situation differently," says *The Pirate Movie*'s director, Ken Annakin, whose credits include such films as *The Swiss Family Robinson, Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines,* and *The Longest Day*. "Long before either film was planned, our producer, David Joseph, went to Joseph Papp with the idea of doing *The Pirates of Penzance* together." But at that time Papp was talking to Francis Coppola about filming his version, and Joseph wanted to update it, so they went their separate ways. From the very beginning Joseph's concept was to use only the skeleton of the original Gilbert and Sullivan operetta plus a few of its best songs in modified, updated versions. He wanted to enlarge the ingenue's love story, add new songs with contemporary music, and rescore the old songs in order to cash in on the market created by such teen musicals as *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*.

"This is not to say that we're departing from the original story altogether," says Annakin. "I'm still paying homage to a play that many of us grew up admiring. It's a send-up of the genre but one that still stays within its conventions.

"My natural approach was away from the style of the Papp production," Annakin continues. "Our film is much closer in philosophy and tone to Richard Lester's *The Three Musketeers* or *A Hard Day's Night*. It's a kind of nonstop, frenetic humor, which I also put into a film I made several years ago called *Monte Carlo or Bust* (U.S. title: *Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies*), starring Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Jack Hawkins, and Tony Curtis. I don't see the Papp version going in this direction at all."

According to *Pirates of Penzance* producer Pressman, Annakin's presumption is correct. "Wilfred's style is much closer to silent film than contemporary cinema. He's created a reality that's entirely his own, a combination of surrealistic images and slapstick humor, a musical form where people don't simply launch into songs—they seem to sing naturally, as if it were a continuation of their speech patterns."

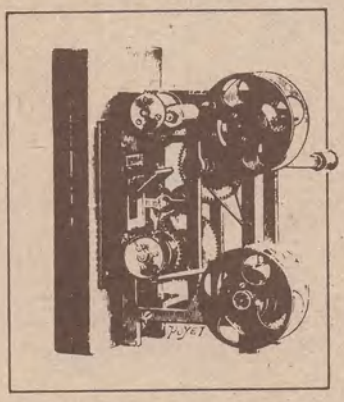
Papp's stage revival of *The Pirates of Penzance* was a magical chemical mixture that gave him a Broadway hit. It introduced a new generation of fans to Gilbert and Sullivan, legitimized Rex Smith and Linda Ronstadt as stage stars, and won Kevin Kline the coveted role of Nathan in *Sophie's Choice*. Wilfred Leach is now being given the chance to score at the movies. There's no use denying that *Penzance* might be hurt by the potential success of *The Pirate Movie*, which stars Kristy McNichol and Chris Atkins. But if the Papp version is as innovative as Pressman says, and as charming as the stage version on which it's based, then it might actually profit by the Annakin film's being a success.

Pictures in close competition generally end up succeeding or failing on their own merits or weaknesses. In the mid-1960s there was a battle over whose nuclear-war film, Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* or Sidney Lumet's *Fail Safe,* had historical and moral precedence over the other. Likewise, there was a major tiff over two screen versions of the life of Jean Harlow in 1965. More recently, insiders predicted that Michael Cimino's best-picture Oscar for *The Deer Hunter* would help to eclipse the success of another Vietnam picture, *Apocalypse Now,* by Francis Coppola. Publicists, journalists, and the general public make news out of these situations as they are taking place. But in the end, historically speaking, quality (both Vietnam films) will endure, while the flops (both versions of *Harlow*) are simply forgotten.

Some of the stalled pirate movies might become viable projects if any of the three *Penzance* films succeeds. (Let us not forget the Peter Allen TV version.) Until then, audiences will have to be satisfied with comic villains, musical swordfights, and happy endings. Which is not the worst of all possible worlds for holiday entertainments.—*James Delson*

Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins: teen pirates land on Bikini Beach.

FILMS



SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Larry Levinson's ***Diner***, Bill Forsyth's ***Gregory's Girl***, and Bob Clark's ***Porky's*** are all remarkably good movies about kids that should appeal to anyone who doesn't think that age absolutely limits what he can see and feel. God knows, these films don't think so. From the point of view of sixteen to twenty, they are refreshingly tolerant of thirty, even of forty-five. About the process of growing up and growing older, they might assume that we begin as highly competent children. Then we are afflicted with puberty, which does great things for our bodies (especially if we are girls) but restricts our minds as we embark on the long decline into adulthood. But even when adults, we remain kindly and understanding—though ineffectual and frequently invisible—and we can usually be counted on as friends.

As an adult, I applaud this view, which certainly corresponds to experience, even if it doesn't equally fit all three movies. It does fit *Gregory's Girl*, and if you compare that film's benignity with the irreconcilable antagonisms of the standard youth-culture movies just a dozen years ago, you'll get the feeling that the world has changed, unaccountably for the better, under our very eyes. I'm not sure all of these three filmmakers really believe this. Two of them set their movies much more than a dozen years ago. *Porky's* inhabits a mythical southern Florida town in 1954. *Diner* hangs out in a Baltimore diner between Christmas and New Year's, 1959. But *Gregory's Girl* takes things as they are right now, or might most pleasantly be, in a modern suburban bedroom community near Glasgow, in central Scotland.

According to my press notes, the indigenous Scottish cinema consists of two features, both by Bill Forsyth. *Gregory's Girl*, a $400,000 superproduction, is his second. He is about to make a third, and from what I've seen so far, I would say that the future of Scottish cinema is in excellent hands.

The story deals with the brief, semi-tempestuous passion of tall, skinny, pimply Gregory (Gordon Sinclair) for beautiful, blond Dorothy (Dee Hepburn), who takes his place on the previously all-male school soccer team. She's a better soccer player than he is. Wasting no time on miffed machismo, Gregory promptly falls in love with her and begins a bungled pursuit. In the long run he gets a date—though three other girls show up in Dorothy's place, to provide a climax as incongruous as everything else in the film.

Much of the charm in *Gregory's Girl* creeps in around the edges. It is full of openings—never too busy with its story not to notice things like the three-foot-tall penguin wandering the school corridors, or the practiced insouciance of a terrifically sophisticated recent graduate suavely offering Gregory's ten-year-old sister (Allison Forster, my favorite performance) a cigarette, or the full dignity of the school's corrupt headmaster (Chic Murray) dismissing a crowd of students with an imperious "Off you go, you *small* boys!" so he can get on with picking out little tunes on his tiny piano.

If *Gregory's Girl* hasn't much of a story, *Diner* has none at all. Or rather, it has options on several, each of which it runs from at the first hint of a potentially responsible plot. It's like what almost everyone in the movie feels about being married—though one character is about to get married, another has gotten his girl friend

Hepburn: creative responses.

pregnant and should get married, and a couple of others already are. *Diner* belongs with the hanging-around-and-wondering-what-to-do-next movies, a genre that has produced a masterpiece, Fellini's 1953 *I Vitelloni*, but that I find myself generally able to do without. Where this film turns the tables is in being always more literate, cleverer, more intelligently compassionate than might have been expected.

The young men in *Diner* are in graduate school or college, or have dropped out of college, perhaps because college didn't have enough on its mind. They're together now during Christmas vacation for the wedding of Eddie (Steve Guttenberg), provided his girl—whom we never meet—can pass the heroically difficult football-trivia quiz he and his dad have worked out to test her with. Meanwhile, the nice Catholic girl whom Billy (Timothy Daly) has knocked up doesn't want to give up her TV-news assistant producer's job to marry him and have their baby. Shrevie (Daniel Stern) isn't sure he wants to *stay* married to a wife who can't keep order in his record collection. And Boogie (Mickey Rourke) looks desperately for a way to pay off a $2,000 gambling debt. Boogie's desperation leads him to a friendly wager on a public sexual exploit that is surely the high point of the movie. But typically sex is a challenge, or a habit, or a con, and never a passion. *Diner* is so ambivalent about the joys of life as almost to lament the state of being young, and brighter than your destiny in 1959.

The guys in *Diner* devote some of their all-night diner time to speculating about the niceties of language. For example, a really spirited consideration of the differences between "nuance" and

A lament to the state of being young, bright, and married:

"gesture" (in unreconstructed downtown Baltimore, between midnight and 3:00 A.M.) comes very early in the movie and helps clue you in as to the level on which you should be listening. They also spend some time deciding whether a girl they know is a ballbreaker—a preoccupation that takes me back to the good old days a lot faster than any of the obligatory period pop tunes on the sound track.

But in *Porky's* there actually is a ballbreaker. Miss Balbricker (Nancy Parsons), to be precise, the 200-pound, ferociously prudish girls' gym instructor. She is matched by the young, beautiful, hot-for-sweaty-men's-underwear girls' gym instructor, Miss Honeywell (Kim Cattrall), and if you can accept those names in good humor, then everything else in *Porky's* goes pretty much uphill.

Porky's is a beer hall-cum-whorehouse operating in the Florida swamps, across the county line from Angel Beach, where all the good kids in the movie live. The good kids happen to be white and middle-class. One is Jewish and one is an anti-Semite. But the anti-Semite is such an amateur he calls Jews "kites" instead of "kikes," and even he turns out all right, once he renounces his father—who wears a black leather jacket, rides a motorcycle, and is an ex-con, a bigot, a possible killer, and, worst of all, a redneck. That's an aspect of *Porky's* that doesn't get much play in the ads. They show a movie that purports to be about sex. It is. But it is also about class war.

Even the sex isn't so much sex as smutty humor, much of it ancient, going back a few thousand years to before the dawn of dirty movies. It has to do with the absurdity of horniness, not with desire. The best comic sequence (in fact, it is a terrific comic sequence), beginning in a girls' shower room, features the vulnerability of penises—not exactly a sexual turn-on.

Locker-room humor and class warfare: the students in Porky's.

the students in Diner.

I wonder if anyone involved in making it greatly cared that *Porky's* is set in 1954. The cars look authentic, but nothing much else does. And if thirty years ago there ever was a girl as buoyantly raunchy as this film's Wendy (the excellent Kaki Hunter), she went, alas, to a different high school than I did. What rings truest is a profound conventionality, disguised slightly behind the dirty jokes, but expressing a society devoted to protecting and nurturing its own. I'd suspect Bob Clark, who last year directed the rather awful show-biz schlock *Tribute*, of sentimentality, relieved in this case by the locker-room humor.

All of these movies come out on the right side of just about everything. They are uniformly decent to their women, though barely pretending to understand them, with only *Gregory's Girl* indicating there's a lot to understand. Allowing for temporary aberrations, there are no bad kids at all. Except for the pigs at Porky's and the hoods collecting Boogie's $2,000, there are no bad grown-ups either. Everyone trusts everyone else, and you may assume the famous generation gap simply zipped itself closed after the 1960s.

Of course, the 1960s remain conveniently in the future for two of the films. Of those, *Diner* seems to sense what's ahead. That's the film I feel closest to, ever a sucker for trenchant dialogue and an air of vague foreboding. But I most admire *Gregory's Girl*, which is the funniest, emotionally the most complex, theatrically the most daring, and the most blithely eccentric of the lot. It may be Gregory's unhesitating willingness to fall in love. It may be Dorothy's creative way of responding. It may be that every potentially ordinary situation turns into something more surprising, so that the characters grow and our understanding of them grows at the same time, but not quite in tandem. Director Bill Forsyth has worked small miracles with an essentially amateur cast. The cast is wonderful. But I think he's done it mostly by creating a universe—in some ordinary garden apartments outside Glasgow—where small miracles seem the order of the day.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

SUMMER SLEUTHS

Like most human behavior, the reading of mystery and detective fiction follows seasonal patterns. Winter is the time for curling up with a cozy British-village mystery by the likes of Agatha Christie or Cyril Hare. Giddy spring calls for the literary witticisms of Michael Innes and Emma Lathen. And the bracing fall air invariably makes us reach for a crisp police procedural by somebody like Dorothy Uhnak or Robert Daley.

But in sticky summer our hearts and minds bend toward the boys with the sweaty armpits. Brawny licensed investigators who suck beer from the bottle and scratch their genitals with a forty-five. Tall, tight-jawed types from mystery agencies who sip chilled Chablis and talk into their wristwatches. Hot-blooded amateurs with private vendettas against The Mob. The beloved boys of summer, all.

Come beach weather, reflex conditioning has us reaching for the suntan oil with one hand and the latest John D. MacDonald with the other. This year, it's ***Cinnamon Skin*** (Harper & Row), the twentieth series adventure of the indestructible Travis McGee, landed safely back on the Florida Keys after his hot-air-ballooning skyride in *Free Fall in Crimson*. McGee and his buddy Meyer get tangled up in the fate of a couple of newlyweds who are taking a cruise on Meyer's boat when it mysteriously blows up. The investigation takes them from Florida to

Mexico, where they hope to resolve the obvious question: is somebody out to get mild Meyer, or was there something fishy about that sweet honeymoon couple all along? As usual, a new MacDonald is good for three, maybe four Tequila Sunrises between ocean dips.

In the private-eye genre, John D. MacDonald may have Florida all sewn up, but California is still wide-open territory for the would-be heirs of Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald. Although he's written only two previous novels (*Grave Error* and *Death Bed*), Stephen Greenleaf shapes up as a definite contender in this perennial sweepstakes. In ***State's Evidence*** (Dial), Greenleaf's attractive series detective, a San Francisco private eye named John Marshall Tanner, finds himself in El Gordo, a town so tough that when one guy doesn't like another guy, he tends to stick a screwdriver in his eye. Tanner's assignment from the local, understandably harassed district attorney of this town: to find a missing woman, the key witness in a court case that could put El Gordo's Mafia boss out of business.

In describing a lawyer presenting his case before a jury, Greenleaf perfectly sums up his own impressive prose style: "[He] told it simply, but with a touch of raw, uncooked elegance." There's enough satisfying sex and violence to take the curse off the fact that the hero reads Montaigne, but not so much that it distracts from the dense plot, which keeps twisting with surprises right to the end. And in the sturdy person of John Marshall Tanner, Greenleaf has created a refreshing throwback to the classic California private eye of olden times, before he learned to jog, cook, and roller skate.

Ann Greenleaf

Greenleaf: uncooked elegance.

Up Boston way, Robert B. Parker and George V. Higgins have managed to maintain their shared primacy over that rich turf. Parker's latest, ***Ceremony*** (Delacorte), seems fresher and less mechanical than his last few efforts. Not that his splendidly original Spenser has ever been less than irresistible in his nine previous appearances. (There's always been something downright charming about a guy with a seventeen-inch neck who busts chops one minute and quotes the New England Transcendentalist poets the next.) But this time out, Parker gives his superior private eye a genuinely involving plot to keep him busy. The big fella sets out to find a high-school girl who has decamped from her suburban home to become a prostitute in Boston's infamous Combat Zone, and he soon finds himself slogging through the muck of a large and sophisticated professional porno ring. The action is fast and florid; the seamier side of old Boston takes on ripe life; and our classy tough guy finally has himself a story situation worthy of his quirky code of moral justice.

Like *Ceremony*, George V. Higgins's ***The Patriot Game*** (Knopf) was a spring release, but nobody whose blood temperature follows normal seasonal cycles would dream of reading it before summer. To kick off the action, the Digger (bless his crooked heart) is in the soup again, fingered for a hit by Mikey-Mike Magro, who is about to be sprung from the slammer. That's all Higgins needs to launch Pete Riordan, his mucho-macho Department of Justice agent, on his appointed crawls through Boston's city, church, and underground political circles. Poking around in these precincts, Riordan uncovers the usual gallery of tough-minded citizens to amaze us with their concupiscence and delight us with their dialogue.

Joe Bongiorno

Despite these reliable pleasures, Higgins seems a bit played out in this one. The dialogue arias lose some snap when they run on for pages, and the chase misses some urgency when it centers on two key characters who barely show their faces. Still, if you're headed for Revere Beach, you could do worse than roll up Higgins in the old beach towel. A one-six-pack rating.

Among newcomers to the private-eye genre, Jack Livingston has come up with an imaginative gimmick in ***A Piece of the Silence*** (St. Martin's), which features a New York shamus named Joe Binney, who is totally deaf. ("Deafness always spooks the cops," observes Binney. Oh, I should think so, yes.) He's right, though; there *is* one worse handicap than deafness—stupidity. Binney's first case has him investigating the death of a beautiful lady executive in a rock-record company, an assignment that leads him to a narcotics ring with Latin American connections. His fighting style is conventionally tough ("a lot of blood and teeth on [the] rug"), with the odd excursion into more exotic fields of sadism and torture. It's sure better than his make-out style, because the poor guy is a total washout in both love and lust. All in all, aside from his deafness there is nothing terribly original about Binney. And judging from his mechanical plot and strictly functional prose, there is nothing particularly dazzling about Livingston's debut in the private-dick arena. A couple of ice-cream cones at best.

Crime novelists who prefer pri-

vate agents to private eyes are forever straining to come up with offbeat amateur detectives to do their dirty work. Like John Edward Pike, the hero of Joel Don Humphreys's first novel, ***Vendetta*** (Macmillan). Pike is a poet, you should swallow. To be more specific, he calls himself "a blood and bone Texas poet" whose literary subject is "the violent bloodlust of the hunter." (And I'm a nun who lectures on the remission of sin through the multiple orgasm. Yeah.) The hero's unlikely occupation isn't the only ludicrous thing about this hack job, which hinges on the tired convention of a civilian turned sleuth to revenge the death of a loved one. ("A novel of revenge in the tradition of *Death Wish* and *Deliverance*," the dust jacket trumpets. They wish.) Once you tire laughing at the cute little bullet drawings that mark off the chapters, you've still got some chuckles coming from the contrived posturings of the vigilante poet—whose girl friend gives him a thirty-eight for Valentine's Day. Plus some hearty belly laughs from the banalities this "poet" enters in his journal. ("On the inside she's suffering just like me.")

Like most write-by-the-numbers first novels in the hard-boiled genre, *Vendetta* miscalculates the power of violence—over less sexy fictional elements like plot, character, and style. ("Look at his head, John. It's blowed off.") Even *dogs* get murdered in this one—a sure tip-off of a desperate writer reaching for effect.

The reporter has lately become a favorite genre hero for crime novelists. At least the choice of amateur sleuth makes sense in ***In the Heat of the Summer*** (Atheneum), because author John Katzenbach is a criminal-court reporter for the *Miami Herald*. More a suspense thriller than a work of detective fiction, this first novel tracks the killing spree of a mass murderer who between slaughters unburdens his soul to a young reporter tickled at such good fortune. The device has been done to death, but that's not why it flops here. For a professional newspaperman, Katzenbach

Al Messerschmidt

Katzenbach: amateur sleuth.

writes with his knuckles. His tough-nuts reporter is a dull, self-serving prick, and absurdly romanticized. ("Sometimes I think of myself as a camera. My eyes are the shutter, the words are the print.") Even worse, his psycho killer reads Malraux and talks like a frustrated dramatics professor. ("Welcome to the parameters of nightmare.") All I can say is: Welcome to the parameters of detective fiction, Mr. Katzenbach—it's much harder to write than you think.—*Marilyn Stasio*

OUT OF CONTROL

The Match Trick (Linden), a first novel by Don Zacharia, is a book of many virtues, but chief among them are (a) it is impossible to stop reading and (b) it will make you

Audrey Topping

Zacharia: audacious mix.

laugh out loud, even when you're alone. There are certainly many other reasons to buy a book these days, but those are two of the best I know. Mr. Zacharia, a liquor-store owner in the wealthy New York community of Scarsdale, has had the audacity to mix together the black Jewish humor of Philip Roth and the violent S&M eroticism of *The Story of O* in a setting traditionally dominated by author John Cheever, master of suburbia. And amazingly, he makes it work.

The world of Noel Roth, Mr. Zacharia's hero, shatters suddenly when his wife and her lover are killed in a bizarre accident. In his fumbling efforts to cope with this tragedy, Noel visits a kindly Freudian shrink with his children and the Concord resort hotel with his best friend (for a few days of wild and crazy Borsht Belt sex and food—the novel's most hilarious sequence).

But his more unusual therapy consists of sitting in the woods behind his house, sympathetically annotating the works of Richard Nixon while—at the same time—secretly trysting with a mysterious, beautiful whore and her fifteen-year-old black girl friend for hours of uninhibited, real-life sexual fantasies come true, with a heavy emphasis on bondage and physical denigration.

"I am the most normal person in the world," Noel writes in his diary. "I have never had VD. I have never had anything ever approaching a homosexual relationship. . . . I have lunch once a month with my fellow Kiwanians and before lunch we all stand up and sing 'God Bless America.' And three nights a week I pay a white woman to suck her toes while a black teenager watches. Why?"

Noel never quite figures out the answer, and the book ends much too abruptly for his sake and ours. With him, we have been on a wild, out-of-control spin downhill and we all deserve more from Mr. Zacharia than the unsatisfactory wrap-up he provides. But perhaps Noel's ride will continue in a second novel. Let's hope so. In the meantime, the journey so far has been exhilarating.—*Peter Bloch*

SOUNDS

ONE FROM THE HEART

Jerry Wexler coined the term *rhythm and blues* in the 1940s; produced classic recordings by the Drifters and Ray Charles in the 1950s; took Aretha Franklin south and rejuvenated her career by making records like "Respect" with her in the 1960s; and worked with Etta James, Bob Dylan, and other soulful artists while holding down an executive's job at Warner Brothers records in the 1970s. He knows a good thing when he sees and hears it, and he saw and heard one a little more than a year ago at New York's Bottom Line nightclub. A white R&B band from Rhode Island, Roomful of Blues, was playing a fairly routine set until one of the horn players stepped to the mike and announced "a young lady named **Lou Ann Barton**."

Lou Ann was a willowy brunette with a Texas drawl. Wexler sat up in his chair before she'd sung a note, and when she lit into "Maybe," the old Chantels number, his eyes flashed fire. He couldn't wait to get backstage. "Girl," Lou Ann remembers him saying for openers, "you're hot shit." Wexler offered to get her a record deal, and he was true to his word. *Old Enough,* Barton's first album, was recently released by Elektra, and it's already earned enough raves to justify Wexler's initial enthusiasm. *Rolling Stone* compared Barton to Aretha Franklin and Tina Turner, but for once comparisons are beside the point. Barton doesn't sound like anyone, and

though she's a white singer tackling mostly black material, she doesn't "sound black," nor does she try to. She sounds like Lou Ann Barton.

You can intuit a lot of Lou Ann Barton's story by carefully reading the credits on the back of her album. It was coproduced by Wexler and, making his debut behind the recording console, a key member of the now defunct Eagles, Glenn Frey. "I had this demo tape Lou Ann had made," Wexler explains, "and one night I had Glenn and Linda Ronstadt over to dinner and played it for them. They flipped. Linda told me Glenn was interested in getting into producing, and we decided to work together. He stopped in the middle of working on his own solo album to finish up Lou Ann's record."

But isn't raunchy Texas R&B a little off-the-wall for a former Eagle? After all, that best-selling American band made it on slick country-rock, not raunch. "Hah!" chuckles Lou Ann Barton. "Wait till you hear Glenn's solo album. There's a bunch of soul stuff on it. When we were making my record, somebody asked him, 'What about the Eagles?' And he said, 'The Eagles are back in the seventies, where they belong.' Hey, now, how about that?"

Tickling Linda Ronstadt's and Glenn Frey's fancies while appealing to Jerry Wexler's R&B savvy is a trick only Lou Ann Barton could have brought off. But while she's a startling new talent to most people, she has twelve years of professional singing under her belt. "I grew up in Fort Worth, Texas," she recalled recently in her low, husky voice, "but as soon as I was seventeen I left home and headed for Austin. I was raised on blues and soul, had two older brothers who were into it and a mother who's a pretty good singer. Already, when I was still in Forth Worth, I sang with Robert Ealey (a black blues singer and drummer) and the Five Careless Lovers, and when I got to Austin I hooked up with Jimmie Vaughan and the other guys in the Fabulous Thunderbirds. That was ten years ago, and at that point we couldn't make ten dollars a night playing blues and R&B. But we were diehards. We didn't care if we didn't make *five* bucks, and if nobody came out, that was all right, too; we were gonna play that music anyway. We worked and we worked, and finally we made that music popular in Austin, and we started getting a little money for playing it."

Vaughan, who is a gutsy, foot-to-the-floor guitarist, and the rest of the Fabulous Thunderbirds eventually peeled off in their own direction. They began making records for Takoma, and albums like *Butt Rockin'* won them recognition among rock musicians like Eric Clapton, who hired them to open a recent U.S. tour, and the Rolling Stones. Lou Ann stayed in Austin and threw in her lot with Jimmie's brother Stevie, another hot guitarist. The two of them fronted a band called Double Trouble, which scorched the San Francisco Blues Festival, impressed New Yorkers at the Lone Star Cafe, but never managed to get a major record label interested.

After that, Barton tried singing with Roomful of Blues, and while her straight-from-the-heart soul and their studied big-band blues approach were something of a mismatch ("and I couldn't take living in Rhode Island," Lou Ann adds), the gig did bring her to Jerry Wexler's attention. While she was waiting to record her album, she put together yet another band in Austin, Lou Ann and the Flip Tops. The Flip Tops, who included former Fabulous Thunderbirds drummer Mike Buck, went out on their own earlier this year as the LeRoi Brothers, and they're already the toast of Austin. Their 45-RPM four-song EP *Moon Twist* (Amazing Records, P.O. Box 26265, Forth Worth, Tex. 76116) has become a critical favorite and is the rawest slice of rock 'n' roll to come down the pike in some time.

Carol Friedman

Lou Ann Barton: "The feeling comes, it comes with time."

Wexler and Frey took Lou Ann Barton to Muscle Shoals, Ala., to record her album. Once the nation's most soulful recording studio, Muscle Shoals, and its celebrated studio band, has been sounding slick and even faceless in recent years. But Lou Ann brought the Thunderbirds' Jimmie Vaughan along with her, and once he turned his amplifier up and cut loose, the die was cast. "Jimmie gave those guys a pretty good idea of how we wanted to work," said Barton. "And we screamed and yelled and jumped up and down to make sure everything was gonna be just right."

The Texans must have put on an inspiring show, because the Muscle Shoals musicians turned in some of their best work since the sixties, and special sidemen like guitarist Wayne Perkins (known for his solos on the Rolling Stones' "Hand of Fate" and Bob Marley's "Concrete Jungle") added extra excitement. Barton chose the songs, with some input from Wexler and Frey, and she didn't miss. Her version of "Maybe" stands with the Chantels original as a timeless soul ballad, and she worked similar wonders on numbers originally recorded by Percy Sledge and Irma Thomas, two of the deepest soul singers around. Newer songs by Marshall Crenshaw and Frankie Miller fit right in. The album even has the gritty edge of a sixties soul record, without sacrificing 1980s clarity. It's almost too good to be true.

But true it is; Barton's sincerity and the relaxed quality of her singing are impossible to misconstrue. "I've been singing since I was three," she remembered, "and I guess I always had that feeling. But it's gotten better. I can listen to tapes of me when I was with the Thunderbirds, around 1975, and it was good but it wasn't as gutsy. The feelin' comes, it comes with time. It has a lot to do with being from the South. Muddy Waters heard me when I was first startin' out and gave me a lot of encouragement, and his bass player, Calvin Jones, told me something I'll always remember. He said to me, 'White girls up north try to do what you're doing, but they just don't have that natural southern feeling. Hell, look at Muddy Waters's band. We're supposed to be the people who started the Chicago blues sound, but we're all from Mississippi.' I thought that kinda summed it up."—*Robert Palmer*

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From building elevated outhouses to investigating the brothels of Peru—when it comes to wasting tax dollars, the bureaucrats of Washington, D.C. are world champions. And even the prospect of another Great Depression doesn't stop them, because. . .

IT'S ONLY YOUR MONEY

BY JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

A billion here. A billion there. Pretty soon it adds up to real money."—the late Senator Everett Dirksen

It's no secret that our economy is in deep trouble. Politicians who are up for reelection this fall are terrified that President Reagan's unprecedented budget deficits will destroy the country and, even more important, their own political futures. Reagan himself flails about, talking about cutting government waste while actually increasing it. His chief economic adviser confesses that he never believed in Reagan's policies to begin with. Sober people are actually predicting another Great Depression. Every economist contradicts every other economist. Nobody seems to know what to do.

But if President Reagan were really serious about cutting government waste and saving taxpayers' money—and thereby beginning to straighten out the economy—he could just pick up the phone and call Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire. Every month, since March 1975, Proxmire has been telling the American people what the government has been doing with their money . . . *your* money. His Golden Fleece Award, given to the federal agency or bureaucrat guilty of the biggest, silliest, or most unconscionable example of government waste that month, always makes headlines and then is promptly forgotten by a government determined to waste money.

Is this hard work for the senator? Does his staff work full time poring over the budgets of government agencies, hoping to come up with at least one example of misspending that a clever press release can turn into headlines? No it's easy. There are so many examples of waste that it would be impossible for a senator to do his job and not notice them They leap out at him every day. If Senator Proxmire has decided to publicize these fiscal atrocities, it is because he cares a bit more than many of his colleagues. After years in Washington, he is still capable of being outraged by the outrageous.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON MORECRAFT

Pick a number out of the air, any sum of money from a few thousand to billions of dollars. Chances are that Proxmire can show you a documented instance where that much of your money has been wasted by government. His files are thick with vivid examples that show, one after another, that you are being fleeced.

Item: The Case of the Elevated Outhouse. The Department of Energy earned a Golden Fleece Award from Senator Proxmire for a $1,200 attempt to lure you away from indoor plumbing. Bureaucrats wanted to bring back the outhouse—but not the old wooden shed of the sort Li'l Abner had in his backyard. The Energy Department wanted something sleek and marvelous, a high-rise outhouse to provide "pleasing and esthetic moments of meditative contemplation in a small sun-lit room perched six to eight feet above a backyard or garden view." If you fell for that, you wouldn't be flushing your toilet anymore. That would save water. Get it?

Item: The Case of the Backward Motorcycle. Senator Proxmire bestowed a Golden Fleece Award on the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration for spending $120,126 in an attempt to invent a motorcycle powered by the front wheel and steered from the back. The bureaucrats contended that such a configuration would make the motorcycle safer. Don't ask why. Their own tests showed that the backward motorcycle would be difficult, if not impossible, to steer. So, a motorcycle that cannot be steered will fall over. And having fallen over, it won't be very safe, unless the original idea was that the safest motorcycle is one that can't be ridden at all. In that case, it would have been simpler just to invent a motorcycle without wheels. But what the heck, it was only your money. So they went right ahead and let out a contract to a private firm to build the backward bike.

Now it should be said here that more often than not, the private contractors who receive government money display all the rectitude of a chippie on a troop train. No matter how useless the project, they know the money is good. So they take the checks to the bank and let the taxpayer take care of himself.

But in this case, the contractor blushed at the absurdity of his task. After a preliminary study had confirmed the obvious, that the backward bike would never work, the contractor actually asked that the whole project be scrapped. Well, it didn't matter. The government said nothing doing. The bureaucrats insisted that the project go forward.

The contractor and the subcontractor tried again, but within a month, they were more convinced than ever that they were wasting taxpayers' money. Once again, they asked that the project be stopped, and once again, the agency bureaucrats demanded that the backward bike be built and tested. It was.

A more futile contraption probably never existed. Expert bikers were called in, in an attempt to locate someone who could actually ride the thing. By the time the tests were finally concluded, the champion rider had kept the backward bike upright for a grand total of 2.5 seconds. So much for the judgment of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. (In fairness, we have to report that the highway agency contends that it actually spent only (!) a few thousand dollars on the backward cycle. The PR person who spoke to *Penthouse* could not "remember" the exact amount.)

Item: The Case of the Disappearing Community Center. Two federal agencies, the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the Economic Development Administration, teamed up to spend $279,000 to build a community center in Merrill Township, Mich. This building was so remote and useless that when it collapsed not long after it was completed, no one knew it.

As Senator Proxmire reports: "The collapsed building was spotted on Washington's Birthday, 1979, by a sharp-eyed woodsman who reported it to the postmaster, who called the local sheriff and township supervisor, who relayed the news to HUD's Detroit office. No one knows the precise date of the building's 'downfall.' Like the question asked about the tree which fell in the wilderness, since no human being was present to hear it fall, did it make any noise?" It took more than four years of effort and more than a quarter of a million dollars of hard-earned money to build this monument to blundering.

Item: The Case of the Stewardess's Knees. The Federal Aviation Administration earned a Golden Fleece Award for spending $57,800 on a study of the body measurements of those training to become airline stewardesses. As Senator Proxmire reported, "detailed measurements were made of body features such as the skinfold of the upper arm and length of the buttocks; the transverse distance between the centers of the anterior superior iliac spines; the knee-to-knee breadth while sitting; the maximum horizontal width of the jaw across the gonial angles and the height of the nose." Concluded the senator, the whole report "seems like a bust to me."

In an equally absurd expenditure, the FAA earned a Golden Fleece Award for shelling out $417,000 for meteorological instruments to enable its employees to predict the weather without going outside. Equally effective equipment already existed. But to be used, that equipment required that the government employees stir from their chairs.

Such are examples of Senator Proxmire's Golden Fleece Award. The senator has had a great many items to choose from. Start with the Congress itself, that august body that recently enacted the Black Lung Relief Act, whose notable feature was a section making the $60,662.50 salaries of congressmen practically tax-free. They have never paid Social Security taxes. They know what a rotten deal that program is, so they voted themselves the most lavish pension on the face of the earth. Now they won't pay federal income taxes either. Smooth work, if you can get it.

No one has ever accused Congress of failing to look after itself. During 1981, while congressmen talked of cutting spending, they actually lavished almost twice as much on junketing around the world as they had in 1980. Here are some examples:

Fourteen congressmen began the year with the noble intent of surveying Soviet naval activity. So away they went around the world, stopping for arduous study in such places as Bombay, Singapore, Athens, and Cairo. What did they learn? Who knows? But it must have been a matter of great import. The cost to the taxpayers was $27,000 for *each* congressman. That's more than the expense of two years at Harvard.

In another junket, seven members of the House of Representatives, some accompanied by their wives, flew to London, Brussels, and Rome for ten days of hard work "probing European economic and fiscal policies." They could have taken commercial airlines for about $15,000. They didn't. They flew by air force jet—at a cost officially acknowledged at $107,030.

Not to be outdone, another group of seven congressmen dashed off to Europe on a ten-day jaunt. Once again, some took their wives, and one actually brought along his two daughters, all at your expense. The acknowledged cost for this junket was $80,000.

In another instance of junketeering, a delegation of fifteen congressmen, led

REAGAN'S BUDGET CUTS

While government bureaucrats continue to waste tax dollars, President Reagan's proposed budget cuts will hit hardest at the people who can least afford it—the middle class and the poor. These cuts would not have to be so severe if the government would stop paying people to throw money away on useless projects. These are just a few of the services that will be affected by Reagan's proposed 1983 budget:

Department of Transportation: cut $1.9 billion

Unemployment Compensation: cut $1.6 billion

Department of Education: cut $1.2 billion

Employment and Training Programs: cut $1.9 billion

Medicaid: cut $800 million

Department of Housing and Urban Development: cut $1.5 billion

Aid to Families With Dependent Children: cut $1.1 billion

Legal Aid: cut $241 million

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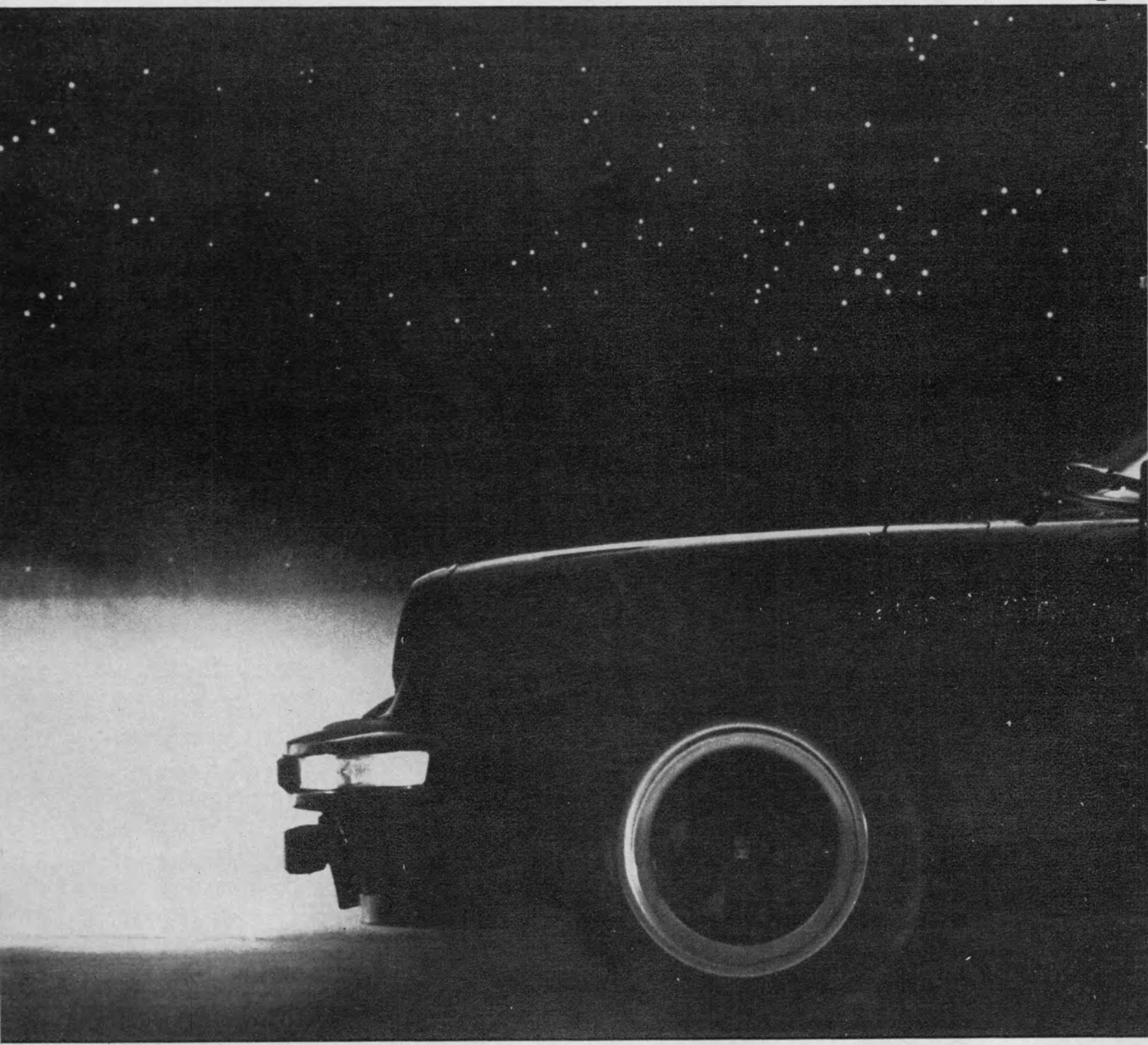

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IT'S WORTH IT.

by House Speaker Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, with an assortment of wives and aides, flew to New Zealand and Australia to discuss something or other with the leaders of those countries. On the way home, the group was so exhausted from the arduous talks that they were obliged to stop over, at taxpayers' expense, for three days of rest and recuperation in Hawaii. (O'Neill's press secretary said the stopover was underwritten by the Pentagon—as if that wasn't paid for by the taxpayers!—and included a visit to an army training program.)

It should be noted that members of Congress travel in style. When they journey to Europe or Asia, it's not like the kind of tour that your Aunt Minnie took with the other members of the glee club. No chartered buses, no worries with luggage, and no shortage of spending money. Members of Congress, when they travel at your expense, must go first-class all the way. The congressmen don't even have to worry about looking for a place to park at the airport. Typically, they are called for at their homes by chauffeured cars. At the airport, they are often ushered aboard one of eighteen lavishly outfitted air force jets, each maintained especially for transporting VIPs. At the plane, the congressmen are joined by military escorts whose job it is to cater to their every desire. And when we say cater, we mean cater. As reported in *U.S. News and World Report*: "Escorts seldom forget a lawmaker's favorite dish, special diet or preferred drink."

When congressmen arrive at a foreign destination, they are greeted by officials from the U.S. embassy. Those officials are not merely trudging along to honor the congressmen with a show of protocol; they are there to turn over cold cash—spending money. Local currency in a value of up to $106 per day. That's to help the congressmen get along in a strange land. There is also a car, of course, to chauffeur them around. And the escorts are ever-present to collect the baggage, to arrange the check-in, and "maintain a hospitality suite in the hotel where the congressmen can gather, relax, receive messages, drink, or snack at any hour."

Added to that, of course, there is usually the study of the Soviet naval presence or Scottish fiscal policy or whatnot, followed by shopping and banquets and nights on the town. Wherever the congressmen go, they are accompanied by the escorts to carry any purchases they might make, and see them wrapped and properly shipped home.

In most cases, a congressman on a junket is treated like royalty. On returning to the United States, he even gets a special clearance through customs, after which he is whisked away in his chauffeured car.

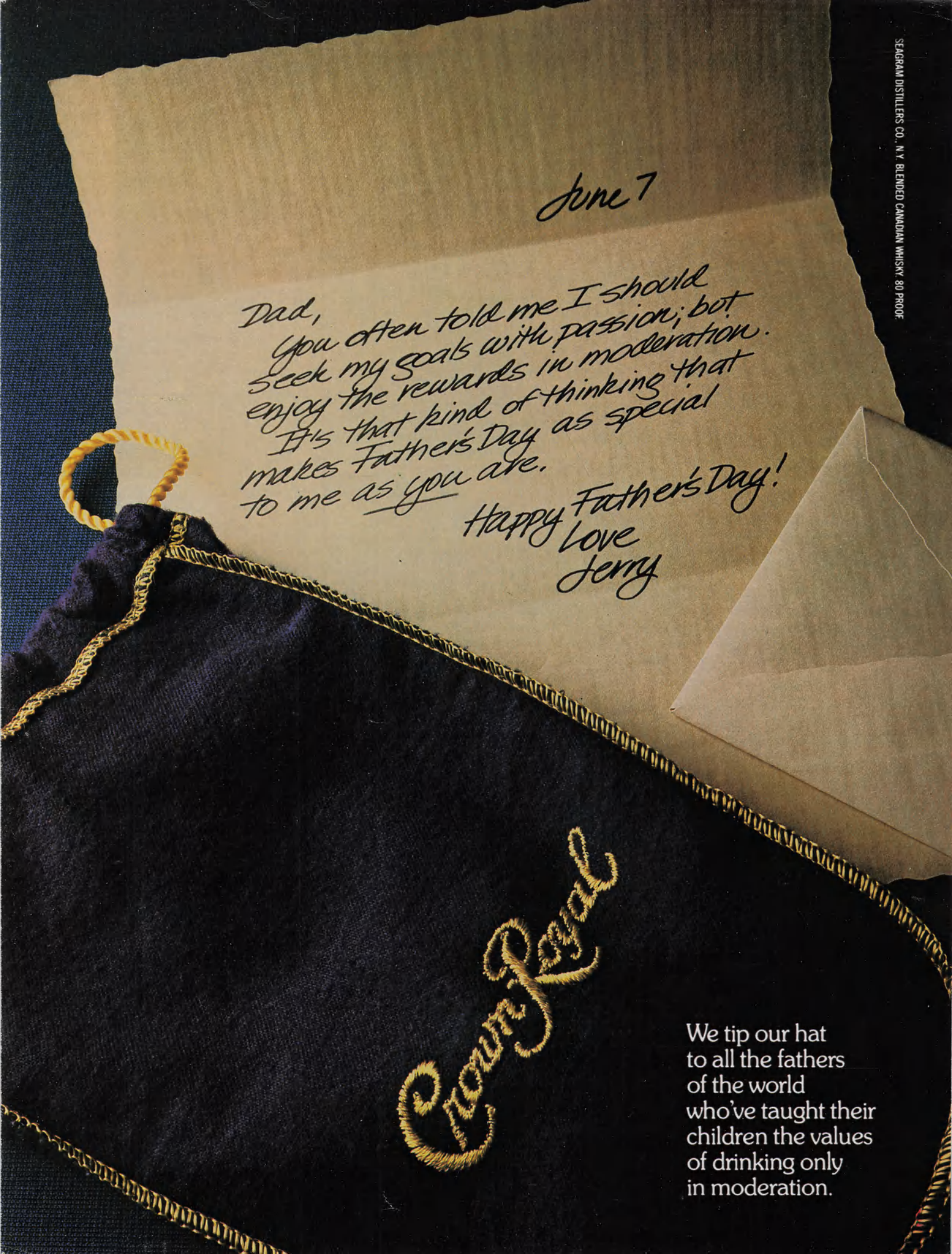
But thinking citizens, reflecting on the millions spent to keep congressmen flying around the world, might see it as a bargain when all is said and done. A congressman in Singapore is less dangerous than one in Washington. And less expensive. Just to operate Congress now costs a billion dollars a year.

Between 1970 and 1980 Congress went on one of the great empire-building binges in the history of representative government. Work is newly completed on the third giant office building to house our nation's 100 senators. This sumptuous facility is estimated to cost as much as $137 million, an overrun of 187 percent from the original estimate—or enough to build private homes for more than 1,500 families.

One reason so much space is required to accommodate our elected leaders is that most of them are engaged in full-time political puffery. And political puffery, if it is done with enthusiasm, creates many employment opportunities. Most members of the British Parliament have one secretary, and answer their own mail. The personal staff allowance for a member of the House of Representatives is twenty-two. Only a handful of the most efficient and dedicated members have as few as half that number. One of the smallest staffs in Congress, composed of just eight full-time employees, is that of Congressman Andrew Jacobs, Jr., of Indianapolis, one of the few elected officials who actually answers his own mail. The fact that he does it proves that it can be done. But most members of Congress would prefer to hire as many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

"I'll kiss you good-bye during halftime."


June 7
Dad,
You often told me I should seek my goals with passion; but enjoy the rewards in moderation. It's that kind of thinking that makes Father's Day as special to me as you are.
Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry
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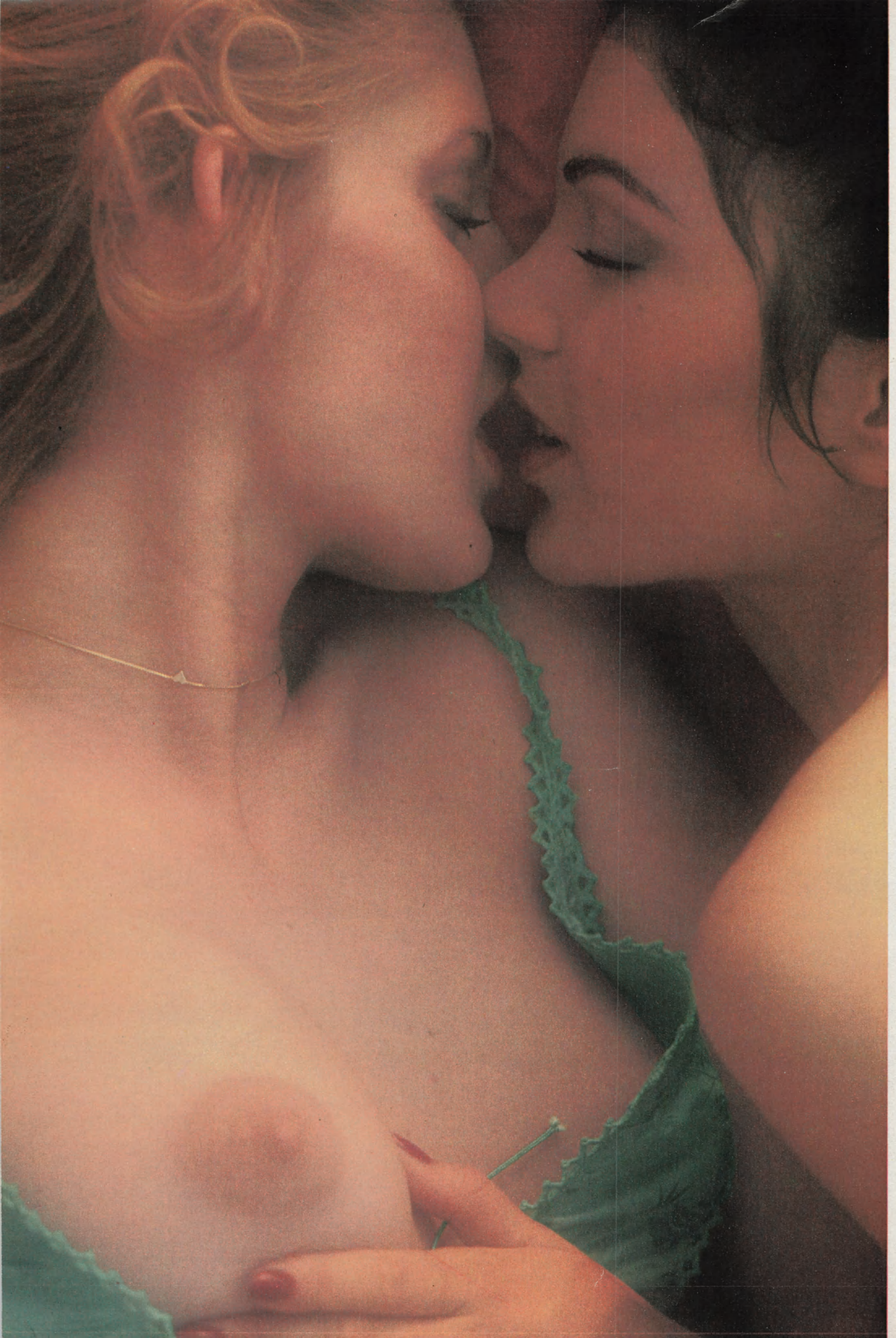


"The sheets become a crimson palette as they paint a masterpiece of love and pleasure."

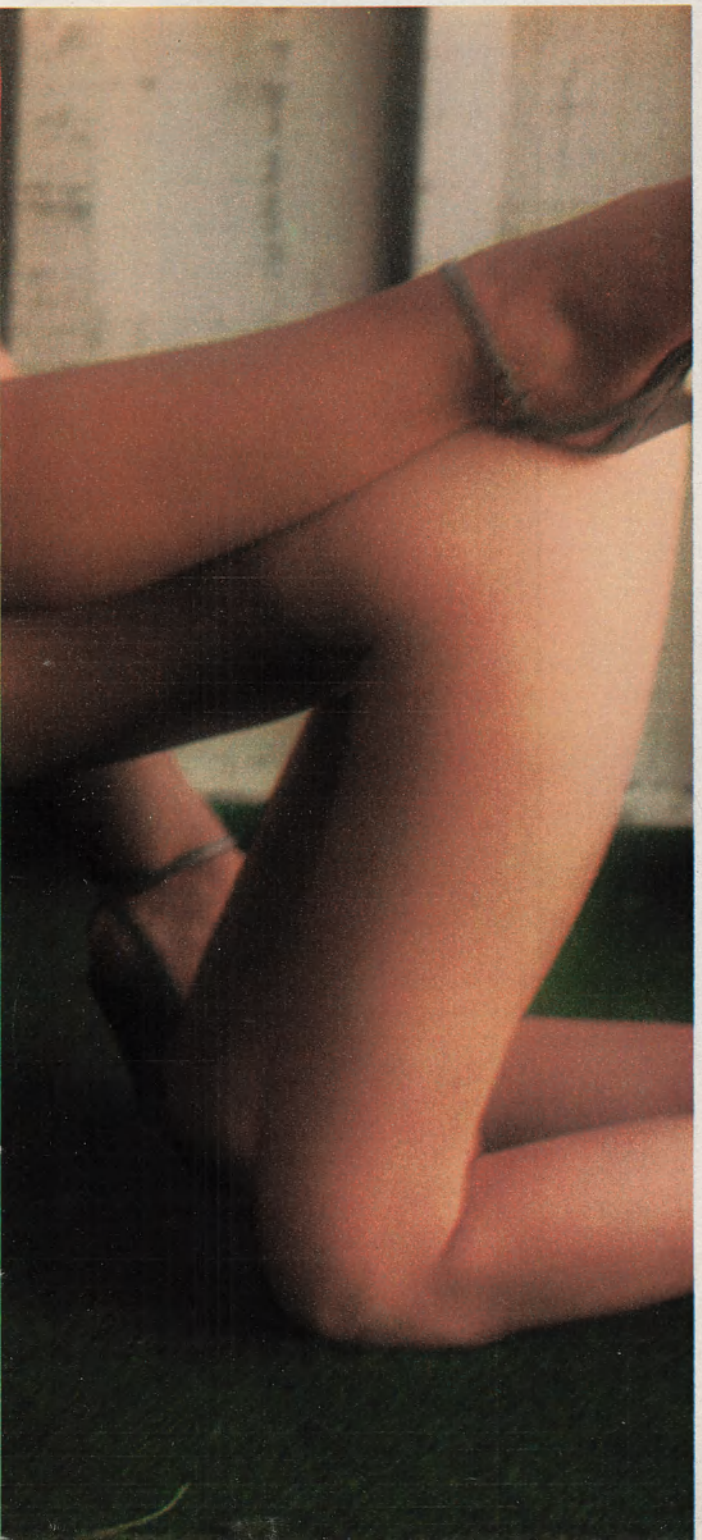
MARLENE & BRINKE

Desire, like a bolt of soft summer lightning, strikes them both. After sharing a bottle of wine and their girlish secrets, they talk of adventures past and adventures yet to come. Yet neither has tried the love of her own sweet kind...Giving into sudden impulse, the dark-haired Brinke leans close, suggests they spend the night together, and presses her small, cool hand on her friend's warm heart. Breathless at so bold an invitation, Marlene says yes with a kiss. Then they kiss once more, with feeling...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

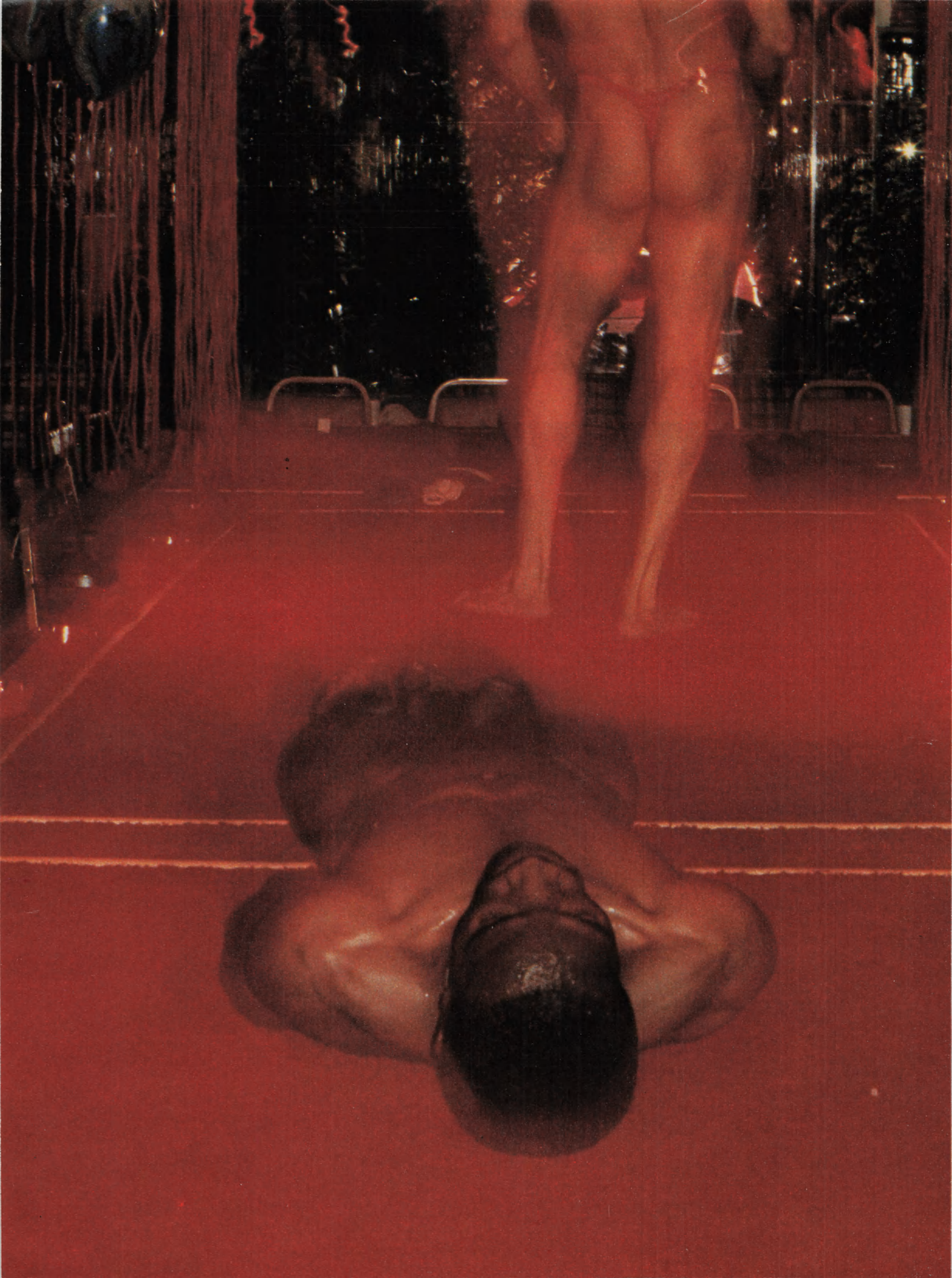
Embarking on a sea
of crimson, they stretch out
together, their flesh
responding to each delicate
caress—so unlike
the loving roughness
they've known—
as they fill the
quiet night with cries
and whispers.

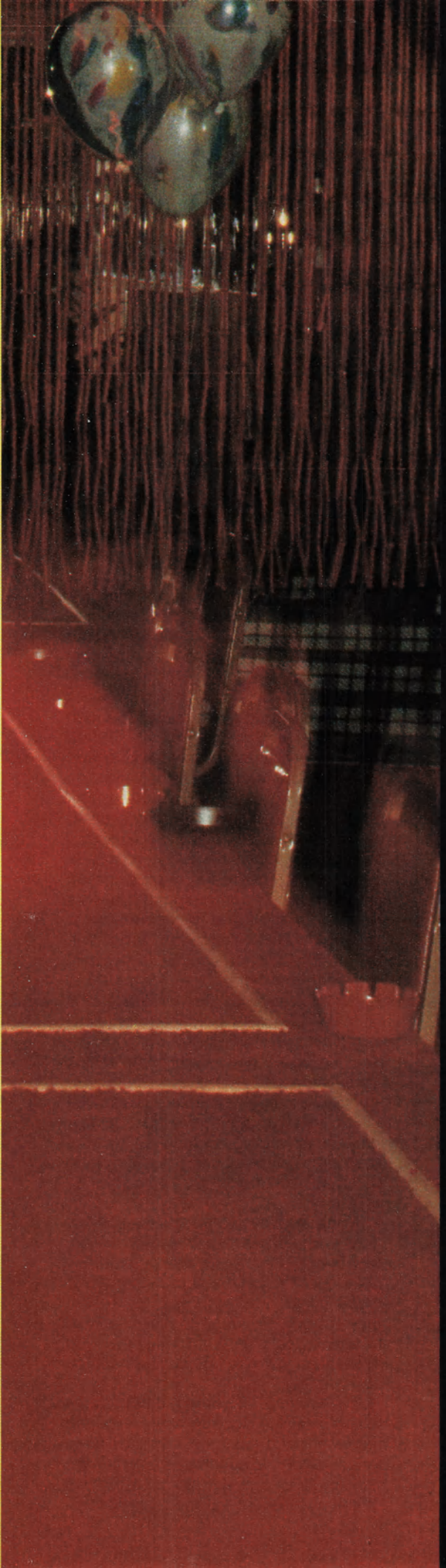
The rapture is mutual, as Marlene pays homage to her friend. With softness of cheek brushed against softness of thigh, she's enveloped in the musky sweetness of an unknown world...



Growing bolder, the brunette thrusts the silky obstacles aside, giving pleasure even as she takes it, tasting the forbidden fruit, apples of her lustful eye...

The night wears on, yet their ardor scarcely wears out...Instead it takes on new life with each variation on the theme of endless love. The sheets are a crimson palette for their vibrant, molten desires as they paint a masterpiece of pleasure.





PART ONE

MALE PROSTITUTION

WOMEN WHO BUY MEN

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

Now that women have achieved equal rights and equal pay, they're crossing the final sexual barrier—like generations of their fathers and brothers, they are buying the best sex money can buy, and they're enjoying every uncommitted moment of it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIVIENNE MARICEVIC

Debby can't control herself. The seventeen-year-old brunette's eyes sparkle as she brushes back her sweat-dampened bangs from her forehead. Snugly clad in tight Calvins and a shimmering silk blouse, she bounces to the pulsating music and hungrily takes in the sexy floor show at the Brooklyn nightclub. Her twenty-eight-year-old married sister, Joy, in a prim pantsuit, is also having a hard time containing herself tonight. In the seats behind Debbie and Joy, middle-aged women stuffed into pastel dresses move back and forth, mischievous girlish smiles on their faces. All told, these 200 grandmothers, mothers, and daughters are clearly enjoying their charity benefit.

What could get them out on a Tuesday in February? A "Ladies Only" male strip show . . . and the illicit promise of what might come after. The ladies are lapping it up as the transvestite MC in black sheath and silver sandals, tells the "girls" to lie back and enjoy themselves. "God knows how long it's been for some of you," he/she quips. The women roar.

The busboys and the manager seem to shrink against the wall in the face of these women and their out-in-the-open, I-don't-give-a-damn sexual exuberance. A tidal wave of unadulterated, no-holds-barred delight sweeps over the room as a blond stripper dressed as a doctor struts out.

What's behind the innocent good times of these proper suburbanites is powerful stuff. It's hunger and delight. Pure female lust.

"The Doctor" strips out of his antiseptic whites. Soon he's totally nude except for a whimsical Snoopy sock covering his genitals. The Snoopy ears cheerfully flap as he lies on his back thrusting his groin skyward to the tune "Snoopy and the Red Baron." The women love it. Every bump says "I'm available," and it's driving them wild. They squeal as he tenderly takes one woman on the floor, her blouse now totally open. Squeezing baby oil onto her hands, he helps her run them over his body. The cheers are good-natured, but envious. She's actually touching those perfect shoulders, caressing those arms . . . ones so much stronger and more sensual than the ones waiting at home. My God, he let's her move down his chest toward his Snoopy treasure . . . then he stops.

Joy digs into her purse, giggling. "Think I should?" she whispers to Debby. Her sister urges her on. For what? They look surprised. Doesn't everyone know that, after the show, some of those gorgeous male creatures on the floor can be yours? If only for an hour, you might get your own personal floor show. The real nitty-gritty. Of course, it'll cost you.

We're not talking sixty-year-old Park Avenue dowagers being serviced by a gigolo in exchange for two months in Palm Beach. These are respectable middle-class citizens. And more than one of them is thinking of paying loot for lust. Cash on the line. No strings attached. Just as generations of their fathers and brothers might have done.

Male prostitution. Straight men for straight women. A rarity until now, but the laws of supply and demand are creating a new market. Experts in the field like Dr. Ronald Moglia, head of New York University's Department of Human Sexuality, and Dr. Ruth Westheimer, narrator of a New York City call-in radio show called "Sexually Speaking," find themselves a little stunned at the phenomenon, agreeing that it's an unexplored area.

Though sex without love has always been a man's option, most average women, brought up on romantic sexual fantasies, find the thought of buying a man repugnant. Others, however, choose to use prostitutes for a variety of reasons, most of which have nothing to do with "not being able to get it." After all, in 1982, it's not all that hard to "get it" with someone. But over the past ten years, women have altered their views not only of themselves but also of their own sexuality. And in increasing numbers, they're earning the kind of salaries that would enable them to pay for a man, if they feel the urge. Some are amazed that women do feel that kind of urge at all.

But look around. Vast female audiences eagerly read *Playgirl* and view nude men draped over everything from hot tubs to other women to each other. *Vogue* and *Bazaar* elegantly display female models twirling their delicate Halstons while defiantly stepping on a naked man's back, patting his shiny rear, or allowing themselves to be waited on by the compliant "hunk" while they languorously perch on chaises, much like modern-day Caesars ordering about nubile young maidens. Even sweet little Olivia Newton-John strutted through her TV special "Physical" crooning about her hunger for a baffled Adonis-executive. She proceeded to strip him of his pinstripes, drag the poor fellow around the set, fondle his body, and then finish the verse by throwing him behind bars as she sashayed off to another diversion. Like it or not, women are presenting a much more aggressive sexual stance. Romance isn't forgotten, but now the media seem to be announcing that women don't all think that sex has to be combined with feelings.

"Some healthy women can definitely enjoy sex without commitment, violins, and flowers," Dr. Westheimer pointed out. "It's a sociological phenomenon that everyone thinks they can't just want it for pure enjoyment. Ideally, every woman and man should be emotionally involved with another person, but pleasure can be had without it."

Many women, of course, can't fathom male prostitution and find the choice too impersonal and risky, as do many men. Even an expert like Madame Claude, former owner of a first-rank Paris brothel, commented that she saw no growing need

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WE UNCOVER FACTS AS WELL AS FIGURES

In the past year PENTHOUSE has uncovered more facts about politicians, entertainers, heads of state, and religious leaders than practically any other magazine.

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SEX STATUS AND SUCCESS

HOW TO PLAY AND WIN IN WASHINGTON

BY DIANA MCLELLAN

The movers and shakers in our nation's capital are just like the rest of us—only much more ridiculous.

PAINTING BY ROBERT GIUSTI

On all correspondence over the signature of the Secretary, between the word "Sincerely" and the Secretary's typed name, please leave a space of eight lines. The Secretary has recently enlarged his signature.—Memo to typists in a cabinet office

The phone rang in Henry Kissinger's downtown office. It was Gretchen Poston, the White House social secretary. Would Henry be coming to President Carter's treaty-signing party?

"Vell," said Henry, "I haf not received an invitation."

Gretchen was aghast. Surely she'd sent him a Mailgram? Oh, said Henry. A *Mailgram*. He'd never been invited to the White House by *Mailgram* before. Was that an invitation?

Gretchen sat down and handwrote a formal invitation on cream-colored White House stationery, put it in a stiff, gold-embossed White House envelope, and summoned a limousine. The invitation was delivered into Henry's hands.

That is Status.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power. In the democratic capital of the most egalitarian of nations, Status is worth definitely fighting for.

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Are you worth preserving? Then you will be surrounded by bodyguards. Do you have a lot on your mind? An entourage will trail in your wake, to supply whatever is needed at short notice. Is your time valuable? Then you shall be whisked about in an other-driven car, with a small light focused over your shoulder upon your important papers. Are you desirable? Then you will be invited, properly, to everything. Might the president require your advice at any moment? Then you need a little beeper about your person. Is your comfort important to the Comfort of the Republic? Then you shall fly First-Class at all times.

"Ah shall stop flying First-Class," Robert Strauss told a "little twerp" at Jimmy Carter's White House who had tried to book him in Tourist, "when they invent something better."

That is what Status is about.

Washington is the only town in the world where status and power bear no relationship at all to wealth.—Al Eisele, former Vice-President Fritz Mondale's press secretary

Remember, you are dealing with a city where the small son of a Mr. Everyman columnist opens his lunch box at kindergarten and wails, "Oh, no! Not pâté, again!"

Status permeates Washington from the cradle—pervasive as pollen, subliminal as microwaves, inescapable as skin color.

If all do not recognize it immediately, somebody takes steps to see that they do. Adm. Stansfield Turner, when head of the CIA, had an aide issue an order: "Nobody must barge past the Director when he is walking in the hallways." Instead, foot traffic slowed to his pace. This gave him the air of the lead craft in an armada as he strode or dawdled down the corridors of power. There was no mistaking his Status.

Once you possess your Status, of course, you may ignore it. Robert Strauss, who understands the symbolic importance of the chauffeur-driven limousine, also understood the virtue of a Democratic Image: as Carter's special envoy for trade, he rode in the front seat with his chauffeur.

Henry Kissinger's greatest ambition at the height of his glory was to be a spear-carrier in a show at the Kennedy Center. (Unfortunately, the Kennedy Center at the time was casting for *Antony and Cleopatra*. Spear-carriers had to tower at between five foot eleven and six foot three.

Status is a nontransferable commodity. You cannot bring it with you to Washington. Charlton Heston could not get in the Northwest Gate at the White House when his name was accidentally left off a Reagan guest

SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

list; Frank Sinatra, although he had contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Reagan inaugural festivities, was barred from the inaugural ball he was supposed to attend by a fire marshall, because the building was too crowded.

The most gratifying sign of Status in Washington is the evidence of desire in high places that you stay alive. That is why you have Secret Service men swarming around you. That is why members of the cabinet must submit to tiresome but prestigious nuclear-attack drills periodically, during which they are whisked away by helicopter to the bowels of a nearby mountain. These are sometimes called off on account of rain.

The second most gratifying sign is the way you get around. Absolutely A-Status, of course, is the motorcade. You cannot beat howling sirens, uniformed outriders, a dignified line of limos nosing down the wide avenues like great, proud black beetles, the Secret Service clinging bugeyed to the sides, the security and press wagons, the gapers on the sidewalk, the stopped traffic at every intersection.

Carter's efforts to de-imperialize the presidency shrank Washington's motorcades depressingly. But as the election drew nigh, and the importance of Status, particularly as perceived abroad, dawned on his staff, the motorcade made a half-hearted comeback. Advance staffers for the Carter trip to Italy wired a consul there: "Arrange good Motorcade for Presidential Arrival in Venice." The consul protested. Venice was built on canals, he pointed out. How about a gondola-cade instead? Furious word came back: Stop trying to be smart. This is an election year. Get cracking on that motorcade.

The incredible roaring-siren motorcade adopted this year by the vice-president, justified by "the threat of Libyan hit squads," is splendid for the Status of the office that John Nance Garner, FDR's veep, described as "not worth a bucket of warm spit."

A little digression, now, on that office. The vice-presidency, though the second highest office in the land, is in no-man's-land Status-wise. There's an odd reason for this. Affection for the man who holds it inevitably implies a desire that he become president. Because that often happens in an unpleasant way, the office bears a sort of superstitious, bad-mojo stamp. Its occupant—who, ultimately, has bet his wad on the demise of the president and is an uncomfortable memento mori every time he winks—must be insignificant and good-humored.

Thus, his Status is in a twilight zone in Washington. This carries over to the country as a whole.

Former Vice-President Fritz Mondale tells about the large crowd that turned out to see him off when he was campaigning in Lewiston, Me.

"I'm really very, very flattered," he told one of the locals just before hopping aboard. "There must be about two thousand people here!"

"Well, yes," said his host. "But to be perfectly truthful, we've never had a 747 land or take off at our airport before. Everyone turned out to see if it'll take off okay or crash."

Vice-President Walter Mondale, right, inspects a turkey, left.—Caption beneath a photograph in the *Washington Post,* just before Thanksgiving

I was really reassured about leaving my house near Three Mile Island after Jimmy Carter went there. After all, if there'd been any real danger, I'm sure he would have sent Fritz Mondale.—Overheard in Palm Beach, after the nuclear power-plant scare

George Bush's advance team, in Las Vegas to lay out a trip, thought they had done far better than their predecessors in enhancing their vice-president's Status there. They decided on a little test.

> When a reporter asked Henry Kissinger what his address was, he simply didn't know. His wife picked out the house, he said. Henry just got out of the limo when it stopped.

"Do you know the name of the vice-president of the United States?" one of the team asked a waitress in a steak house, settling back rather smugly.

"No, I don't," she said, "But I'll sure find out for you." She bustled off, and was gone for some time.

"I got it from the chef!" she cried triumphantly when she returned. "Walter Mondale!"

The little group packed its bags and returned glumly to Washington.

Well, the motorcade must make up for some of that. Directly under the motorcade in the Status chase comes, of course, the limousine, back in full purr.

During the Carter era, the humbler the car, the higher the Status. Neighbors of Ray Marshall noted that he began his career as Carter's labor secretary being driven in a Lincoln limo. Then his cars began to dwindle in size, through a Ford LTD all the way down to a Plymouth Valiant. This was doubly comical, because the only people tactless enough to bowl up to Carter's White House in Cadillac limousines were labor leaders, in town to plead for fatter federal funding for New York.

With the Reagan election, the writing was on the wall. The very first thing Chief Justice Warren Burger did—even before the inauguration—was to acquire the longest gray Cadillac limo anyone remembers seeing in Washington. "Bought secondhand, of course," a press secretary hastily pointed out.

The number of White House cars with drivers has more than doubled since the Carters left. It has gone from fourteen to twenty-nine. "Our staff has more important things to do than wait around for taxis," is the explanation.

Nobody likes to admit that Status means a lot. If you cannot have a car and driver, you can at least attend to your license tags. Nowhere else do they mean so much.

The senior senator from each state generally has number one from that state; the junior, often, number two. High-powered Sen. Strom Thurmond and his wife, Nancy, trundle the kids around in an old Chrysler station wagon with South Carolina plates modestly emblazoned "US 1." Nancy used to ride everywhere in taxis; it became too expensive and risky. "Oh, please be careful," she cried to one cab driver darting at breakneck speed from National Airport one day. "I'm the mother of four small children!" "Lady, you're the one who should be careful," he said, passing on a curve and narrowly missing a moving van. Shortly after this the Thurmonds rented a bus.

Of course, there are "Member of Congress" tags. Some congressmen prefer not to use them. Unfortunate Rep. Bob Bauman, whose clearly tagged car sat outside when he was cavorting in local gay bars, provided a lesson in discretion not lost on his peers. Neighbors of young women who entertain married congressmen at home frequently call gossip columnists to report the guilty license numbers.

Washingtonians, of course, are trained from birth to recognize the tags on a rented limousine, as opposed to those on a Higher Status private one. Rented limousines are better than none; but they have a disadvantage. Zsa Zsa Gabor, shopping in Washington, whirled out of Saks to find that her chauffeur had vanished. She jumped into the limo to wait. A few minutes' elegant fidgeting and finger-tapping before the admiring eyes of fans. Then Zsa Zsa jumped out to peer around. No sign of the man in the hat. Then in. Then out. Then in. Then the scowl. The sublime posterior raised, the dainty, diamond-plastered hand pressing for a good, long, loud, impatient honk on the horn. *Beeeeep-beeeeeep. Beep. BEEEEEEEEP.* A large crowd gathered. And then around the corner smoothly nosed her real rented limo, with her very own rented chauffeur at the wheel.

Low D.C. license-tag numbers are jealously vied for by Washington city dwellers. Like limos, they are presumed to have some sort of immunity from the predatory police, who spare almost no one. (Even

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Ethel Kennedy's white convertible is not sacred. It has had the immobilizing Denver boot attached to it as she sat giggling at the Maison Blanche with Art Buchwald.) When the precious numbers are assigned, a list is printed in the newspaper—perhaps the most avidly read tiny type in town apart from White House dinner guest-lists.

Fashions in out-of-town tags change with administrations. A young Georgian woman editor who coincidentally arrived in town at the same time as the Carter administration was approached by a complete stranger on the street with a question now heard by Californians: "Will you sell me your tags?"

The quadrennial scrum for inaugural tags—temporary tags made at D.C. Jail especially for the inauguration of each president—is a lesson in Status. They cost thirty-five dollars a set and may be emblazoned with a name of five letters or fewer.

An ordinary guy who worked for the Department of the Army, a man named Jim O'Rourke, was told that he could not get his surname on his tags: it had too many letters. Besides that, D.C. Jail could under no circumstances handle an apostrophe. Why, even Johnny Carson had to have his tags stamped simply "HERES" on the front and "JOHNY" on the back.

So Mr. O'Rourke asked for his second choice: "USA 1." Nobody else had asked for it. He got it. Content, he attached his tags to his little Honda. As he drove on his daily rounds, cops saluted, mothers held up their babies to see him, cars honked, strangers waved, and small dogs barked.

The day before inauguration, he got a frantic call. The two men who had organized the inaugural balls, Charles Wick and Robert Gray, wanted tags "USA 1" and "USA 2," respectively. Mr. O'Rourke was persuaded to surrender his tags. In exchange, he became the only man in Washington history to have seven letters and an apostrophe on his inaugural tag.

Of course, he was no longer saluted.

Charles Wick—"USA 1"—is now head of the United States Information Agency; Robert Gray—"USA 2"—is the best-connected lobbyist in town.

There is a moral to this story.

Apart from Mr. O'Rourke, no man abandons Status gladly.

Ron Nessen kept his White House identifying tags dangling on his briefcase for several years after his departure as Jerry Ford's press secretary. Mieke Tunney, ex-wife of ex-Sen. John Tunney, kept the meter maids at bay long after her divorce and her husband's loss of an election: she simply propped up his old Senate tags on her dashboard when interestingly parked.

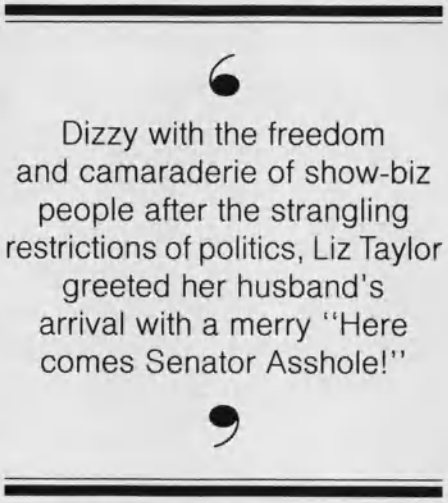
Elliot Richardson left his Status with grace. After all, he had held almost every post in the U.S. government's cabinet. Oddly, people spoke of him in even more reverent tones when he was appointed ambassador to the Law of the Sea Conference—a job negotiating for manganese nodules and cod. No wonder. All his friends were under the delightful impression that his newest title was "Lord of the Sea."

Status is also habit-forming.

The first time Henry Kissinger visited the State Department after his exit from office, he arrived at a party there both late and flushed. "I vas lost!" he explained. Never before had he been in the building without bodyguards or entourage; alone, he found himself wandering around the seventh-floor kitchen.

Years before, when a reporter asked him his street address in Georgetown, he simply didn't know it. Nancy had picked out the house, he said. Henry just got out of his limousine when it stopped; the Secret Service took him from there. And when he walked Tyler, the dog led him back without fail.

Hello, I'm Rose Kennedy. Will you drive me home?—Rose Kennedy, hailing a station wagon full of nuns. They did.


Dizzy with the freedom and camaraderie of show-biz people after the strangling restrictions of politics, Liz Taylor greeted her husband's arrival with a merry "Here comes Senator Asshole!"

If Status on Wheels is vital, how very much more so, in the eyes of one's staff and visitors, is the Throne of Status: the Executive Toilet. After the last major upheaval in the Senate, several senior senators lost their Status and their Seats. Also, alas, their Status Seats. Some of the Very High Status offices vacated by the defeated solons were swiftly divided up into two offices. In some cases, Private Johns were annexed by neighbors. The result: some senators suddenly possessed two Thrones. The new boys, slow to nail down their interests, found themselves with none at all. Swiftly, a class system was born. "He's a No-Johnny Man," it has been said of one who lost out.

The Executive John is the first thought of those coming to government directly from private industry or the military. One of Reagan's top military men is said to have pondered turning down a State Department job because a private john did not come with the office.

The secretary of commerce's office boasts not only a lavish bathroom but a sauna, a notorious setting for some strange romantic encounters. Energy czar Jim Schlesinger demanded that each executive's office in the Forrestal Building have not only a john but a shower. When Marjorie Fine Knowles, as inspector general at the Labor Department, had her Throne Room custom-installed smack next door to her office, as befitted a Presidential Appointee, several investigators were swept from their offices to allow room for the plumbing. Several handmade buttons: "I was moved for the Appointment."

Toilet Status was particularly ironic during the Carter Energy Crisis, because in government washrooms hot water was banned, to save energy. Even in the Old Executive Office Building, where most White House staffers toil in the lap of *luxe*, the "H" tap ran a chilly dribble. The only Hot Water Pocket remained in a portion of the West Wing of the White House, where the very senior staffers still splashed in comfort.

Status is in the flush of health for the Reagan administration. Within the White House itself nowadays, the highest Status belongs to those who may use the White House gym. Their number has dwindled down to a precious few. Two women, Karna Small and Elizabeth Hanford Dole, are theoretically allowed to use it during certain limited hours. The story goes that one of the above, arriving during the Women's Hour, found top presidential aide Michael Deaver using the gym, and his clothes in the changing room. She threw the clothing out. Another story goes that *he* threw *her* clothing out. In any event, women do not use the White House gym.

The White House mess, or dining room, was open to most of the White House staff during the Carter years. It has become a High Status retreat with the Reagan crowd. It is no longer dry, as it was before. Highest Status is the Senior-Senior Staffers' section, on the right as you go in, by the Situation Room. It holds about thirty high-powered diners. Even the ordinary Senior Staffers' Mess offers lunchers a tasteful, blue, gold-embossed wine list touting California vintages. Beer is served every day. Each Thursday, with the Mexican lunch, ice-cold tequila-and-lime margaritas are served. (Sophisticated supplicants always plot their pleas for Thursday afternoons, of course.) Both sections boast Princess phones. These, of course, do not ring. When a Status Person is wanted on the horn, a Filipino steward bustles over and plugs in the phone next to his table, rather like at "21."

Presidential matchbooks, banned as pretentious during the Carter era, perch proudly next to the After Eight mints and the cashews. They say "Ronald Wilson Reagan" and sport a white-on-white picture of the White House. It is all very country club. (Reagan, by the way, also keeps cards in his Oval Office desk drawer. Engraved, they read simply: "Ronald Wilson Reagan, President, The United States of America.")

The most Status-y White House staffers

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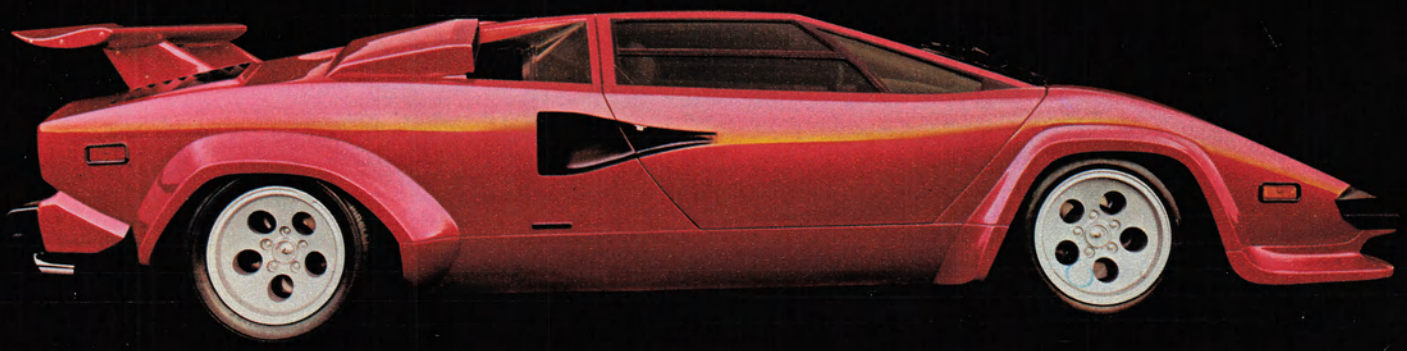

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There are a lot of reasons to
go to Plato's Retreat and Dr. Kincaid wanted to be sure
he didn't miss a single one.

DOCTOR LOVE

FICTION BY GAEL GREENE

Nurse Emerson woke him. He was furious when he realized it was after 1:00 A.M. "How could you let me sleep like that?" he said.

"Mrs. Mallory told me to let you sleep," she said indignantly. "You must have needed it or you wouldn't still be dead to the world. I woke you only because there's a patient I know you'll want to see."

"I'm going home, Mrs. Emerson," said Barney. The night-shift nurse was a stickler for protocol, a relentless old fussbudget, and worth three times her salary. A brilliant nurse. "Give him to the resident . . . whoever's on." He stood up, searching pockets for his pills.

"Her," said Mrs. Emerson, pointedly, with a knowing smirk. "Not him. Her. And you'll be quite annoyed if you don't see her yourself. A cute, little blonde who claims she was raped at Plato's Retreat."

Barney pinched Mrs. Emerson's cheek. He felt better already. "You naughty girl. I recognize my duty," he announced, buckling his belt, and tousling his curls, as he followed Mrs. Emerson to the gynecology examining room.

Her face was streaked with mascara, purple lipstick, and tears. She studied him, wary and faintly hostile.

"Amber Sinclair?" he said. "Amber St. Clair. Hmmmm. Is that your name?"

"You know Amber St. Clair?" she said. "It's amazing how few people do remember her. *Forever Amber.* My mom was madly in love with that book as a teenager. So here I am . . . a great adventuress. Getting raped at Plato's Retreat." She scowled. "Your nurse is very snotty. Didn't seem to think anyone could be raped at Plato's. Wanted to know wasn't that what I went there for? Imagine."

Barney imagined. Oh how he imagined. He had often imagined himself at Plato's, naked in the pool, wrapped in a tangle of arms and thighs and breasts in the orgy room.

"How did it happen?" Barney asked, examining her body for contusions, as Mrs. Emerson fussed with the draping of the sheets.

"It's so incredible," she said. "Imagine anyone having to rape someone at Plato's. Everyone is there for fun. Guys are basically laid back. No one ever gets really aggressive." She let Mrs. Emerson put her feet in the stirrups. Barney pulled her rump toward him. There were some bruises, purpling fast. "This big, fat brute. He pulled me into one of the private rooms in the back and tied his belt around my mouth. For a minute I thought it was a joke, you know. Then he twisted my arm till I thought it was coming out of the socket. We've gotta get him."

Her vagina was raw and flaming and there

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

would probably be more bruises. She was so fair, almost blue-white. Barney tried to convince her she would have a hard time getting the average cop to sympathize with someone getting raped at Plato's. He nodded at Emerson to leave.

"But that isn't fair," she said, tears running down her face. "If I get raped on the street I'm furious enough, but I figure, hey, that's New York. The city is full of creeps. But Plato's should be . . . sacred. Like a church, you know? A place where you find sexual sanctuary."

Barney stared at her. She was so earnest and beautiful. And utterly indignant. "What do you do?" he asked. "For a living?" She was an actress. Of course. What else? She modeled and auditioned, worked as a waitress, and had once scored two days' work as an extra in the disco scene of *Nighthawks*. Barney kept her talking, leaning against the wall, letting her vent her rage and move beyond it.

"Hey, you're a real neat guy," she said. "I came in here hot to commit murder. Boy, anger sure can eat you up. I can hardly believe it but I honestly feel better. I think I don't have to cut off that creep's balls to get rid of the pain. How can I thank you?"

Barney dropped her off at a high-rise in Riverdale before heading back to the city. "You should go to Plato's and see what I mean," she said, kissing his cheek, catching him totally by surprise. "I'll take you if you like."

"Well, we'll see," said Barney, but not even for a moment did he consider not accepting her offer. It was not Amber herself that he wanted—Barney wasn't interested in the embryo of a woman. But he could use a guardian angel at Plato's.

Everyone seemed to know Amber at Plato's. Even so, it cost Barney a hefty fifty dollars for a membership card. He signed in "Dr. Sigmund Zhivago," and wrote a fake address. They explored the Jacuzzi. The perfume in the air was definitely chlorine. Barney's glasses, more a disguise here than an essential weapon against the first gentle onslaught of farsightedness, immediately fogged up. There were two couples on the dance floor. Fully clothed. Some couples sheathed in bath towels on beach chaises. "That's the orgy room," Amber pointed out. It was dimly lit, wall-to-wall mattresses . . . and empty. Barney was deeply disappointed. Just his luck to arrive at Plato's on an Abstinence Night.

"Why is everyone dressed?" he grumbled.

"Maybe they're all voyeurs," said Amber with an indifferent little shrug. "Let's us get undressed and break the ice."

"I can be second," said Barney, "but not first. Let's dance." Amber was unbelievable on the dance floor. Uninhibited, as he might have guessed, and spacy. Sometimes she danced with him. Sometimes she danced *at* him. Sometimes she danced off into outer space, wiggling a shoulder or grinding her hip in a kind of orgiastic frenzy. That was it: she looked like she was having sex, all by herself. Beside him a beautiful black woman bounced around in a wisp of lace-edged rompers. Her partner had a towel, knotted at one hip.

Amber twirled close and whispered, "There's a woman going down on a man in that corner behind you."

Barney danced himself into focus. Action was really accelerating now. The chaises ringing the dance floor were beginning to fill with couples coyly swathed in towels. Suddenly breasts began to appear. There was a small line of couples waiting to get into the locker room.

Was he really going to take off his clothes and get into this orgy? For a minute Barney wasn't sure. It was so . . . tacky, grungy. He'd lost track of Amber. A few feet away several men were crowded around a chaise. Barney stood on tiptoes. Good God . . . it was Amber, playing with herself. Skirt high, fingers inside red ruffled panties. Her eyes were closed. Her head thrown back. Her bottom wiggled and bounced but what was electrifying the crowd was her keening moans, the purrs and gurgles. The gents ringside had unzipped their flies. A burly bald guy was pulling a stub of a pud. An old geezer was settled on the adjacent chaise, leaning forward for a close-up view.

> He couldn't believe his eyes. She was letting them lick her. One dollar a lick. On her face was an expression of ecstasy.

"Amber," said Barney, seriously fearing the wrath of the crowd for interrupting. "Let's get undressed."

She opened her eyes, inspected her audience, and smiled. "I love being watched," she said.

They stood at the entrance to the mattress room. There were a few bodies pumping away in the farthest corner. Barney felt silly with a towel knotted on one bony hip. Amber had slipped into an ounce or so of see-through G-string and ribbon with a sliver of bra. She looked like an artist's fantasy of the perfect body, luminescent and graceful, with a wicked slither.

Barney's cock, swollen in anticipation, led the way to a clubby corner where it looked like there might be hope for sharing partners and exotic permutations of three and four and five. Strangely, it was not Amber Barney wanted. He found her perfection and childlike quality curiously unerotic. It was sleaze and lust and kinkiness he craved.

Amber knelt over him and began to lick the tip of his cock, poking her tongue into its small eye. Unmoved, Barney found himself distracted by the bouncing and flailing all around them. For some reason Barney had expected the habitués of Plato's to be older, ugly, and fat, and there were, to be cruelly frank, a few disgustingly obese men. But the women were mostly young. Was everyone jaded so quickly these days? Had the sexual revolution quenched that sweet jolt of sin that filled Barney with thrilling disgust as well as shuddering excitement at this very moment?

Right within the reach of his left hand was a squealing beauty with a shiny mane of black hair and big, high, perfect breasts. Why didn't she glance at him? Maybe if he got Amber keening again that indifferent creature would throw him a beckoning glance. He kneeled between Amber's legs and entered her, sideways, holding her leg in the air—a position that let him go deep. The appropriate gasp was immediate. The brunette, dismounted from her mate, seemed to be taking in the scene. Not staring. That would be clearly bad form.

"There's a hand on my leg," Amber breathed into his ear. "What do you think that means?"

The hand was attached to the handsome, bearded young man who had been under Barney's brunette. "You know what that means," Barney hissed. "Do you want him?"

Amber peered into the shadows. "All right," she said. "Then you'll have a chance with his friend."

Barney vacated the premises and the bearded man began to suck on Amber's breasts. Barney reached invitingly toward the brunette. "I don't swing," she said. He sat there feeling like a leper. Amber was wiggling and moaning, her bottom rising to meet the bearded man's rhythmic thrusts. Barney noticed a languorous black woman smiling at him. He reached out to touch her ankle.

"Sorry. I'm resting," she responded.

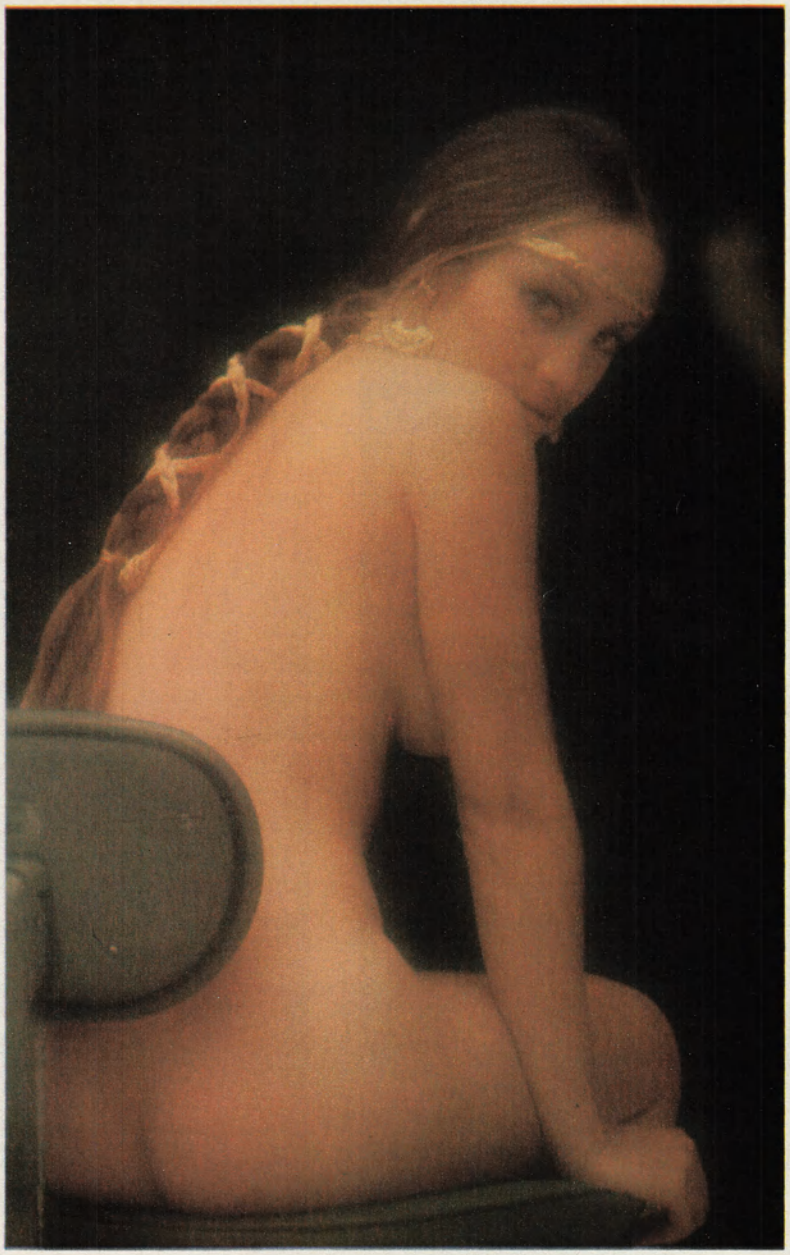
The bearded young man was shooting his load all over Amber's breasts. She lay there collapsed, stroking the stickiness. She put one finger in her mouth and licked it. Barney recognized the gesture from countless porn films. Barney touched Amber's shoulder. She sat up on one elbow. "Well, what happened?" she asked.

"You got fucked," Barney snapped.

"I know what happened to me, Dr. Kincaid," she said. "I mean, you. Did you . . . ah . . . you know?"

"No." He was glum. "Let's get something to drink." He wrapped his towel low on his hips again. Amber stood there stark naked at the bar, ladling pineapple juice into a plastic glass with great style, as un-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



LARI

"Only one thing I can't do myself–but I always have a man around for that . . ."

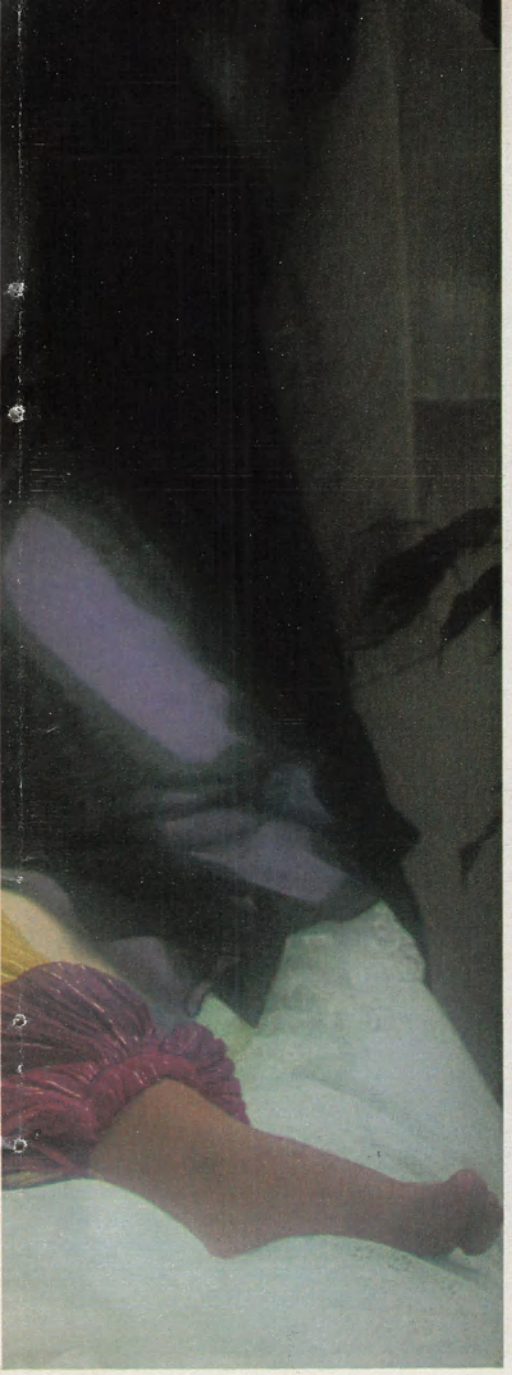
Blouse by Valerie Porr, New York City

MEET ME AT THE FAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

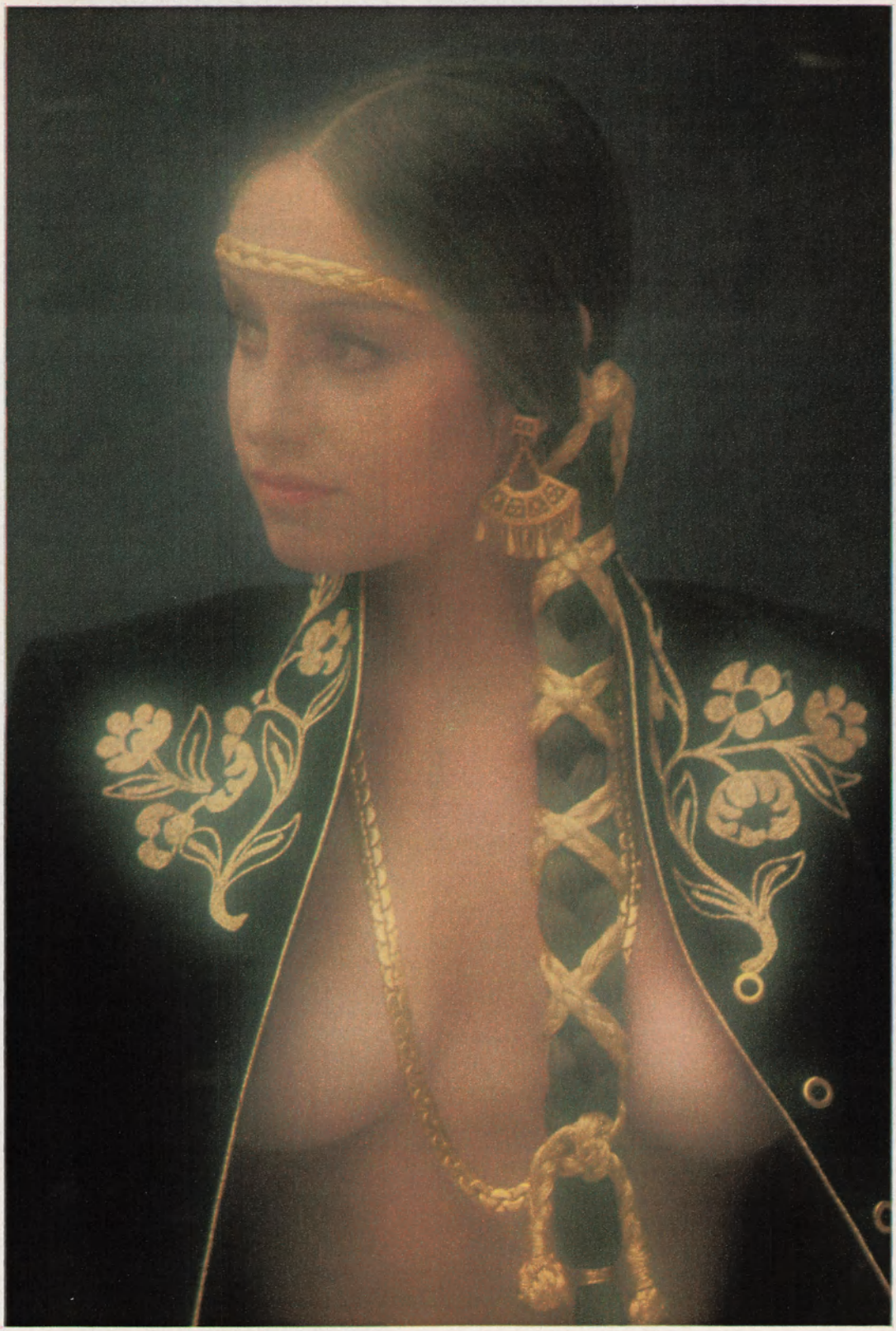
"I'm really just a backwoods girl from the boondocks," explains Pet of the Month Lari Jones. "I was first discovered at a rural county fair, and now –look at this!" She still can't believe it–being photographed by Bob Guccione himself for a *Penthouse* centerfold. Having strayed from her rustic life-style, Lari admits her pretty head's been turned by such unaccustomed luxury.

Up until now, her only luxurious possession (suitably adorned here with gold) was her cascading mane of satiny brown hair, spilling down to the objects of our greatest affections. When braided, it's long enough to lasso any man in the county.

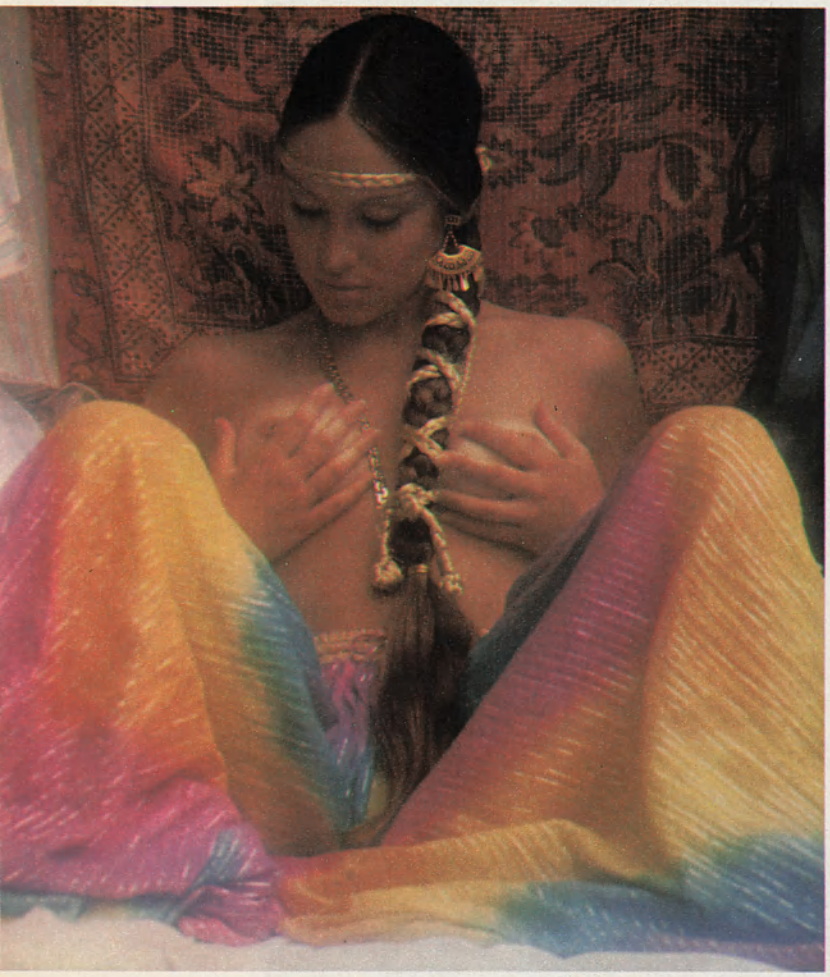


Orange straw hat by Temptress, New York City.

Backwoods doesn't mean backwards, our Pet maintains. She's stalked wild game all her life–the masculine kind since she turned fourteen. She prefers to take them alive, let them die slowly of ecstasy. But her most prized trophies are the elk and grizzly mounted in the one-room cabin our green-eyed Pet calls home.

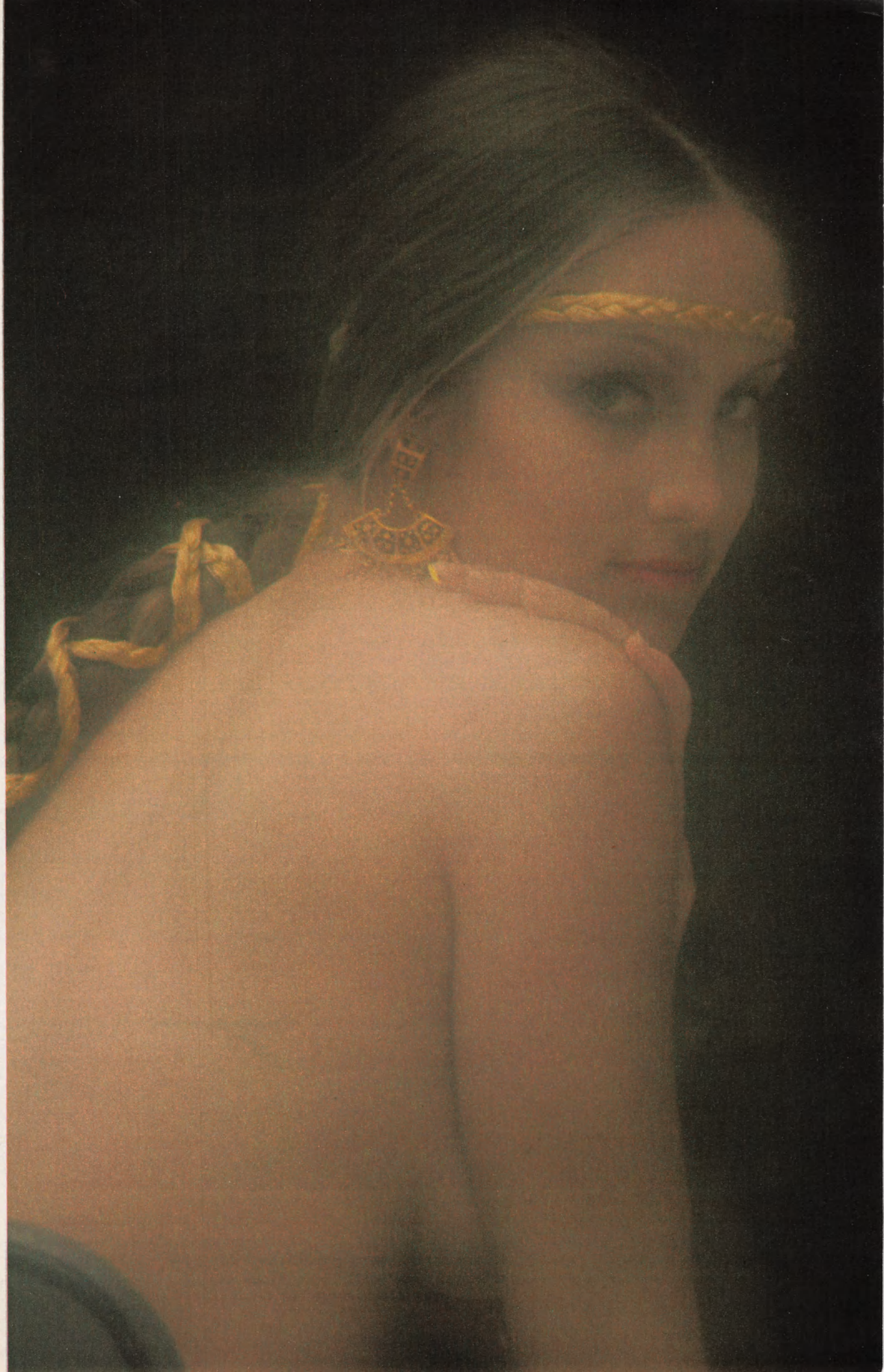


"Other girls collect jewels; I collect stuffed animals," she teases. Not that our farmland lady intends to cast these pearls before swine...

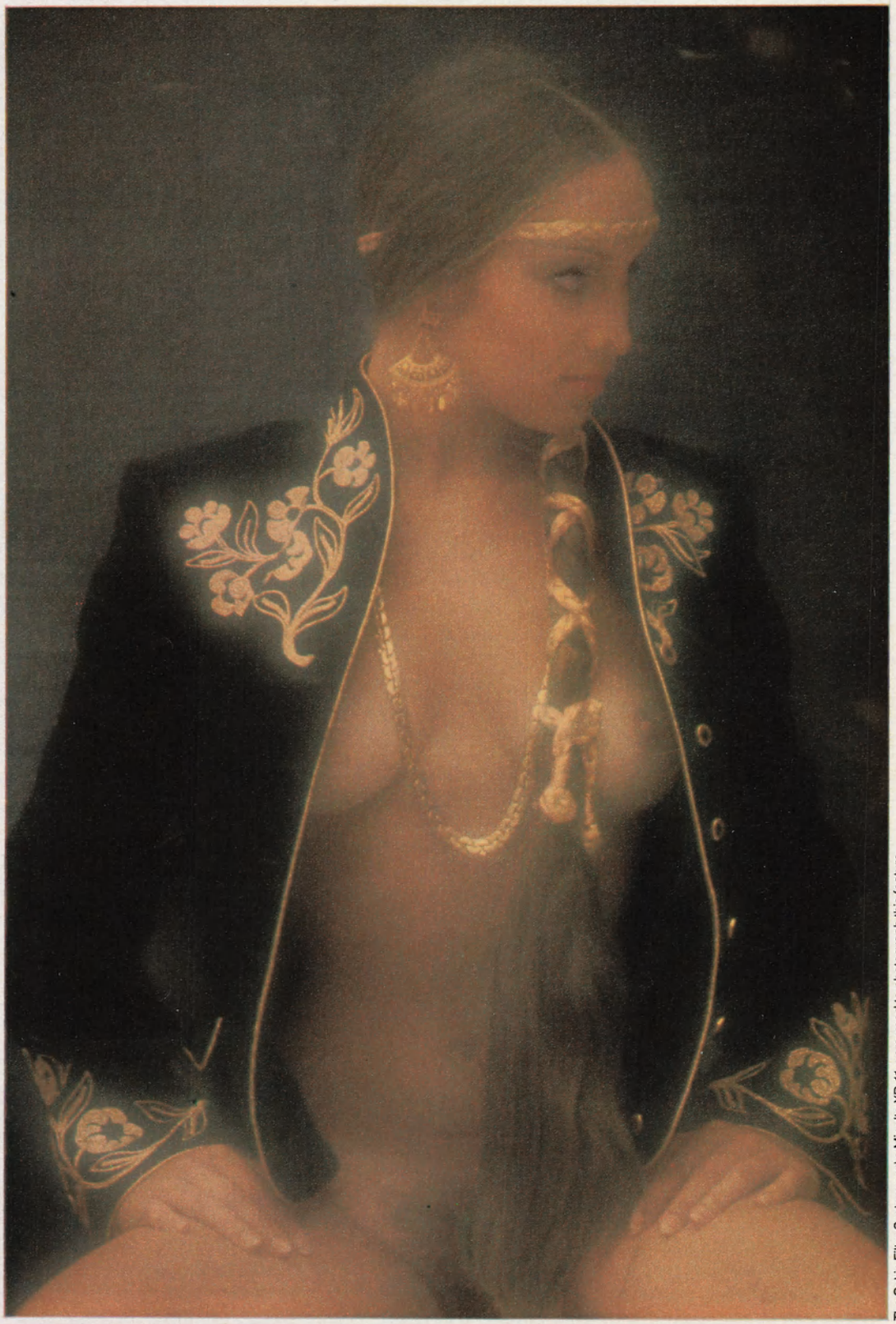


Besides her beautiful 34-22-34-inch bounty, Lari is proudest of being self-sufficient. She can trap and skin her own game, even tune up the engine of the jeep she four-wheels around in. Only one thing she can't do herself, she boasts, but she always has a man around for that.

Our ideal woman then describes her ideal man:
cuddly as Burt Reynolds, funny as James Garner,
and rugged as Clint Eastwood...

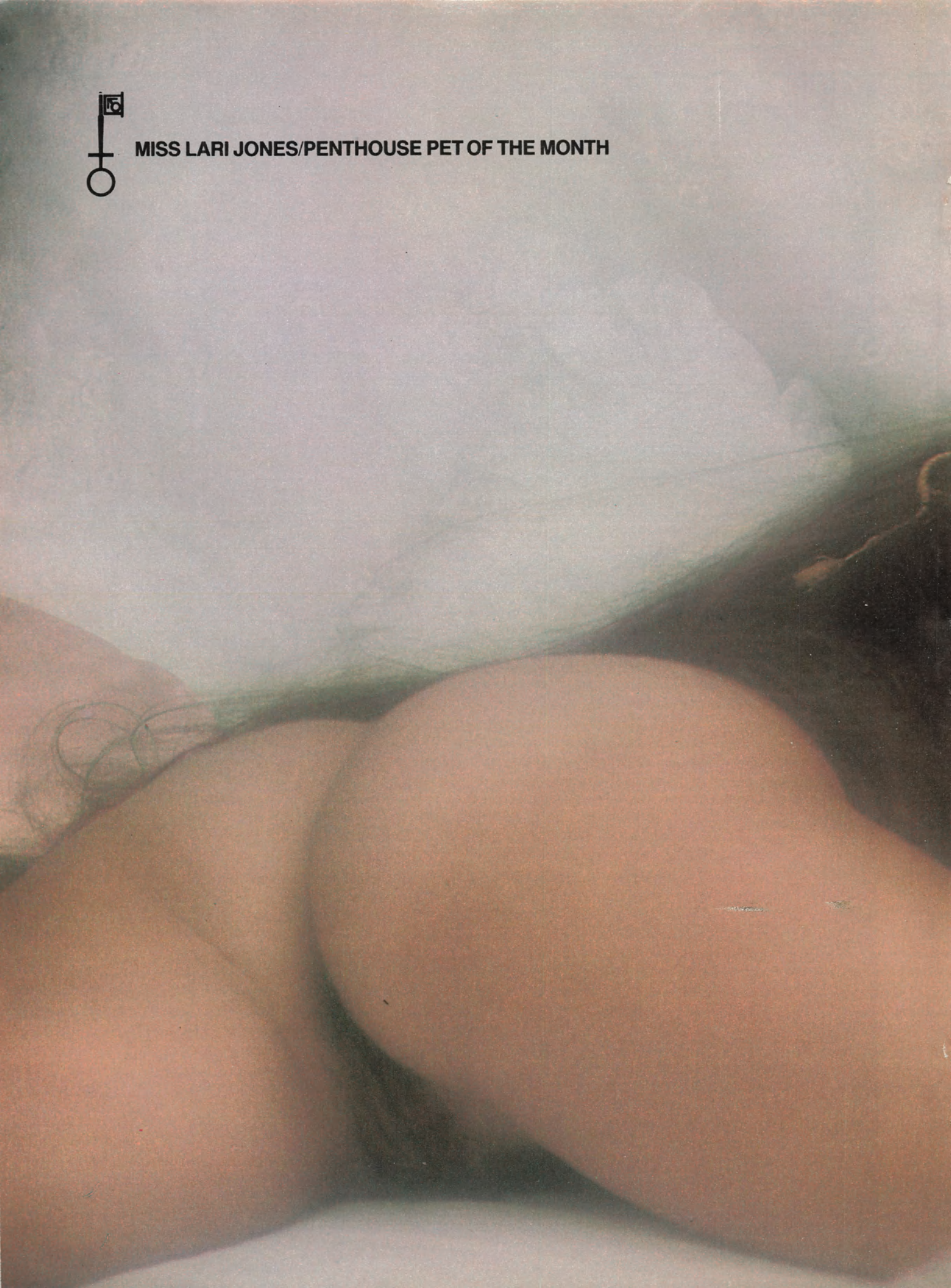


Glancing over her shoulder, she sweetly adds an afterthought: "Maybe I'm too particular, but I'm really a crackerjack shot, and I like to set my sights as high as possible."



The Cokin Filter System and a Minolta XD-11 were used to photograph this feature.

Not that she won't take mercy on men a little shy of the mark. Growling deep in our throats, we lunge at her, loaded for bear.


MISS LARI JONES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A recent investigation has uncovered the fact that Agent Orange, the controversial chemical defoliant sprayed and dumped over the jungles of Vietnam from 1962 through 1971, is but one of many deadly chemicals that may have had a synergistic or combined escalating negative effect on combat troops and civilians who were exposed to them.

Those chemicals of war were also found in Agents Orange II, Purple, Pink, Green, White, and Blue; malathion; chlordane; DDT; and dapsone; as well as in marijuana and illicit drugs, which, in the opinion of some Pentagon experts, were often "laced" by the Vietcong with "unknown" chemicals.

According to a National Academy of Sciences report, Agent Blue contained 1.7 pounds of arsenic per gallon. Yet, despite the statement of civilian Pentagon chemical warfare expert Thomas Dashiell that the arsenic in Agent Blue was "nontoxic," Maj. Alvin Young, a herbicide expert who is advising the Veterans Administration on Agent Orange, reluctantly admitted that the U.S. Air Force's Operation Ranch Hand had sprayed or dumped 1,933,699 pounds of arsenic (which he called *low*-toxic) into the Vietnam jungles, ostensibly for the purpose of destroying enemy food crops.

> New information shows that Agent Orange is only one of several deadly chemicals to which American servicemen were exposed during the Vietnam War.

"Let's put it in perspective," Young said. "Take a look at how much [Agent Blue, civilian name Phytar 560-G] is used in the U.S. Two million pounds of arsenic [or the approximate quantity used in Vietnam] would be peanuts. Take a look at how much has been sprayed in the Cotton Belt on the crops and on our apple orchards in the U.S. It's up in the millions and millions of pounds."

According to Young, much more arsenic was sprayed in the U.S. for agricultural and weed-control purposes than was sprayed in South Vietnam for hostile crop-killing or food-denial purposes. Both Dashiell and Young minimized the possible danger to veterans of the arsenic in Agent Blue. Young said that "this stuff is excreted." According to an environmental engineer, however, "all forms of arsenic are toxic or become toxic when they enter the human body through drinking water or the food chain."

And both men were at a loss in providing the exact number of cargo "dumps" of Agent Blue by air force planes assigned to Operation Ranch Hand. A cargo dump of Agent Blue would have seriously affected the food chain and water supply below in the jungles, because Agent Blue was water-soluble and would therefore show up in the drinking water and be assimilated into and passed up the food chain, according to scientists.

Some veterans who became paralyzed temporarily while serving in the U.S. Marines, and later apparently suffered behavioral problems, both physical and emotional, drank water from streams adjacent to areas that were "browned out" and, according to them, were devoid of grass and plant life. Some of the symptoms the men displayed were similar to those of arsenic poisoning, although service records did not indicate the veterans might have been suffering from such poisoning.

According to government officials, who recently admitted that the air force dumped ninety "loads" of chemicals into the jungles and possibly upon troops below, forty-one dumps were Agent Orange, which contained dioxin, the deadliest poison known to man. They were not explicit as to what chemicals were contained in the remaining forty-nine cargo dumps.

Although the Pentagon finally admitted that it had fouled up records and that Operation Ranch Hand had indeed resulted in overspraying and poisoning of troops and civilians on the ground, and despite the overwhelming evidence that combat troops were victims of dumps that put toxic chemicals of varying dosages into the water and food chain, the Veterans Administration places the burden of proof of poisoning on the veteran.

In effect, it is up to the veteran to prove that his respective ailment was caused by his exposure to Agent Orange or Agent Blue, or whatever, while he was serving in Vietnam—an almost impossible task.

Further research proved that dapsone, an experimental antimalarial drug given to combat troops to ward off a resistant strain of malaria, was not only a potential cause of cancer in male laboratory rats; according to an authoritative science journal, dapsone was also responsible for the deaths of eight soldiers who were receiving daily dapsone treatment for malaria in 1969.

In a clear violation of their rights, making servicemen human guinea pigs, the dead men and other combat troops who were given dapsone treatment were never advised that it was an experimental drug that, according to the manufacturer, was never meant to be used for antimalarial purposes, although it had been used successfully in the treatment of leprosy.

According to an Associated Press story dated Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1977, "an Army spokesman told the Associated Press . . . the military tests of dapsone were conducted primarily in the Central Highlands and the area known as I Corps, the five northernmost provinces of the republic. . . . Most troops in Vietnam took a large orange malaria pill known as chloroquine once a week."

In spite of the evidence that dapsone was potentially fatal, the military continued its use for antimalarial purposes until

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.

MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE. Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK. The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Pat Hill

BY FRED POWLEDGE

The author, whose book *Water* has just been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, is a former reporter for the *New York Times*. He has written eight previous nonfiction books.

NOT A DROP TO DRINK

It has taken some pretty dramatic calamities, from California droughts to Florida sinkholes to Love Canal horror stories, but America is finally starting to understand that it has a serious problem with water. Thanks largely to the discovery of toxic wastes in our streams and our supposedly inviolate underground aquifers, we are beginning to question our habit of taking clean and plentiful water for granted. We might even learn that all the complex elements of the water crisis in America are interrelated, and that it is not just a matter of quantity problems in the arid West and quality problems in the crowded East.

As we expand our understanding of what we have been doing to the substance that keeps us alive, we have found it logical to blame the good, old American free-enterprise system for much of the damage. And rightly so. Large industrial companies dumped enormous quantities of very dangerous substances into the ground at Love Canal and at an unknown number of other places around the country, poisoned a river in Virginia, poured PCBs into the Hudson River, flushed hazardous and explosive chemicals into the Louisville sewer system and the Ohio River, and turned the Lower Mississippi into such a swill of industrial chemicals that anyone who can afford to buys drinking water from the grocery store.

Industry should be made to pay the bill for all this damage, and the corporate executives who countenanced these atrocities should go to prison. But while the blame is being handed out, we must not overlook the most culpable villain of them all: government.

Government, at all its levels, has done far more than any collection of chemical companies to insult, waste, and degrade our most valuable resource. Next to government, the well-known polluters look like grammar-school bullies. Government's shameful involvement in the ruination of our water is far more widespread and persistent. Here are a few examples:

• It is government that has allowed the industrial polluters to exist and endure. There may have been a time, in the innocent, post-World War II period of technological growth that produced many of the chemical compounds that we are now drinking, when government might have been excused for failing to comprehend the possible consequences. But well after the dangers of synthetic-chemical contamination became common knowledge, government at the state and local levels was encouraging polluting industries to set up shop and dismissing any future problems that might occur, with the citizens' health as one of the prices that had to be paid for "progress." Local government has compiled a strange record of ignoring some of the more obvious warning signs: the fact is often overlooked that when Hooker Chemical sold the Love Canal site to a local school board, it inserted a warning in the deed about the

> There are many parallels between the energy crisis and the water crisis, but there is one major difference: when we run out of cheap fuel, we can walk to work and keep warm with the energy of the sun; when we run out of clean water, we perish.

dump's contents. And yet the board proceeded to build an elementary school and playing field on the property and to sell off adjacent lots to homeowners—the ones who became tragic victims.

● Even with the lessons of Love Canal and a dozen other "incidents" staring them in the face, federal policymakers and regulators have been sluggish in formulating the rules for dealing with water pollution by toxic wastes, agricultural poisons, and municipal sewage. The Environmental Protection Agency, the worst offender, takes an inordinate amount of time to write regulations even after it is directed to do so by Congress. Instead of aggressively pursuing the polluters, EPA and corresponding agencies in state governments have relied on sweet reason, compromise, and gentlemanlike negotiation with the polluters, with results that could hardly be called successful. Moreover, the agency policymakers have expended their energies on empire-building and the sort of bureaucratic-regulation web-weaving that we now take for granted in the fields of interstate commerce, military defense, and occupational safety. But there is an important difference: without truck regulation, Stealth bombers, or even federally approved couches in factory rest rooms, we can still manage to live. Without an adequate amount of clean water, we will die.

An important and tragic side effect of the web-weaving has been the production, by the agencies and many of their consultants, of seemingly scientific information on the water crisis that is sloppily collected, assembled, and presented. As a consequence, not only does no one know how many toxic waste dumps there are, or how many tons of hazardous chemicals are seeping into our aquifers; the very sloppiness and contradictory nature of the data serves as a perfect excuse for the polluters to condemn *all* government intervention in the problem. If the agency can't even collect the facts properly, they argue, how can it possibly regulate the situation? The argument has a certain ring of truth.

● In one area, government has paid excruciatingly close attention to water, and the result has been even greater degradation of the substance. The governmental building agencies—most notably the Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation (which now calls itself the Water and Power Resources Service), and the Tennessee Valley Authority—use water as a convenient, low-overhead reward for their confederates and themselves. Reward, for a government agency, means self-perpetuation and the accumulation of thick, impermeable layers of bureaucratic scales.

Many, if not most, of the federal water projects are patent boondoggles, with their costs far outstripping any benefits. The builders have mastered the art of creative cost-benefit analysis. By juggling facts and figures and inventing bogus projections that purport to show, say, how many fishermen will be drawn to a new hydroelectric reservoir (and ignoring the fact that a clear-flowing trout stream will be destroyed), the builders convince themselves, much of the public, and an eager-to-be-persuaded Congress that these phony projects have some merit.

But every time a Tellico Lake is created, or a worthless Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway is excavated, or a free northern California stream is shackled and sent down to grow oranges and Mercedes-Benzes on the Southern California desert, we lose another bit of our heritage and our future. It is clear now that many of the benefits claimed for these projects—flood control, recreation, barge traffic, "enhancement" of the local employment picture, hydropower generation—are either outright fabrications or are grossly exaggerated. The Columbia Dam project on Tennessee's Duck River, for example, which is in a dead-heat tie with Tellico Lake for the title of the most shameful project in TVA's history, is supposed to protect (and probably won't) about 9,000 acres of downriver land from flooding. In order to achieve that, according to a House committee, the project will destroy 27,500 acres of valuable farmland upriver. And that is not an isolated example.

● Government's inadequacy is not confined to the Washington bureaucrats. New York City recently underwent a dangerous shortage of water that wouldn't have occurred if the city had had the will to fix leaky pipes and the courage to close fire hydrants left open by kids and car-washers. Jerry Brown, who brought to the California governorship the message of an "era of limits," leaves it endorsing a scheme to pour more of the state's water on the desert. And when vandals destroyed two aqueducts and threw the Newark, N.J., water system into chaos, it was discovered that the system's "chief of security" actually lived in Florida.

For decades we got away with such behavior because there was plenty of water. It didn't seem to matter if we wasted some here, by subsidizing inappropriate irrigation projects for agribusiness, or if we poisoned some there, by pouring mercury or PCBs or kepone into the nearest river. It clearly matters now. We are approaching what the experts call our "carrying capacity" for water. Just as we found out one day not too long ago that we had reached the limits on cheap fuel and that energy would start costing us money and trouble, we are discovering now that we have reached the limits of availability on cheap, clean water. There are many parallels with the energy crisis, but there is one major difference: when we run out of cheap fuel, we can walk to work and keep warm with fires and the energy of the sun. When we run out of clean water, we will perish.

VETERANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

1973, at which time the army decided to abandon such use.

In December of 1977, the U.S. Army released an official position paper stating that "there is no immediate basis for concern among Vietnam veterans who took dapsone to prevent malaria while serving in Vietnam." However, one month before that date, a U.S. Army physician, Lieutenant Colonel Goette, wrote a letter to the editor of the *Archives of Dermatology,* alerting his medical colleagues to the dangers of the use of dapsone. Evidently, the U.S. Army medical people were still using the drug, but for treatment of skin problems rather than as an experimental malarial deterrent.

According to official air force records, "an estimated 107 million pounds of herbicides were aerially-disseminated on 6 million acres in South Vietnam from January 1962 through February 1971."

And approximately 94 percent of all herbicides sprayed in Vietnam were so-called 2, 4-D (56 million pounds or 53 percent of total) or 2,4,5-T (44 million pounds or 41 percent total). The 44 million pounds of 2,4,5-T contained an estimated 368 pounds of the toxic contaminant TCDD, a kind of dioxin. According to experts, an amount of it the size of a period on a printed page is lethal enough to kill twenty to thirty persons if ingested. About 368 pounds of dioxin were sprayed or dumped into the jungles and possibly on our own men.

"I don't think anybody quite foresaw we would be dumping chemicals on our own people—but apparently we were. The veterans have been saying that for quite some time," according to U.S. Secretary of Health Richard Schweiker, upon the Pentagon's admission that the air force had been dumping cargo loads of chemicals on our own troops in Vietnam.

Agents Orange and Orange II contained dioxin, as did Agents Pink, Purple, and Green, the latter three accounting for about 40 percent of the dioxin used in Vietnam, according to air force records. Scientists have reported that dioxin was found to be a potent carcinogen (cancer-causing agent) and teratogen (fetus-deforming agent) when administered to laboratory animals in doses far exceeding the amounts to which humans were exposed in the spraying process in South Vietnam, but no mention was made of the impact of having cargo loads of these chemicals dumped in a concentrated fashion.

Chlordane, a pesticide used for termite control, banned for most uses by the Environmental Protection Agency in 1975 because it caused cancer in test animals, was also heavily used in South Vietnam, as was DDT, another pesticide banned by the EPA. Also, 400,000 gallons of malathion—an organophosphate, neurotoxic or nerve-poisoning (to humans) pesticide—were aerially disseminated over the jungles.

The herbicide Agent White, which was water-soluble and could thus enter the food chain, was sprayed during 1,324 defoliation missions (21 percent of all missions) in South Vietnam. White was a mixture containing two pounds of 2,4-D and 0.54 pounds of picloram per gallon. An official air force study listed White as "very low" in relative toxicity—the same rating for toxicity given to Agent Blue, which contained "low-toxic" arsenic (1.7 pounds per gallon).

According to the *Government Accounting Office Review,* "Although most attention has been focused on Agent Orange, some scientists now believe that it may be only one of a variety of potentially toxic chemicals to which American servicemen were exposed. . . . While the toxic potential of some of these substances is known, no studies have been done of the synergistic or combined effects of the so-called 'toxicological cocktail' which existed in Vietnam."

> "I don't think anybody quite foresaw we would be dumping chemicals on our own people—but apparently we were."—Secretary of Health Richard Schweiker.

And so, after all these years, thousands of American veterans are still locked in mortal combat with an enemy that they have brought home within their own bodies . . . the chemicals of war:

1. AGENT ORANGE—A chemical-defoliant herbicide produced by combining equal parts of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, which when mixed form an unavoidable by-product—dioxin, the deadliest chemical known to mankind.
2. AGENT ORANGE II—Physical, chemical, and toxicological properties of Orange II are similar to those of Orange.
3. AGENT PURPLE—Physical, chemical, and toxicological properties of Purple are similar to those described for Orange. One gallon of Purple contains 8.6 lbs. of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.
4. AGENT PINK—Formulation of 2,4,5-T used extensively in early U.S. Air Force Ranch Hand operations that disseminated chemicals. Also used in 1963 and 1964 in Thailand in a defoliation test program. Each gallon of Pink contains 8.16 lbs. of 2,4,5-T.
5. AGENT GREEN—A single-component formulation consisting of 2,4,5-T, used 1962–64. Green contains the same amount of active ingredient as Pink (8.16 lbs. of 2,4,5-T per gallon).
6. AGENT WHITE—A dark-brown viscous liquid that is soluble in water. One gallon contains 2 lbs. of 2,4-D. Both the EPA (Environmental Protection Agency) and the Canadian government detected in 2,4-D three types of dioxin other than TCDD. Officials placed 2,4-D in the Hazard Evaluation Division of the EPA, and the National Park Service's director banned its use in 365 national parks and recreational areas pending further studies.
7. AGENT BLUE—A chemical designed to destroy enemy food crops. Each gallon contains 1.7 lbs. of "low-toxic" arsenic. All told, 1,933,699 lbs. of arsenic were disseminated by spraying, and there were some dumpings by the USAF Operation Ranch Hand. A dumping of an entire load would make an area's water supply highly toxic.
8. MALATHION—An organic toxic phosphate. Four hundred thousand gallons were disseminated in Vietnam, ostensibly as an insecticide.
9. CHLORDANE—A pesticide used for termite control that was banned for most domestic uses by EPA in 1975 after being found to cause cancer in test animals.
10. DDT—A pesticide used for mosquito control that was banned by EPA in 1972 for most domestic uses.
11. DAPSONE—An experimental antimalarial drug administered to troops in the field, who were not told it was responsible for the deaths of eight soldiers. On Dec. 6, 1977, the *New York Times* reported that the National Cancer Institute had released a report showing that the drug dapsone, or DDS, caused cancer in rats.
12. MARIJUANA—Domestic Vietnamese cannabis could very well have been "laced" or poisoned by the enemy, according to Pentagon civilian and military personnel. It was generally purchased on the open market and was readily available.
13. ILLICIT DRUGS—Heroin and other illicit drugs were readily available to everyone throughout Vietnam and were sold openly by children and sidewalk vendors in small vials. According to officials and veterans, it was readily available and could have been laced by the enemy.

Not everyone smoked marijuana and/or used illicit drugs, but many military personnel in the field were subject to the first eleven chemicals listed through overhead spraying and dumps by military aircraft. These chemicals could, in turn, have affected the water supply in nearby streams and the personnel who walked, slept, and swam through the Vietnamese jungles.—*Johnny O'Donnell*

CAMI

She has a weakness for playing risky sex pranks, like the night she went joyriding topless…

REPEAT OFFENDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

Cami O'Connor may be only eighteen, but she's very well versed in the art of taking care of herself. She's a virtuoso at doing her face, her nails, her hair. And doesn't neglect the rest of her body either. We suggest a bedtime story, maybe "the saga of a girl and the hairbrush who loved her." Go on, she laughs. We'd love to!

Still, she can't expect others to love her if she doesn't love herself. So, when times are tough (or tense), she closes her eyes, makes a wish, and reaches for the stars.

Sometimes she does allow assistance. Her cabinetmaker lover built her a four-poster bed, helped break it in by handcuffing her to it. He didn't parole her till dawn, she says with a smile. By then, she'd been made a repeat offender...

An aspiring cosmetologist, Cami places great stock in good grooming. Brushes her hair a hundred strokes a day– maybe twenty for the golden triangle below.

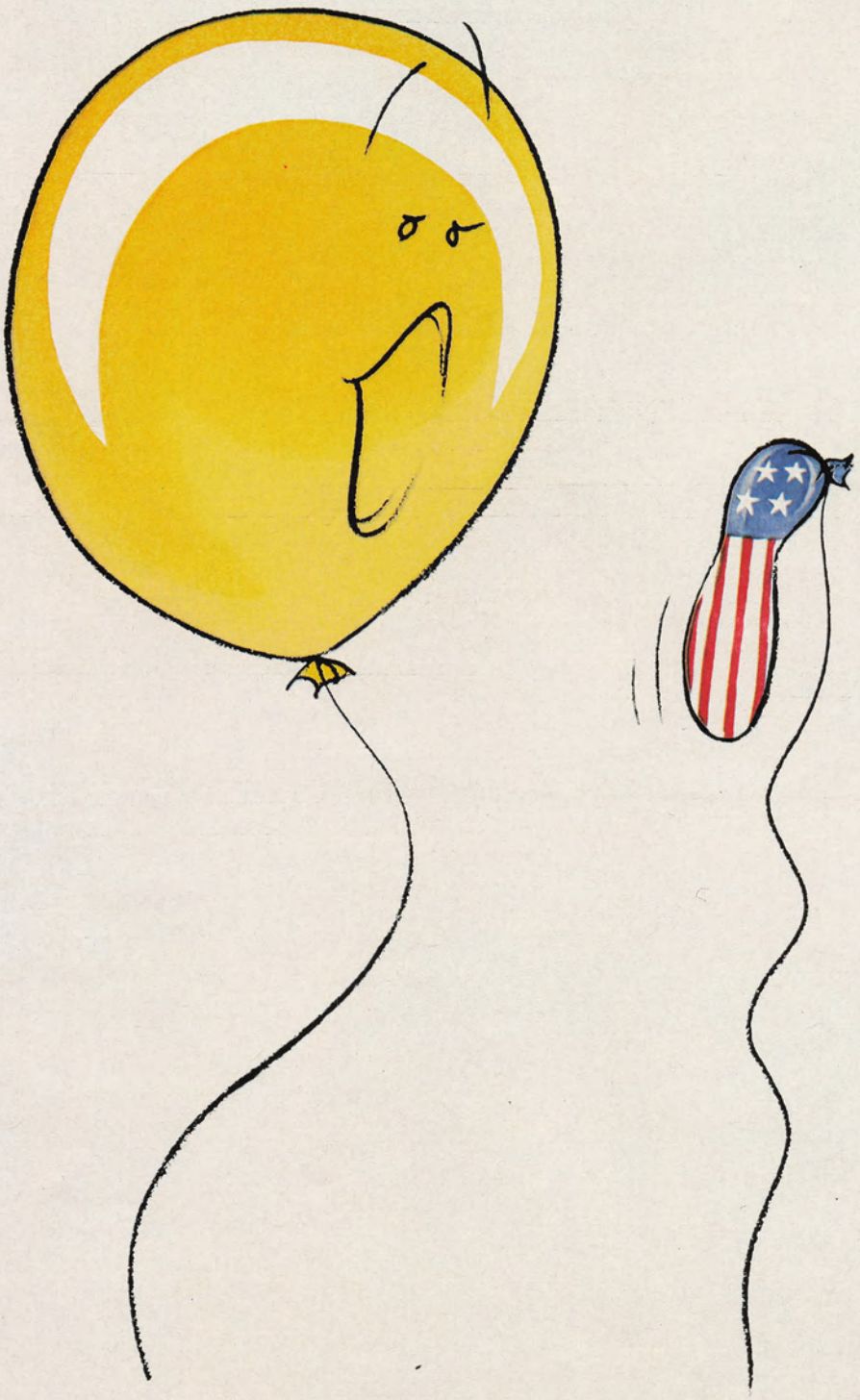
She displayed a racy sense of humor when presented with the pictures above. Called them "good" and "better." Seems she also has a weakness for playing risky sex pranks. Like the night she and a girl friend went joyriding topless.

Their Camaro was soon surrounded by a horn-honking entourage of very horny motorists. If the windows hadn't been locked, the joke might have gotten out of hand…

The irony, Cami confesses, is that she's terribly quiet and shy in conventional social situations–something she's hoping to change. Not to worry: for a looker like Cami, actions speak louder than words.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Why, Mr. Pincus, who told you I had a 'thing' about our national heroes?"

PROSTITUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

for males for hire since "women are so much more sentimental. The reactions, you see, of men and women are not the same." "It sounds so dirty," a pretty young secretary agreed. "It's probably a helluva lot more fun than buying a blouse," her girl friend injected. "I don't think I would, but if someone who looks like Lauren Hutton in *American Gigolo* could, why not me?"

One ponytailed twenty-three-year-old art student who occasionally uses her favorite sex-outcall service sees these men as a nice adjunct to her regular sex life. "With a real man, a boyfriend, you can't just order them to touch you here, touch you there. You can't say, 'Come!' on command. It's unfair. With a paid man, he expects that. Don't tell me that a lot of women, if they knew there were places they could trust, wouldn't go and have a good time."

Question is, where does a "nice" girl go for a "place like that"? Hamburg, Amsterdam, Munich, and Reno are reputed to have famous stud stables, and that was once the extent of it. Heather Watts, a reporter for a national sex newspaper, researched the subject eight years ago. She was disappointed. "I had believed the hetero-stud industry didn't exist except as a myth," she wrote. "In fact, in the long-dead days when I was a raving feminist, I was feministically pissed off about the supposed lack of paid sexual options for women. I wanted the option my male counterparts would have . . . when I was old and gray."

Today, she acknowledges, times have definitely changed. Escort service ads and personal columns trumpeting men-for-hire sprinkle most local papers. "Ladies Only" strip shows have come to be known as likely hunting grounds for straight men "in the business." Free-lancers apparently have no problem using the grapevine to connect with prospective customers.

Reactions vary, but even women who are psychologically opposed to the idea maintain a kind of "What's good for the goose . . ." attitude. As poet and playwright Sandra Hochman put it, "In an ideal healthy society men and women would be fulfilled and there would be no need. Really, prostitution, whether it's selling out your mind or your genitals, in a humiliating way—it's pathetic. But it might not have to be so. I don't see any difference between men and women using them."

Since that "ideal healthy society" seems a couple of years in the offing, there are classically "respectable" women finding male prostitutes to fill a certain void. Those that admitted to indulging were anywhere from twenty to fifty and certainly all were attractive enough not to *have* to pay. Some were married. Some had boyfriends. All were hesitant to talk at first. When they did, it became evident that sixty-year-old dowagers in ermine were not the only consumers in the marketplace of the world's oldest profession.

Some had very practical reasons. Women in the work force are faced with many of the same problems men have always faced on business trips. A need for companionship. A need to make a good impression on those out-of-town clients. Escort services catering mostly to business people can be an expensive proposition, as CBS-TV's Meredith Viera discovered on a recent investigation. The "blue-chip commodity" dates started from $125 and went upward. The number of male escorts available was small, but agencies did admit that with the number of women executives increasing, their demand for straight male dates was on the upswing.

Simply, the need for a suitable escort for business functions initially prompted one thirty-five-year-old redheaded marketing-research executive to pay for the company of a man. As Sharon discovered, most men working for the legit escort services will not only accompany you *through* the night but sometimes well *into* the night. For a little extra. She professes that sex wasn't why she hired a date. After her first encounter, she surprised even herself.

Sharon: "Ten years ago I never would've thought it possible for me, a Catholic ex-cheerleader, to buy a man in any way, shape, or form. I was married then and raising my daughter. When my husband talked about a friend paying a woman to go to a business dinner and then 'something extra,' I thought, 'How sad.' For me sex and companionship equaled marriage and that was that. I had the typical, happy package deal. Except for the small fact that when I had sex with my husband, I never came. It didn't seem to matter a lot to my husband, and I thought, 'Well, as long as he's happy.'

"And then I got divorced. At first I dated. I was always unsure and naive about making love. Listen, I'd jump ten feet when a man touched my breast. Then, when I wanted to go further, it wasn't as easy as I thought. There were often sexual complications that I hadn't the vaguest notion of how to solve. Maybe it was women's lib or something, but guys were going limp at the magic moment or coming too soon. I felt like they needed lessons in how to be a good date and good lover, and I wasn't about to teach them. Still, I never thought of resorting to a male prostitute. It seemed crude.

"But then a great job had me traveling a lot. Now, when you go to a new town, you're there to make an impression. You have to feel totally in control, night and day. I was faced with a problem. If I went out for dinner by myself, I stood the chance of running into a business associate. Married or not, they'd always 'come on.' An attractive single woman alone in a strange town? Ripe for the picking. No matter how politely you said no, they got pissed off, and it could ruin a deal the next day. Attending business dinners was the same problem.

"Finally, in Denver for a convention, I was invited to a high-powered dinner par-

ty. I had to have all the ammunition I could muster because everyone knows lots of deals are made over casual drinks. Maybe it was an ego thing, but I knew I'd feel better if I wasn't alone. All the men would have dates. It gave them confidence to be with an attractive companion, just a little extra to make a tough business sell in a smooth way. Don't let anyone tell you sex isn't part of business—it is. So I checked the convention newsletter and, sure enough, there was an escort service. I was nervous, but if I was a woman in a basically man's world, I felt I'd be stupid not to use the same 'crutches' they did. I was immediately impressed, because the service I called took Master Charge, and they insisted on checking my credit rating before they let me book someone. They made it clear that the 'good-looking, executive model' I requested could 'include' sex in the $100 tab, but it wasn't necessary. Tips were optional.

"I waited in a elegant bar, and this handsome Wall Street type introduced himself as my date. I couldn't have done better myself, believe me. The whole thing was quite professional. I paid up front. No games. I liked him. He was an artist and needed extra cash. I thought, 'This is some emotionally tough way to make extra money,' but he was over twenty-one and who was I to make judgments? We were both helping each other out. I felt immediately in control at this dinner. My escort was attentive and congenial. He warded off any unwanted 'come-ons' and gave me that little extra confidence that comes with having someone attractive by your side. He made an impression and so did I. It was worth it, just for that.

"Now, I don't know whether I'd ever call up a man *just* to fuck, but I'd already spent a nice evening with this person, and I thought, 'Well, I *am* paying for the works.' When he took me back to my hotel, I figured, 'Let's see where this leads.' And it was wonderful. Knowing I was paying him and that he owed me, I felt more uninhibited and relaxed about sexually allowing him to take care of me, from everything to undressing to making the first move. And best of all, no worries that he wouldn't be able to 'get it up.' Just as he'd catered to me at dinner, he catered to me in sex. I didn't worry about pleasing him. *He* was being paid to please *me*. And I came twice! Now, maybe because he was a stranger, I let my inhibitions down. I could tell him where to touch me and how long. At that time I certainly wouldn't have been so aggressive and relaxed with a date. When I did come, I felt free enough even to shout and groan. The whole works. I would have been embarrassed with someone I really knew. Now I'm not embarrassed even with men I know.

"I continue to use escort services on business trips. I found my first New York one in *Cue* magazine, for God's sake. It's convenient. Say I have a dinner with foreign clients. I can call the service and request a multilingual date. It impresses people, and that's the name of the game in my line of work. The men I've met are almost always bright and are using this as a means to an end. But then so am I. And the sex is usually good. It's an up-front evening. I'm assured my date will be flattering, respectful, and, if I want it, seductive and sexually proficient. I'm not saying this replaces normal dating, but every so often it's a relief. They act the way men used to act. I like that. Maybe I'm just an old-fashioned girl."

Of course it's never been uncommon for women on vacation to indulge in a paid sultry afternoon's dalliance with a gorgeous, tanned local. Resorts from Barbados to Biarritz are crowded with handsome young men strutting their stuff for lonely lady tourists. "Fuckee, fuckee," the Trinidadian boys would croon, remembers one fifty-year-old woman who rested there after her divorce. "I thought it was crass, but I was feeling abandoned and unattractive and I wanted someone to make me feel good. Even for an hour. I picked the handsomest guy and for twenty-five dollars I felt exotic and uplifted after a terrible time." She smiled. "Of course, I couldn't imagine doing it when I got back to Westchester."

Because he was a stranger, I let my inhibitions down. I could tell him where to touch me. I felt free even to shout and groan. . . . I would have been embarrassed with someone I knew.

Even Denise Fuge, head of New York's chapter of the National Organization for Women, though not condoning impersonal sex, admits: "I can see that for a woman traveling, a male prostitute might be great. What consenting adults do is their own affair. We shouldn't make a distinction between male and female prostitution as long as it's not exploiting innocent children or teenagers. If it's done in a responsible manner between adults, then who am I to say no? It's sad, of course, that many women aren't looking for intimacy even when they're at home, but women are frustrated by the way relationships with men are going."

There's no doubt that a backlash has resulted from the double winds of sexual and women's liberation. One woman bemoans the "staggering number of gay, asexual, or can't-make-up-their-minds men." Singles bars and parties may be packed with eagle-eyed hopefuls, but many feel they've been burned too many times. "Men and women should help each other," Denise continued, "but it's not happening. I can't condemn a woman who thinks it's too much of a hassle to tackle another relationship. And in that case, a male prostitute sounds logical." There are some women who have found men so disappointing that they've gone to the extreme of avoiding any relationships. They cut off those emotional needs for protection, but the physical needs are still there. For them, male prostitutes provide a real service.

Gina has the brooding attractiveness of an older Nastassia Kinski. Her gamine, blond good looks and slim-hipped figure belie her forty-five years. It's hard to believe that this healthy lady, until last April, had been celibate for five years. "It wasn't something I wanted," she states, "but the choices, the kinds of men I met in the U.S., and what being involved with them meant . . . that was more painful. Of course, I knew what my ex-husband would've done, but I thought those kind of men for women would be low-life unless they were gigolos, and who has that kind of cash? I wish I could assure women that it's okay, but most like me would be too scared or turned off. Until they tried it."

Divorced twelve years, Gina had moved to New York, where she found opportunities in every area except one. Used to the facile but polished charm of Europeans, Gina was at first delighted by the no-nonsense quality of American men. However, she shudders as she remembers a series of "horrible, really horrible" affairs. The men she dated had all the trappings of wealth, but "underneath," she says, "they were peasants. They took you to gorgeous dinners, name-dropped, and showed you expensive paintings and fur-covered beds. Inside they were coarse and rude. No class. Phonies. Men who turned out to be married or emotional cripples who wanted to be babied. Five years ago I stopped. *Fini*. What to do?" she concludes with a Gallic shrug. The answer came where Gina least expected it.

Gina: "Men were always around that one could pay, but they were vulgar. One sailor came up to me at a New York beach and whispered, 'For a little bread I could use my tongue all over you.' I snapped back, 'So what? I could get that free. What's the big deal?' I thought all bought men would be that revolting.

"Then I visited a friend in California and was staying at the Saddle Back Inn. I speak four languages, and at the pool one hot, boring day I overheard two older German women discussing this great man they had both bought at the hotel! They'd come expressly there to buy a man. You just had to go to the bar, use the password to the bartender—something silly like 'I want a Guacamole Special'—and *voilá*! Maybe it was just being away from home and having a little extra cash that made me

ready to be adventurous, but I was. I went through the whole rigmarole at the bar, and in ten minutes this handsome, clean-cut California beachboy sat down at my table. We talked. He was around twenty-five and very polite. Finally he mentioned that his fee was fifty dollars, which seemed reasonable, and we went to my room.

"Opening the door was the last thing he let me do. He was open and sweet and did everything to relax me, from giving me a joint to telling me a joke. Slowly he undid my blouse and started to massage me. Now this boy was direct, but had style. He was the first American man who was really responsive to how I was turned on. He got hard on cue, and it was the best sex I'd had since I left Paris twelve years earlier. We both came, to my surprise. I mean, I wondered, 'How often a day does he do this?' But that was his problem, not mine. Afterwards, in an hour or so, he left me with a few joints as a gift. He must have liked me, *non*? But it didn't matter, because physically and emotionally I felt uplifted. With other men, I'd wake up in the morning and feel like a stray dog. They'd ignore me. I'd feel dirty, cheap, let down. Here, there was no letdown, no disappointment, because there was no expectation. I felt in control. I could see him again, if *I* wanted to . . . not wait for a phone call. I didn't ever see him, because I was leaving, and to tell you the truth, I didn't want to chance not having the second time be as good as the first! In New York I don't date. I'm scared of closeness—I admit it. I keep turning those feelings off. I wish some service would open up here. They'd rake it in. Women pay eighty dollars to a shrink for one hour, and I can tell you this is relaxing, less expensive, and a helluva lot more fun."

"Women who use paid men are using money to maintain a barrier to achieving any closeness with someone else," maintains Lynn Ramsey, author of *Gigolos—The World's Best Kept Men*. "They're a sad lot." Gina, of course, would be the first to admit she doesn't want closeness at this point in her life. Going to the extremes that she has does indicate, however, that she's running a lot faster than the situation might dictate.

Many women, however, aren't alone, like Gina. They have husbands or boyfriends and still seek out prostitutes, but in their cases it's for supplemental sex, that they can't get at home. Some are indeed running from basically unsatisfactory lives. Several male prostitutes reported that much of their clientele are married women in their thirties and forties who are frustrated but are afraid to ask their husbands to meet their sexual needs; or in many cases the husbands, when asked, simply refuse. They often seek oral sex from the prostitutes since their husbands consider that practice taboo, even though they expect the same courtesy performed for them. "Buying a man finally fulfills me sexually," one married Jerseyite confessed, "and I'm too scared to get rid of the secure, although disappointing, marriage I have."

But disappointment need not be the only reason why a married woman would hire a man. Dr. Ruth Westheimer, an associate professor at Cornell and herself a happily married fifty-five-year-old, feels it is conceivable that married women could use male prostitutes and still have healthy relationships at home.

"After all, what about variety?" she says with just a touch of an Austrian accent in her cheery voice. "Sex with your mate can be wonderful, and still a woman might want another man over the period of years. And what's so wrong? Haven't we ever thought it's all right not to want filet mignon every night? Or what if your partner doesn't want filet mignon at the same time you do? I wouldn't advocate infidelity or promiscuity, but physiologically, from my point of expertise in the field of sexuality, it could be very enjoyable and healthy for a woman to hire someone to give her pure enjoyment without it being an avoidance of reality. I, for one, think in some cases that male prostitutes could be of tremendous service."

Marlene, a young black housewife, feels the same way. Sitting in a Connecticut Burger King, she looks like any other wife and mother. She doesn't work, although photography is an avid hobby. She describes her husband, a navy man, as gentle, sweet, and lovable—all the things Marlene thought she'd never find in her early years. Even so, Marlene found herself with fantasies her husband couldn't understand and couldn't satisfy. It was starting to affect her home life, and rather than wreck her marriage Marlene decided to do something about her "private daydreams."

Marlene: "My husband is a wonderful man, and sexually he can satisfy me, but I get horny. I'm only twenty-eight and my husband's thirty-eight. If he doesn't want it as often or the way I'd like, it's okay. I love him. But my sexual needs are important, and truthfully, I think they overwhelm him. He'd oblige me if I got too cranky, but that's no fun for either of us. So I'd just get frustrated, start snapping at him over nothing, and I didn't like myself very much for that kind of behavior. I started to think and I realized that no one can be everything to another person, even if they love them. My husband accepted my thing up to a certain point. A male point. He'd be really happy to have a threesome, but it has to be another woman and us. If I wanted him and another man . . . no way.

"I also like men that are bigger and more muscular than he is. Real sportsmen. Jocks. And to tell you the truth, I fantasized about men with bigger cocks. Now I wanted to keep my husband and my life, but I wanted to be good to myself without getting emotionally involved with someone else and certainly without letting the neighbors know. It may sound awful but I thought paying a man would do the trick. The only thing that's really awful is being unhappy with yourself. That's more important than what society keeps telling us.

"What way could I do it? Well, I figured the way my brothers did it: a hooker. So a

...with a $100 Scotch behind it.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc. New York, NY © 1982

couple of years ago, when my husband was away, I thought, 'Girl, now's the time to do something about this. No one else is going to do it for you!' I took my camera and visited some friends in New York City. In the afternoon I strolled down to the West Fourth Street basketball courts. I saw this gleaming hunk who was a great basketball player and we both came on to each other. He was very nice and nonthreatening, but he lived at home and didn't have any money. I knew he wanted to be paid, so I suggested we rent a hotel room. I was shocked that I could be so bold, but it was now or never.

"The sex was dynamite. For one thing, he really loved going down on me. Now I'm real into that. But I feel my husband, when and if he does it, does it just 'cause he thinks it's his obligation. It's not his fault. He just doesn't like it. This boy was really into it. I also like anal sex sometimes, which my husband refuses to participate in. This boy and others after him all seemed to be game, and I loved it.

"When the hour or so was over, he wanted to give me the first time for free, but I insisted on paying him. Paying distances you, which is important in my case. The money thing also gives you the feeling you can take charge if you want to and not worry about damaging someone's masculine ego. Lots of black women are too docile. Our men are sometimes too proud to unbend sexually, and we don't want to hurt them. With a prostitute, I don't have to worry. There's no phony chatter. No exchange of phone numbers, like what might happen if you pick up a guy at a bar. It's my treat to me, and that's why I do it with different men every other month or so. If I was with one more than a couple of times it might get heavy, and I don't want that. Of course, I wouldn't want to pick up anyone that was too young, but I figure if a boy is over eighteen, he's big enough to decide where he wants to put what he's got. I'm religious, but I think the only sin for me might be the sin of lust. If God is going to strike me down for that, then I'll have to take my chances. This way my husband, child, and I are happy. And that's no sin."

Marlene's sexual appetite might seem a little more voracious than that of most women. Yet the lack of success in mending the sexual gap with her husband mirrors a deeper gap that many women feel. "I'm frustrated by the way men aren't keeping up with women," said one well-known soap opera actress. "I myself would never pay, because it seems so clinical, but I can't say it's wrong. Men and women on a personal and sexual basis are talking a different language these days. One night I told my ex-boyfriend that I'd like to be the one to seduce and undress him and he was scared shitless!"

A sexual smorgasbord with one man takes a lot of work, imagination, and understanding. Some people are perfectly happy with tried-and-true sexual scenarios. Marlene's mate obviously wouldn't rearrange his sexual menu, but there are certainly men as adventurous as their women. In some cases, male prostitutes can serve for women working out fantasies with their loved ones. These paid "third parties" seem to provide a nonthreatening accomplice. "All in good fun and all for the best" is how Linda, a thirty-year-old legal secretary, summed up the time she suggested to her boyfriend that together they buy a man.

Linda: "Sex with one person can sometimes get to be predictable. That's a reality. And I wouldn't trade my boyfriend, Joe, a lawyer, for anyone. But both of us were getting a little bored. One night we felt a little kinky and I finally admitted I'd thought about us trying a threesome, just for a change. Thank God, he told me he'd thought about it too. Of course, neither of us knew or dared to ask anyone to participate. So I said, 'Let's hire a third.' Only trouble was, Joe wanted a woman and I wanted a man. We compromised. We bought a transsexual.

> This boy was direct but had style. He was the first American man who was really responsive to how I was turned on. He got hard on cue, and it was the best sex I'd had since I left Paris.

"Both of us went to this Atlanta bar famous for their girls and we picked out a gorgeous blonde, Francesca. I felt totally out of my league in this setting, but Joe did the negotiations. Already, we were feeling excited and more together as a couple. Like two kids sharing a naughty adventure. Being a supposedly liberated woman, I insisted on paying half. I guess you could say that for fifty bucks I got the bottom and Joe got the top.

"Back at my house Francesca took us right in hand, as it were, orchestrating this whole triple-decker. Francesca was fucking me and Joe was nibbling away at her tits, then vice-versa, and so forth. The experience was more unusual than it was satisfying. Both of us got the feeling that Francesca was obviously more into the money and herself than either of us. Funnily, after she left, Joe and I made love and it was better than it had been in months. Daring to share the unknown changed the scenery. Now, I don't understand why a woman would use one and refuse a good real man, but if all she wants is sex, why bother with a hit-or-miss thing, picking up a guy at a party? If you have the money, you might as well go to a professional. Consequence-free sex should be available to anyone. Both men and women prostitutes should be legalized and checked regularly by the Health Department. After all, we've finally recognized that sex is a need for everyone and what's the positive choice for a woman when she's sixty and single and can't find a man? It's either masturbation or turn to religion. God, what an awful thought!"

As an alternative to "taking the veil" or stocking up on Duracell batteries for the twilight years, male prostitutes look promising, but naturally those two dire paths aren't the only ones available for older women. But is "consequence-free sex" possible for the hitherto-thought-of softer, more romantic sex? "I myself can't understand being able to indulge in that," author Lynn Ramsey stated. "If you're in a bad marriage, it's one thing. That's an excuse that's understandable. But to choose a man who's public property? It just isn't something I think women could do. It's in confusion with women's basic feelings and principles."

Dr. Westheimer doesn't agree that's true for all women. "I can well imagine there are some women who could be satisfied with a good lover whom they actually went out and bought simply for the pleasure of a purely self-oriented experience," she concluded.

Indeed, several women with active professional and personal lives professed the need for a prostitute not because they were frustrated, bored, or lonely but simply because they wanted a set time when they could be pampered and taken care of. In every way. Prostitute as male geisha. That's the reason that Susan, a blond New York attorney, gave, adding that more women would buy men as "geishas" if they just "gave it a shot." This pretty all-American, native Californian certainly could've gotten any number of dates or one-night stands, judging from the glances that followed her as she crossed a Wall Street bar. "But why should I take a chance on amateur sex if that's all I want for a night?" she said matter-of-factly. Susan feels she's something of an expert on the subject since three years ago, while still living in L.A., she hired her first male hooker. An admitted romantic, she reminisces about the days when women knew no better than to lie at home and be coddled. She wouldn't trade her attaché case for a duster, but she remembers finding that the independence afforded her as a woman of the 1980s sometimes left her longing for a respite of pure self-indulgence.

Sexual liberation, too, had left her more than a little baffled. "Today everyone assumes that women, if they're over twenty-one and single, are supposed to be sexual Ph.D.s. Well, I'd like to know who's supposed to be the professor. Most men don't help a woman learn sexually. Like work,

it's all left up to you."

Two years ago, Susan felt the pressure had peaked. She catered to clients' needs during the day and to the needs of a steady relationship with her boyfriend at night. "When can I be taken care of? I asked myself," Susan said. "I was feeling put upon and I couldn't let on. Neither my work nor my boyfriend were expected to let me be totally selfish." A facial at Elizabeth Arden might do the trick for some women, but Susan found that for her a more complete solution was called for.

Susan: "I needed someone. To pamper me. And also to help me be sexually more secure. To help me not be so passive in asking for what I wanted, help in finding out what it was I wanted to begin with! My boyfriend couldn't help, because I was too shy to ask. Hiring a man seemed so clinical, but the message that it wasn't such a bad thing seemed all around—movies, the male strip clubs . . . I just never thought nice women could buy nice men.

"Then, for a kick, a few of us went to Chippendales, the L.A. male strip club for women. There were 100 ladies screaming and the place was so sexed up it would have turned on a corpse. You couldn't help but feel that "anything goes." At the bar after the show, one of these spectacularly built dancers smiled at me and we started talking. He was an ex-schoolteacher. I even knew the grammar school he used to teach in. Finally I got up my courage and asked, 'How long do you have to stay here?' He stared me straight in the eye and said, 'Till someone offers me a hundred bucks to leave.' Well, I must have been crazy, but I nodded. It wasn't like I was hiring someone completely unknown by that time. He was nice, and what was refreshing was that he was openly sexual. I didn't have to make an effort to flirt, or wonder what would happen. I knew. No games. No confusion.

"He took me home and from there on it was his show. I was nervous, but he was constantly helping me to relax . . . even undressing me and drawing me a bubble bath. I felt soft and feminine, and pretty soon I was on the bed and he was massaging me with cream. It seemed natural and nice to fuck him after that. And making love was whole new thing. Just like a kid at a brothel for his first time! He encouraged me to talk about my fantasies, but not like most men who expect *you* to take charge and have *them* follow. I even discovered that, done the right way, I might like to be tied up. Any fantasy was okay, and he was great in showing me what a man would like.

"Soon after I moved to New York, I started the relationship I now have. It's good, but this is a hard city. My deal with my fiancé is fifty-fifty, and that's why it's good. But I found that after a tough day of giving my all, sometimes I don't want to listen to what kind of day my guy had or tell him about my day, for that matter. I just sometimes needed to be taken care of physically. Maybe it's selfish, but it would've been more unfair to ask him to cater to me whenever I felt like it. I was getting tenser and tenser. Struggling to be giving at work and with him. The blessing and curse of women's lib.

"My birthday came and he was away. Around ten at night the bell rang and I found this handsome, preppy guy at my door. He handed me a card which read, 'Hi, I'm Mike. A present from Karen.' My best friend had hired a man for me as a birthday gift! He even provided a manicure, a pedicure, and a leg waxing. Who needs Elizabeth Arden? He told me his specialty was oral sex and he wouldn't have intercourse. I was a little surprised, but when he explained, it made sense. First, disease is a problem, and I respected him for recognizing that. Then he laughed and said he couldn't ensure that four or five times a day, he'd be able to get it up for his clientele. Most important, he felt women having intercourse with men are trained to worry whether they're pleasing the man and forget themselves to a degree. That defeated the purpose of total pleasure for his customers. It may have been a hype to make things easy on him, but I do know he's right in one way. When I'm making love with my boyfriend, sure, I wonder if it's going well for him. It applies to his feelings for me as well. Sex with a loved one isn't just for your pleasure. It's mutual. Not selfish. This was *supposed* to be selfish.

"For an hour and a half his tongue was all over me. And it was tremendous. Today, even though I'm engaged, when I get down I still call this one man. It does no harm, and I thank him for helping me. With my fiancé, I now take a more active role in lovemaking. I feel more secure and confident. That's a help to both of us. I think this male prostitute is a great service. I even gave him as a birthday gift to another friend, for which I got a discount toward my next time! Now, she was turned off by the actual idea of it when it happened, which I can understand. It's not for everyone. Sex without emotion, especially when you don't have sex *with* emotion, is very hard to handle. Confidentially, even when I get married, I might still indulge myself occasionally. After all, it's hard to give up your own personal, live vibrator."

And—the bottom line—a human vibrator is what a male prostitute is to most of these women. They weren't interested in having someone to talk to or a shoulder to cry on, although, traditionally, female prostitutes have often been portrayed as a sympathetic alternative to "the wife who doesn't understand." Women seem to want merely the purely sensual experience of having a man do anything they desire. With no complications. Sounds harmless enough. As one pretty waitress remarked, "I think the fact that they're available is great, but where are they—the good ones?" Her problem was one faced by other women. "I'd want it to be spontaneous," she continued, "not something I'd have to go through all sorts of preparations to set up. Let's face it, there are no brothels for women around, and there sure are plenty for men."

The fact is, the practice of women pay-

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ing men for sex is probably too recent to yet be truly organized. The idea has, however, been tried before. A *Village Voice* reporter revealed that ten years ago a female friend opened a luxurious "health spa" for lady executives. It was equipped with every convenience and a stable of handsome "masseurs." Only trouble was that in those days the women were too shy to ask for anything after the massage. The guys, disappointed by the lack of tips for "something extra," quit. The place folded. Even today, some see other barriers may stand in the way of establishing safe, accessible brothels for women. "It's a tough act to get going," Dr. Moglia stated. "It sounds like a great idea, but the city is run by men, and they'd go crazy about this. The male power structure might be too threatened by the thought of women like their wives needing to go elsewhere for pleasure."

Even with the lack of established "houses," some women can be very ingenious and enthusiastic when it comes to finding men for hire—in several cases, perhaps a little too enthusiastic. One twenty-year-old student calmly related how she answers sex ads in the N.Y. papers and how she herself places ads for men. Two young sisters from Massachusetts giggled as they remembered one night when "out of curiosity" they wedged their way into a gay bar, picked out the man with "the cutest ass," invited him home for drinks, and then offered to pay him $100 to make love to them, just to see if a gay man could. Now, he did, but there's no way that any of these women could have known that who they allowed into their homes wouldn't turn out to be an updated Mr. Goodbar, or at the very least the carrier of a little something to remember them by—VD.

"Ideally I'd like to see women with loved ones," Dr. Westheimer remarked, "but if they buy someone they should do it with responsibility and maturity. That's the key word. And that's what I'm afraid some of these women don't have. Still, I can see the practice growing," she concluded.

Denise Fuge of NOW agrees. "Until men and women get a better understanding, there's going to be a growing number of women who say, 'I don't want to be bothered if closeness with a real man is so much trouble.' Men had better take male prostitutes as a warning. More women will be off and away and getting their immediate needs taken care of in other ways than a relationship. I know," she admitted. "I've been divorced twice."

Back at the Brooklyn club, these concerns are less abstract, and the floor show is driving to a climax.

"The Doctor" finishes his act, sliding between the tables of dewy-eyed, breathless ladies who fall all over each other to get the chance, the treat, of slipping stiff dollar bills into the warm region of his Snoopy sock. Already other male dancers are in street clothes, appearing centerstage at the bar amidst clusters of starstruck admirers. Women eye them. It's hard to tell which men are there for a drink, which for a freebie, and which might demand cold cash in exchange for a private performance.

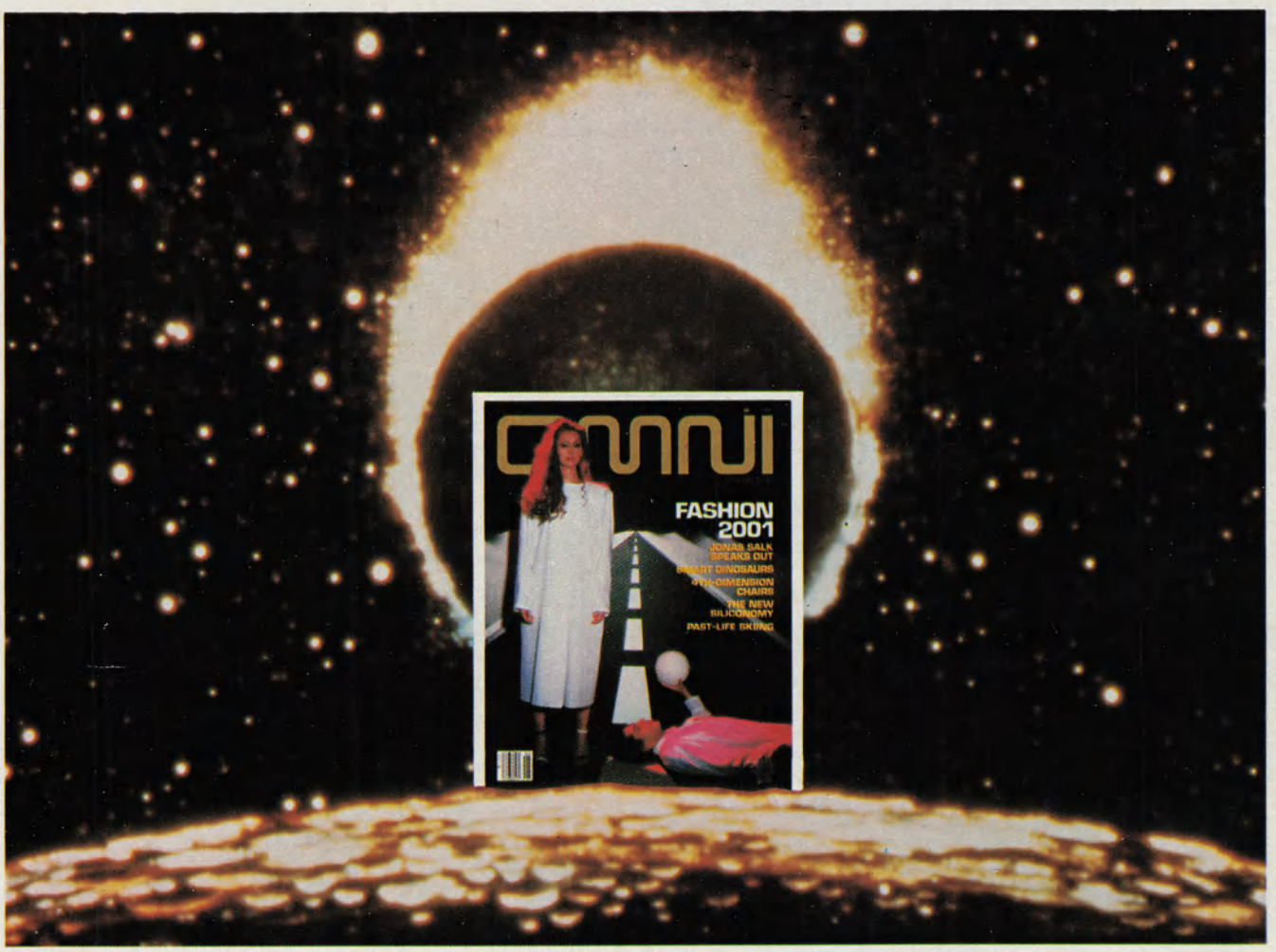
Joy bites her lip as the dancer slithers toward her, closer and closer. Their eyes meet. Joy is melting. Shyly, she stuffs a dollar bill in his crotch. He dances away, out of reach. "I can't do it. I'm chicken," she wails to her sister. "For now," Debby laughs as "The Doctor" takes a backward look.

Besides, they have to stay with Mom. Tonight's a special night. A birthday cake, its candles burning into waxy puddles, sits in front of the plump matriarch as an offkey "Happy Birthday" is sung underneath the disco music. But Debby's and Joy's mom isn't noticing her cake. Her attention is riveted on the undulating man as he collects tokens of appreciation from the other side of the room.

"Make a wish Ma . . . Ma?!" Debby calls insistently. The older woman grins. With a heave of her pouter-pigeon chest she blows out all sixty candles.

"Whaddya wish . . . c'mon, tell!" Joy shouts. Mom's grin spreads as her eyes follow a blond dancer half her age. With a last, easy grind, he winks at her and disappears backstage.

FANTASTIC VOYAGES



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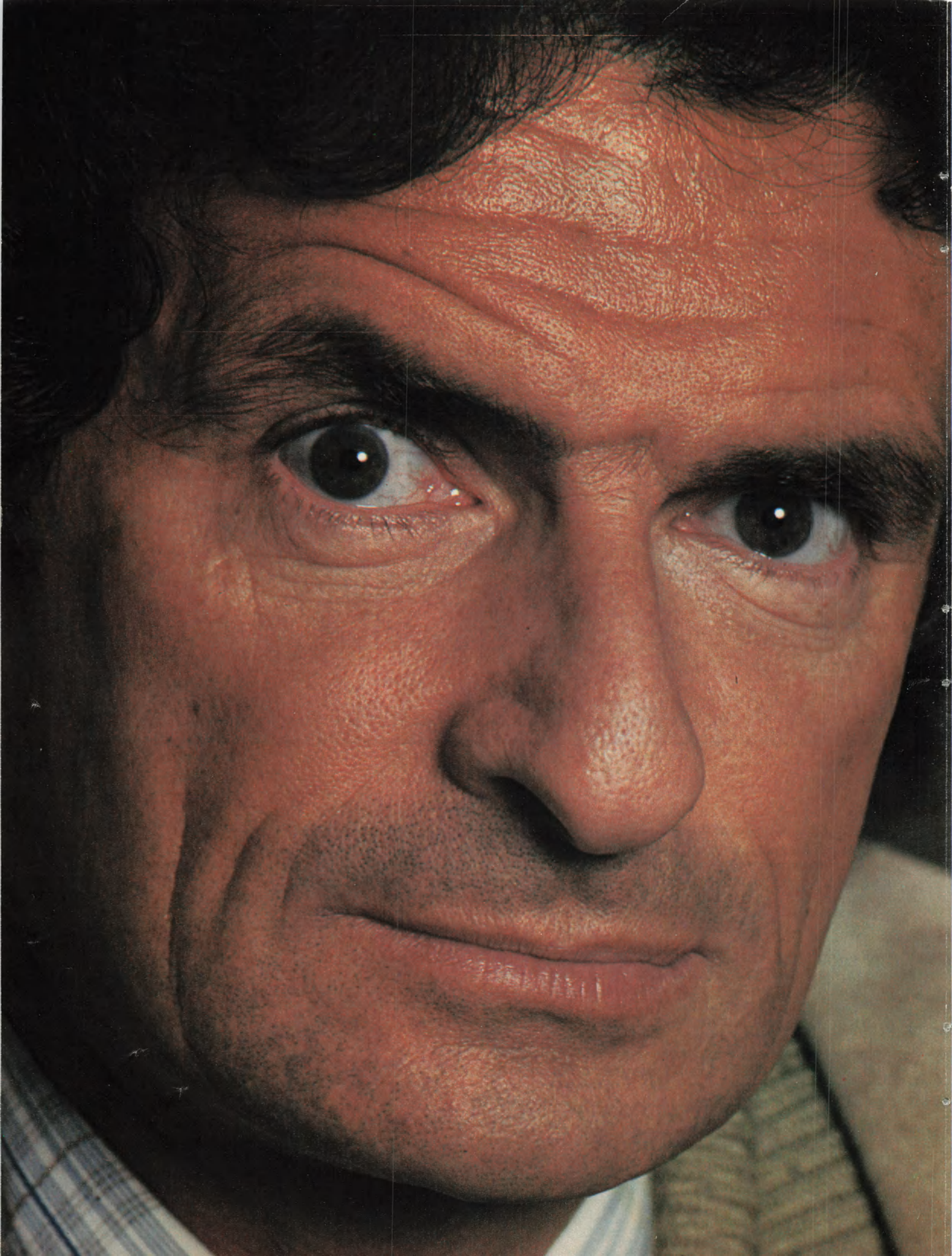

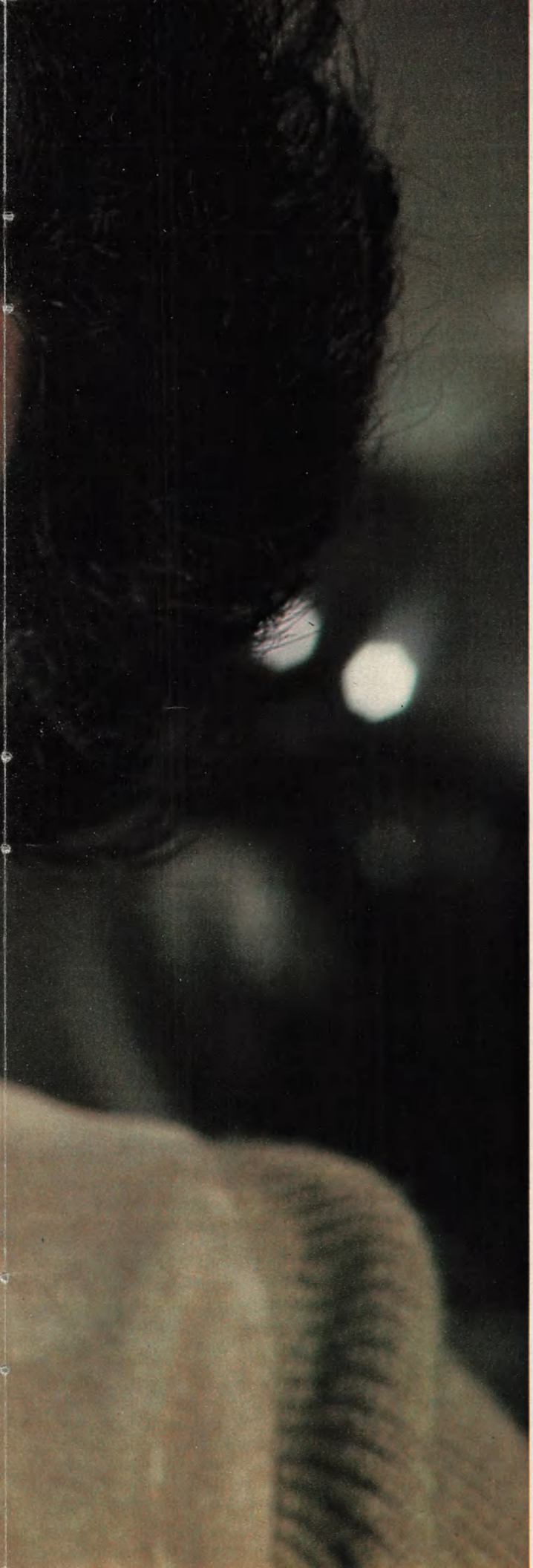

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"If writing about sex enhances our view of life, then it is art. I express my interest in the more obvious physical aspects of sex in the photographs I've taken."

JERZY KOSINSKI

Jerzy Kosinski is one of America's most controversial novelists. He first shocked the literary world in 1965 with *The Painted Bird,* a graphic account of a mute child's odyssey through violent, war-torn Poland. Readers suspected immediately that this, like many first novels, was autobiographical—and that the young Kosinski had himself been a mute witness to the unthinkable. In each of his subsequent novels, Kosinski continued to mingle art and life as he created a bizarre mystique for himself. Although his books were labeled "fiction," they hinted at Kosinski's real-life experiences of the perverse. The protagonists of *Steps* (1968), *Cockpit* (1975), and *Blind Date* (1977) are aficionados of violence whose roguish and random adventures around the world may have paralleled Kosinski's own—or so he suggested in frequent talk-show appearances.

It comes as no surprise that this popular TV raconteur has registered his fascination with the mass media in one of his most popular novels, *Being There* (1971). His forays into the inner sanctums of the American superrich are amply recorded in *The Devil Tree* (1973, revised and expanded 1981), and his well-known fascination with high-risk sports is reflected in *Passion Play* (1979). Most recently, in *Pinball* (1982), Kosinski meditated on the conflict between privacy and publicity that has haunted his career. For as much as he has revealed about himself and his obsessions, Kosinski has also conducted a profoundly secret life—which he talks about now in this month's *Penthouse* interview.

In 1957 a penniless Kosinski arrived in the United States from Poland. He worked at various odd jobs until he fulfilled the dream of many immigrants: to marry a fabulously wealthy American woman. Mary Hayward Weir was eighteen years his senior, and the widow of a steel magnate. She died six years later and left Kosinski without inheritance. During their marriage, however, he had managed to produce *The Painted Bird*, launching his international literary career. His second novel, *Steps,* won the coveted National Book Award. Then tragedy struck Kosinski's life again with the brutal slayings of Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring,

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY GUCCIONE

Wojtek Frykowski, and Abby Folger at the California home of his old friend, filmmaker Roman Polanski. Kosinski said he was on his way to the Polanski household that horrific night but was delayed by a baggage mix-up, which saved his life. Later, he detailed his vision of the Charles Manson murders in the novel *Blind Date*.

Penthouse interviewer Barbara Leaming met Jerzy Kosinski while researching her new book, *Polanski: The Filmmaker as Voyeur*. Shortly before the publication of Kosinski's new novel, *Pinball*, she met with him again in his midtown Manhattan apartment to discuss a vast array of topics.

In this month's *Penthouse* interview, Kosinski makes clear how much of the bizarre material in his novels is based on his real-life obsessions. He talks at length about his lifelong interest in nude photography—a subject that comes up in *The Devil Tree*, *Steps*, *Cockpit*, and *Blind Date*. He explains his fascination with transsexuals—shared by the protagonists of *Passion Play* and *Blind Date*—and with the disguises and sex clubs that figure so prominently in *Pinball*. Convict Jack Henry Abbott makes a cameo appearance in *Pinball*—and Kosinski here recounts his volatile correspondence and meeting with the brilliant writer-killer, to whose violent youth he compares his own. Finally, Kosinski speaks revealingly about Peter Sellers's appearance in the film version of *Being There*, and about his own off-screen encounters with Warren Beatty when the novelist-turned-actor starred in *Reds*.

Penthouse: Is some of your writing pornographic?

Kosinski: Some might think it is. Others think it is spiritual.

Penthouse: What is the difference between your novels and pornography?

Kosinski: Pornography views sex as physical, not spiritual. It does to sex what totalitarianism does to politics: it reduces it to a single dimension. But for me, as for all my fictional characters, sex is a spiritual force, a core of their being, indeed, the procreative basis for self-definition.

Penthouse: Are you at all interested in literary pornography? Do you see any difference between literary pornography—something like *The Story of O* or the work of the Marquis de Sade—and commonplace pornography?

Kosinski: I see an enormous difference. If writing about sex enhances our view of life, then it is art. If it doesn't, if it counteracts the wholesomeness of sex and degrades it, then it belongs in the Yellow Pages, under a more commercial listing.

Penthouse: Have you, like countless other writers, ever tried to write undiluted pornography?

Kosinski: No. Why should I? I abhor pornography. I express my interest in the more obvious physical aspects of sex in the photographs I've taken. Since the age of fifteen I have done a great deal of nude photography. For me, by nature, the visual is one-dimensional, with limited complexity or ambiguity. As art, photography interests me because it portrays surfaces and only surfaces. I like to think that, in my novels, I give these surfaces depth.

Penthouse: What is your relationship with the people you photograph?

Kosinski: A limited relationship. By shortening the social distance between us, the camera mediates between me and the person I am interested in. The camera makes no phony claims. Its presence states clearly that as a photographer I am after a visual being. Since I photograph only the face and the body, social complexities between the photographer and his model are out of place. The idea is to get the person, or persons, in front of the camera as quickly as possible. There is no need to go through a great deal of anything else. I have access to photo studios, each with a darkroom, which I can use at any time. No matter where I am in New York, it is no more than a ten-minute taxi ride to a place where I can be alone in a darkroom or where I can photograph those who went there with me.

Penthouse: Do you ever photograph people without their knowledge?

Kosinski: No, but often without their clothes. In intimate circumstances, I did not and never would take pictures without people's knowledge. I have often photographed some of my friends—consenting adults, I might add—in various circumstances of a sexual nature. Occasionally, I might take pictures without their knowing precisely when I'm about to depress the camera's shutter.

Penthouse: Why would you do that?

Kosinski: To get their authentic, unpremeditated expressions. To avoid physical clichés.

Penthouse: For what purpose?

Kosinski: Because I'm interested in the human body. It excites me sexually and aesthetically. During the war I came to view the human body as a target of destruction, the enemy of mankind beaten, raped, mutilated, gassed. After the war I came to know it as a source of life and love. There was no stronger bond than the embrace of lovers, and none more beautiful. I still see it that way.

Penthouse: Who are some of the people you photograph?

Kosinski: Usually women, alone or with their intimate friends of the moment. Some of them are, or used to be, performers in nightclubs and burlesques. Some of them I have known only fleetingly, others are friends and acquaintances whom, over the years, I have photographed every few months. Many have allowed themselves to be photographed in exchange for the photographs or photographic portfolios they need in their professional work; many have done it as a favor; many out of vanity. I enlarge their photographs myself and I mount them in several albums, a progression of faces and bodies, through all the stages of undress—and time. Ever since I began doing all this, at the age of sixteen, I've also been developing an elaborate system of filing slides, proofs, and enlargements—and of their quick retrieval, should I suddenly run into one of my photographic subjects.

Penthouse: How many women have you photographed in the nude?

Kosinski: As a serious, creative project? Several hundred, over more than thirty years, I guess. But then I do take photographs of other women subjects in less creative circumstances.

Penthouse: What do the photographs of these women reveal?

Kosinski: They obviously reveal many things—how, through their poses, they view themselves as physical beings, and about the flesh and what time does to it. Also, these photographs reveal a great deal about me. It seems that as a visual being I am very idiosyncratic, almost fetishistic, in my pursuits. Looking at the contact sheets and albums, I noticed that, over the years, I used certain angles, distances, and close-ups far more often than I did others. Suddenly, the photographs began to facilitate a revealing analysis of my sexual drive and of its aesthetics. They show how, whether for cultural or personal reasons, I respond to—or prefer—certain parts of the body and certain poses of dress and undress. Why did I press the shutter then, and not three seconds before or after? And why would I use the same angle, the same close-up, with several hundred women I photographed over the years? Before this self-discovery, had someone confronted me with the suggestion of my preferences, I would have quite likely denied them. But the photographs proved otherwise. I was pleased by this newly found source of self-knowledge. But, in some instances, I also told myself that enough is enough and attempted to alter my sexual self.

Penthouse: You have both photographed transsexuals and written about them. Why?

Kosinski: All my fictional characters are seekers and questers, preoccupied with self-definition. A transsexual's need for a new self-definition is far greater than most of us have. And the price a transsexual pays for redefinition is obviously very dramatic—and often irreversible. That's why, at least twice, transsexuals have appeared among the protagonists of my fiction, and that's why I've photographed some eighty of them at various stages of their metamorphosis.

Penthouse: In your treatment of sex, do you consider your novels unusually explicit?

Kosinski: Not at all unusual, given the role of sexual behavior in contemporary life. Comparatively, the treatment of sex and violence by many of the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century writers is far more advanced than mine. Look at the fiction of Stendhal, Balzac, Kuprin, Twain, Poe,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka
The spirit of the Czar

It was the Golden Age of Russia, and the Czar reigned supreme. Europe, Asia: all the empire was his.

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STEREO STAR TREK

BY DON KIRSHNER

Nobody's less surprised than me that people today have become such discriminating connoisseurs of sound. Ever since I started my own music publishing company—at age twenty-one, drawing a weekly salary of fifty dollars—I've sensed the public's insatiable love for popular music. Twenty-five years later, I look around and find music a more predominant popular art form than ever. Just count the hours per day we're tuned in to radio, tapes, or albums. We wake up to music, drive to work with music, enjoy our meals to music, dance and party to music, make love to music. Often we fall asleep to music. With advances in microtechnology we've witnessed the portable-stereo revolution, and music has spread to the streets, parks, and beaches. Walk to work and what do you see? Businessmen—businessmen!—with Walkmans glued to their ears. Or runners jogging through the streets with earphones clapped to their heads. And it's not just the quantity of music around us—it's the ever-improving quality of *sound*.

In growing numbers of movie theaters we're treated to vibrant high-fidelity stereo. The quality of car audio has improved vastly. At home, breakthroughs in digital recording, sale of half-speed, remastered classics, and such innovations as Dolby C or dbx noise reduction have brought near-studio sound to the average American's living room or bedroom. Components, even as they've shrunk in size and cost, now provide fuller sound and infinitely better fidelity. And let's not forget aesthetics. Gone are the days when the stereo was shoved in a corner, an embarrassing, clunky piece of furniture. Through bold, imaginative design—ultrasleek trim-line or knockout high-tech—audio components can now add terrific style and elegance to a room's decor. (Just have a look at Peter Allen's magnificent Bang & Olufsen system on the next page.)

Technology is also benefiting audio by expanding the various forms through which we listen to chart-busting stars and groups. Not long ago, our sole access to popular music was limited to radio, record albums, and, for the fortunate few, live concerts. But look what's happened in the last few years. The "video revolution" has introduced two exciting new options for home listening: video disc players and videocassette recorders. On tape or disc, a wealth of music and multimedia concert programming awaits a simple plug-in to the standard television. Then there's the abundant new music broadcast via cable and pay TV. Whether it's the twenty-four-hour music channel or concert specials like HBO's recent Simon and Garfunkel reunion, cable has turned the television—once, primarily a visual appliance—into an exciting audio source. To me, of course, music's mating with video is nothing new. Premiering ten years ago, "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert" was the first, and most enduring, concert program regularly to showcase rock music on television. Suddenly there was no need to sit hunched far back in last-row balcony seats, craning for views of the stage. Nowhere else have so many millions of Americans been treated to so many of the world's top recording stars—in intimate close-up.

But each new advance brings with it a new challenge. After

Don's home disco (left), including four Altec power-amp 2200s, a Bozak CMA 10-2DL pre-amp, Technics SL-1800 MK2 turntables, and twenty 15-inch Altec speakers. (Above) Yamaha CR-620 receiver, Aiwa AP-6350 cassette deck, and Technics SL-D2 turntable.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MUTH

"Listening to a new group in the studio, it's easy to get overwhelmed by that fabulous engineered sound—everything sounds good. But that's the studio, not reality."

all, with Mick Jagger wailing out "Satisfaction," who wanted to hear that thrilling Rolling Stones sound through the TV's very *un*satisfactory five-inch speaker? On "Rock Concert," we came up with a terrific solution: simulcast. By using a simultaneous radio broadcast over the FM band, we were able to provide the very best sound available through the home viewer's audio equipment (an innovation, incidentally, that won me *Billboard* magazine's 1973 "Trendsetter of the Year" award). Now, ten years later, we're witnessing another series of breakthroughs. For instance, it may not be long before the FCC gives approval for stereo sound to be added to conventional TV signals. Of more immediacy, with optical disc systems already offering stereo and with stereo videocassettes poised to hit the retail market, some TV-makers have already begun to build stereo amplifiers into their latest models. In other words: given a stereo source—tape, disc, or broadcast—TV will soon be playing stereo. Even without stereo TV, the sound can easily be routed through a home system's stereo speakers.

With all this new audio opportunity, it's natural that music lovers have become more selective in seeking out the very best sound systems. Of course, everyone's needs, and resources, vary. In my own rural New Jersey home, I've built two lavish discotheques where, to create the same ultimate sound that's played in the best clubs and discos, I've installed nothing but top-of-the-line equipment, and plenty of it: four Altec power amps (600 watts per channel), a Bozak pre-amp, a Technics equalizer, and twenty Altec fifteen-inch speakers in the ceiling. (Unless you plan to build your own disco, and risk your neighbor's wrath, don't concern yourself with all that expense and wattage.) The audio system designed for my study is somewhat more modest but incorporates some of the best available components: Yamaha receiver, Aiwa cassette deck, Technics turntable. But taste varies, and there are countless ways to assemble a sound system that's perfect for you. Look at Kool and the Gang.

Featured on "Rock Concert," Kool and the Gang are good friends of mine and, with the release of their 1981 smash album, *Celebrate!*, proved themselves one of America's most exciting music acts. Though their music is eminently danceable, it's also complex and varied. Their latest sizzling album, *Something Special,* ranges from jazz-tinged funk and balladry to the laid-back West Indies reggae of "Take My Heart." When I asked Kool's lead vocalist, James ("JT") Taylor, where he drew his inspiration from, he smiled: "You name it. I grew up on everything. Opera, gospels, Top 40, R & B, Barbra Streisand. I go from Pavarotti to Stevie Wonder."

Despite the group's phenomenal success, its founder, Robert ("Kool") Bell, lives in a modest house in Newark, N.J., with a modestly priced sound system that perfectly matches Robert's personality: solid, quality-conscious, no chic ostentation. He uses a Kenwood amp that he's had for years, a fairly inexpensive cassette deck, and a Dual turntable. Nothing too flashy, nothing too fancy. Kool does, however, put special stress on his four linked speakers: two JBLs and two ARs. "The JBL's a good speaker," Kool told me. "For the size it sounds fine. With the ARs, I like the high end, the brighter sound—while the JBLs hold the bass and provide top separa-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 193

(Above) Robert ("Kool") Bell and James ("JT") Taylor tune in with Pioneer headphones, Dual 1228 turntable, Kenwood KR-6400 receiver, and Aiwa's 280D-SS reel-to-reel. (Right) Peter Allen and Bang & Olufsen: Beocord 2200 Dolby system cassette deck, Beomaster 4000 receiver, and Beogram 4002 turntable.

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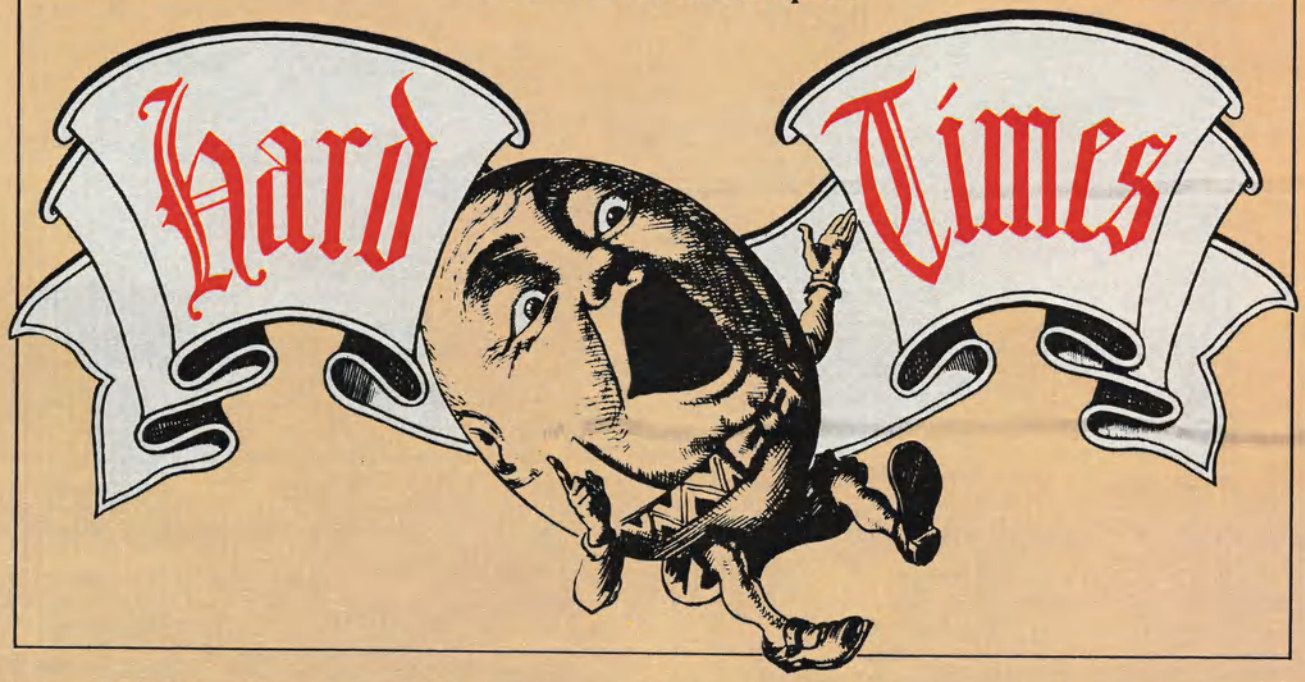

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TWO COEDS FLUNK MURDER—TRY SIX WAYS TO KILL TEACHER

A Long Island high-school guidance teacher told police yesterday that two teenage girls lured him to a motel with a promise of sex—and then tried six different ways to kill him.

Eugene La Colla, 54, admitted to police he had shared wine, marijuana, and sex with one of the girls—Sharon Brown, 18, a Bay Shore HS senior—for more than a year.

Miss Brown admitted she enlisted fellow senior Deanna McClure, 17, in a plot to kill La Colla because he refused to end the relationship, police said.

La Colla himself told police the pair fed him a rum and sleeping pill drink Dec. 18 on the way to a motel—but he vomited it up without suspecting anything.

Three days later they lured him to a motel, he said, disrobed him, stroked his hair, poured wine over his body, and told him to shut his eyes.

They then struck him in the face with a bottle, stabbed him in the back, hit his head with a pistol, sprayed MACE at him, and tried to inject air into him with a hypodermic needle.

Having flunked murder, they tried stealing his car—but only after dropping him at Southside Hospital.

But La Colla went to a private physician for treatment. He told his wife he had been mugged and told police only that someone had stolen his car.

The McClure girl was picked up by an officer who watched her park illegally in a fire zone.

The teenagers are in Suffolk County jail today on attempted murder charges—unable to post the $15,000 bail set by a judge after a prosecutor said they had confessed.

La Colla has been suspended and may be fired as Brentwood's guidance counselor, said School Superintendent Guy DiPietro. (*New York Post*)

Killing is too good for him.—Editor

Firemen sleep as station burns

Firemen slept peacefully as their station burned.

A blaze broke out in the fire station and burned for an hour before a state trooper woke the firemen.

"Yes, we're embarrassed," said Olympia, Wash., fire chief Jack Munger after the fire was put out.

"You never want to have a fire in a fire station. But those things happen." (*Weekly World News*)

Especially if you're fast asleep.—Editor

Garbage Chips: Latest Snack For "Junk Food" Fans

A researcher at Canada's Waterloo University has developed the ultimate junk food–garbage chips.

Dr. Murray Moo-Young has designed a process to turn manure, sludge, coffee grounds and other garbage into high-protein foods.

The process uses fungi which feed off garbage and are then dried into chips, which the researcher says taste "somewhat malty."

Already, a French firm has been licensed to build 14 processing plants to make animal feed and food for Third World countries.

But Moo-Young, who offers free samples to visitors to his laboratory, says the chips can also be used as exotic party snacks.

After all, the researcher says: "Expensive, exotic food such as lobsters and crawfish also eat a lot of garbage." (*Globe*)

Yeah...but they keep quiet about it.–Editor

MORE BAD NEWS FOR POLAND

World Wide Photos

Jennifer Hartman, a student at Harding University in Searcy, Ark., carries an American flag and a "Preppies for Poland" sign as she marches in a Solidarity Day rally in Little Rock. (*Associated Press*–submitted by Gerard van der Leun.)

Bill Bernstein/Black Star

Sex Maniacs Get Disco Therapy

In what may be the wackiest new psychiatric treatment yet, convicted sex maniacs were allowed out of a mental hospital–to disco the night away with unsuspecting women!

The shrinks defend the incredible outings for the rapists by saying the men need to "mingle with women in order to see whether the therapy on them has worked."

Groups of the sex criminals were taken to a local discotheque on several occasions, a nurse in San Bernardino, Calif., revealed.

Astonishingly, the women dancing at the nightspot were not told that the men were really mentally deranged rapists–who were in the hospital for brutal attacks on innocent females!

"Psychiatric treatment is not a matter of putting pills in someone's mouth," said hospital director Mal Towery. (*Weekly World News*)

That would be too easy.–Editor

TOPLESS WOMEN PROTEST PUBLIC NUDITY BAN

Nearly 20 bare-breasted women and dozens of singing and chanting supporters marched through downtown Santa Cruz yesterday after a judge refused to throw out a regulation that prohibits nudity on state beaches.

There were no arrests.

Santa Cruz city and county law-enforcement agencies said the women broke no law by parading around topless. "State beaches are the only place it's illegal," said Keith Duel, deputy chief of police. (New York *Daily News*)

Known as the Duel standard no doubt....–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

COMPUTER CRIME

Blackmail, theft, espionage, kidnapping, even murder at the push of a button—yesterday's science fiction is today's economic nightmare.

BY BILL LAWREN

Jackson's Law: With a Big Enough Hammer, You Can Break Anything

Donn Parker does not look like a worried man. Indeed, it's hard to look worried when the backdrop for one's labors is the benign, almost Arcadian cool of SRI International, the Menlo Park, Calif., think tank where Parker works as a computer security specialist. But now, over lunch and under the vaulted ceilings of SRI's International Room—where noontime conversation is heated to an excited roar by the friction of rubbing IQs—Parker drops his bombshell:

"We've just discovered a very serious vulnerability," he says, "a trap door in existing computer systems. The weakness is extremely widespread, and it essentially means that all the systems that we thought were relatively secure—including national-defense computers and any of the very large payment systems—are wide open."

Excuse me? Was that *wide open*?

Parker nods. "Three weeks ago," he says, "we would have said, 'Well, these systems are pretty secure.' Today we're saying, 'If you know about this trap door, their security is zero.'"

Parker will not elaborate, except to say that the existence of the trap door has been reported to "all the right places."

"Now," he says, "we're sitting back, waiting to see what's going to happen next."

Computer-security experts like Parker have been dealing with what might happen next ever since it became obvious that the downside of all the com-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSS CHAPPLE

IION
DEFER
EXECUTE
READY
WRITE LOCK
DATA GENERAL

puter's marvelous capability was its vulnerability to crime. Although computer crime has been increasing at a rate that Parker calls "epidemic," up to now the prevailing attitude—among the public, at least—has been almost approving, as if these crimes were a series of cute, novelesque little capers perpetrated by a clever bunch of electronic Robin Hoods.

But many authorities are growing increasingly concerned about the possible emergence of a whole new order of computer crime, with what amounts to a dangerous sea change in the type and size of thse rip-offs. Experts pore over future scenarios that include everything from malicious mischief to murder, from international espionage to the systematic dismantling of entire economies. Talk of "chaos" and "national disaster" is not uncommon. The alarming thing about these scenarios is this: in many cases they are not just science fiction, not just the mind play of bored technocrats, but actual concerns based either on actual cases or on clear and present dangers.

Malicious mischief. Up to now, the low comedy of computer crime. For example, two Yale students gained access to the university's computer, diddled with files, changed grades, created dummy accounts. Once they got inside the system, said sophomore Thomas Karzes, "there was nothing we couldn't do." "It harmed no one," said one faculty member. A fourteen-year-old in Los Angeles carried out a remote "invasion" of the computers at Bloodstock Research Corp. in Kentucky, destroying some genealogical data on certain racehorses. "They were just fishing around," said Parker, "in this electronic Land of Oz."

Palo Alto attorney Susan Nycum, who specializes in computer crime, speculates about compu-pranks in the future. "Suppose I didn't like the fact that the traffic lights were always red when I got there," she muses. "Well, I could just zap the microcomputer so that I'd always have green." Given the proliferation of home computers that give orders to appliances, it's equally easy to imagine future practical jokes in which electric blankets were mysteriously turned off on freezing winter nights, and in which no matter how many curse-punctuated efforts were made to change the TV channel, it always returned to midget wrestling.

Petty theft. There are endless examples at the present, including a welfare clerk who programmed a computer to give him unauthorized food stamps. For the future, Nycum imagines "a modern-day Fagan with a whole lot of little computer thieves wandering through the streets, doing the electronic equivalent of picking pockets." More seriously, she worries about newly microcomputerized Mom and Pop operations that may fall victim to what she calls the "little-old-lady-in-tennis-shoes kind of crime," a bookkeeping or accounting employee who needs cash and learns how to pilfer it from Mom and Pop—electronically. "It's the equivalent of dipping in the till," Nycum says, "only now it's done by computer."

Blackmail. The Susan Thunder case. "Susan Thunder" was the CB handle of a highly paid Los Angeles prostitute, a lady who knew both computers and some of their classier programmers, well, intimately. Susan was a member of a computer community bulletin board, a club of microcomputer owners who use their machines to send messages to and from other members. "Apparently," says Parker, "Susan got a lot of very useful information from her customers—telephone numbers, password entries into the Department of Defense research computers and the FBI system—and put them into the bulletin board for everyone to use." No actual blackmail was discovered, but the potential was obvious. "Very disruptive," comments FBI special agent Paul Nolan.

> Inmates at Leavenworth Federal Prison obtained tax refunds ranging from $600 to $10,000 by determining IRS auditing triggers and then avoiding them in phony returns.

Extortion and kidnapping. Already the subject of at least two novels: Frederic Huber's *Apple Crunch*, in which two computer freaks steal vital data from a New York City computer and hold the info for a $20-million ransom; and Louis Charbonneau's *Intruder*, in which the crook electronically "kidnaps" a municipal computer and threatens to crash the system unless a $5-million ransom is paid. In the real world, a recently fired programmer in England stole the computer tapes that held all the company's financial planning for the next five years—extremely valuable material, especially to the company's competitors—then attempted to ransom it for $470,000. More recently, two Chicago-area teenagers used a home computer to invade the data-processing system at De Paul University, then threatened to shut the system down unless it handed over a program they wanted. Their reasons for attacking the system illustrate the joy-of-counting attitudes of many systems crashers: "They did it," said police investigator Douglas Ellis, "because everyone said it couldn't be done."

Murder. The idea of murder by computer sounds like something out of the overheated imagination of a detective novelist gone mod. Nevertheless, at least one case—one with enormous international ramifications—has been characterized by Parker as a possible attempt at "out-and-out first-degree murder," with the computer as accessory to the crime. In January 1980, an airliner carrying the Soviet ambassador to the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin, was awaiting landing in air space over New York's Kennedy Airport. In what one FAA spokesman describes as "an excess of patriotic zeal," an air-traffic controller transferred the plane's computer blip from the master terminal to his own console, then punched it off the computer record entirely. For all practical purposes, the plane had disappeared. "The controller's intent," said Parker, "was to try and increase the chance that the plane would collide with another aircraft."

"Obviously," said the FAA official, "it was deliberate."

Fortunately, air traffic was light at the time, and an alert supervisor managed to correct the situation before a disastrous midair collision could occur. (The errant controller, by the way, was never indicted. In the absence of a confession, the best the FAA could do by way of punishment was to give him a thirty-day suspension.) Although an international incident of gigantic proportions was averted, the horrifying potential of the situation was not lost on the FBI.

"It could happen again," says Nolan. "The ATC system is vulnerable."

The attempt on Dobrynin's life may represent the first known case of the use of computer-as-weapon, and it raises some harrowing questions. If the ATC system is "vulnerable," what's to prevent another controller (a spy? an agent of organized crime?) from making another such attempt, in the next case perhaps a successful one? And if ATC computers can become weapons in the wrong hands, what about the computers that run other transportation systems, San Francisco's BART, for example? And what about hospital life-support systems—are they equally "vulnerable"? Could a latter-day Solozzo murder a helpless Don Corleone in his hospital bed simply by zapping his oxygen computer?

"You could ask an endless array of questions like that," comes Parker's chilling reply, "and the answer to every one of them would be yes."

"You name it," says Huber, the computer expert *cum* novelist. "If it uses computers, it's vulnerable."

Organized crime. Will tomorrow's Mafia be computerized? Will the Cosa Nostra eventually be taking its orders from a malevolent data processor named VITO? The notion may be farfetched, but current signs are disturbing. "Increasingly," says Huber, "you hear whispers about organized crime being into computers—not to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MONEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

bodies as possible. And why not? It doesn't cost them anything and every new employee is implicitly a campaign worker.

For example, congressmen are mailing out more than one million free calendars to voters whom they wish to impress. When you think of how hard it is to send out your Christmas cards, you can appreciate that that is one whale of a job. It takes a staff that can also busy itself programming computer letters to send to your grandmother if she's lucky enough to live to her one-hundredth birthday, or to write to you with a fanciful explanation of the important public purpose of the congressman served by whooping it up on his latest costly junket. Explaining takes a lot of paper and a lot of secretarial time.

Not only have congressmen been hiring personal staff right and left, they are also entitled to hire staff members for the committees on which they sit. From 1970 to 1980 those staff members grew from 700 to almost 2,000. One fed-up committee aide told the *Washington Post*, "We got to the point where we were adding staffs that were doing nothing but calling up other staff on the telephone. And we got to the point where there was no other place to stack bodies."

Of course, that justifies erecting more buildings. Buildings that can house not only regular staff but hundreds of others whose job it is to make a congressman feel and look good. That includes video and audio technicians to produce radio and television shows to send back to stations in the congressman's home state. And exercise attendants for the congressional gyms. Space also has to be found for the employees of the congressional mail room—which will send out at least $25 million more free mail for congressmen this year than last, when $52 million was spent on what is, all too often, simply junk mail.

Space is provided for many others. Some are not even government employees. But they've earned their way by making congressmen look good. The *Washington Post* reported, for example, that a documentary filmmaker named Jerry Colbert has been occupying, free of charge, an office in the Cannon House Office Building for more than four years. What did he do to deserve this cushy space? He helped produce a flattering documentary about House Speaker Tip O'Neill entitled *Mr. Speaker: A Portrait of Tip O'Neill*.

The amounts of money that Congress lavishes on itself, as great as they are, are only a piddling fraction of the sums the lawmakers appropriate to be spent by other agencies of government. The total federal budget of more than $725.3 billion is so great that it can not be comprehended by the ordinary mortal, nor even by the ordinary congressman. The representatives and senators who vote to spend such sums on all kinds of projects could not have more than a sketchy grasp of how the money is actually used.

As Senator Proxmire writes in his powerful book *The Fleecing of America*, "There is no way that the President, his cabinet, or members of Congress, no matter how diligent or dedicated, can do more than set up the broadest kind of spending guidelines. Immense discretion, often lacking in officials of greatly varying ability and vulnerability, must be relied on."

And of course when bureaucrats spend your money, it costs them nothing at all. The official who funded the backward motorcycle, for instance, was certainly not responsible, as you would be responsible if you took your own money and squandered it on such a nitwit idea. It seems that when it's government money, it becomes, as Senator Proxmire has said, "play money."

That's why Department of Commerce bureaucrats saw nothing out of the ordinary about dishing out $28,600 to help locate a good surfing beach in Hawaii. They could have asked anyone with a surfboard in Honolulu. But why not waste your money?

> The Federal Aviation Administration earned a Golden Fleece Award from Sen. William Proxmire for spending $57,800 on a study of the body measurements of those training to become airline stewardesses.

Lots of government money is in fact spent to find the answers to questions that will never be of use to 999,999 taxpayers out of a million. Senator Proxmire reports that thousands have been spent to study the behavior of drunken fish. One such costly experiment sought to establish whether sunfish who become drunk on gin are more aggressive than those who get drunk on tequila.

Another experiment attempted to drive rats to drink by first driving them crazy. The rats were isolated in mazes, then randomly rewarded and punished until they became neurotic.

Other reports confirmed that $41,573 was spent in an investigation of the Australian and New Zealand liverwort, the small plant that grows under twigs and trees in the wet areas of those countries. This work may lead to some great improvement in the lives of millions. But don't hold your breath.

The Department of Agriculture earned a Golden Fleece Award by spending your money to psychoanalyze jogging hogs. They wanted to find out whether hogs, especially gestating sows, would be less world-weary and tense if they jogged.

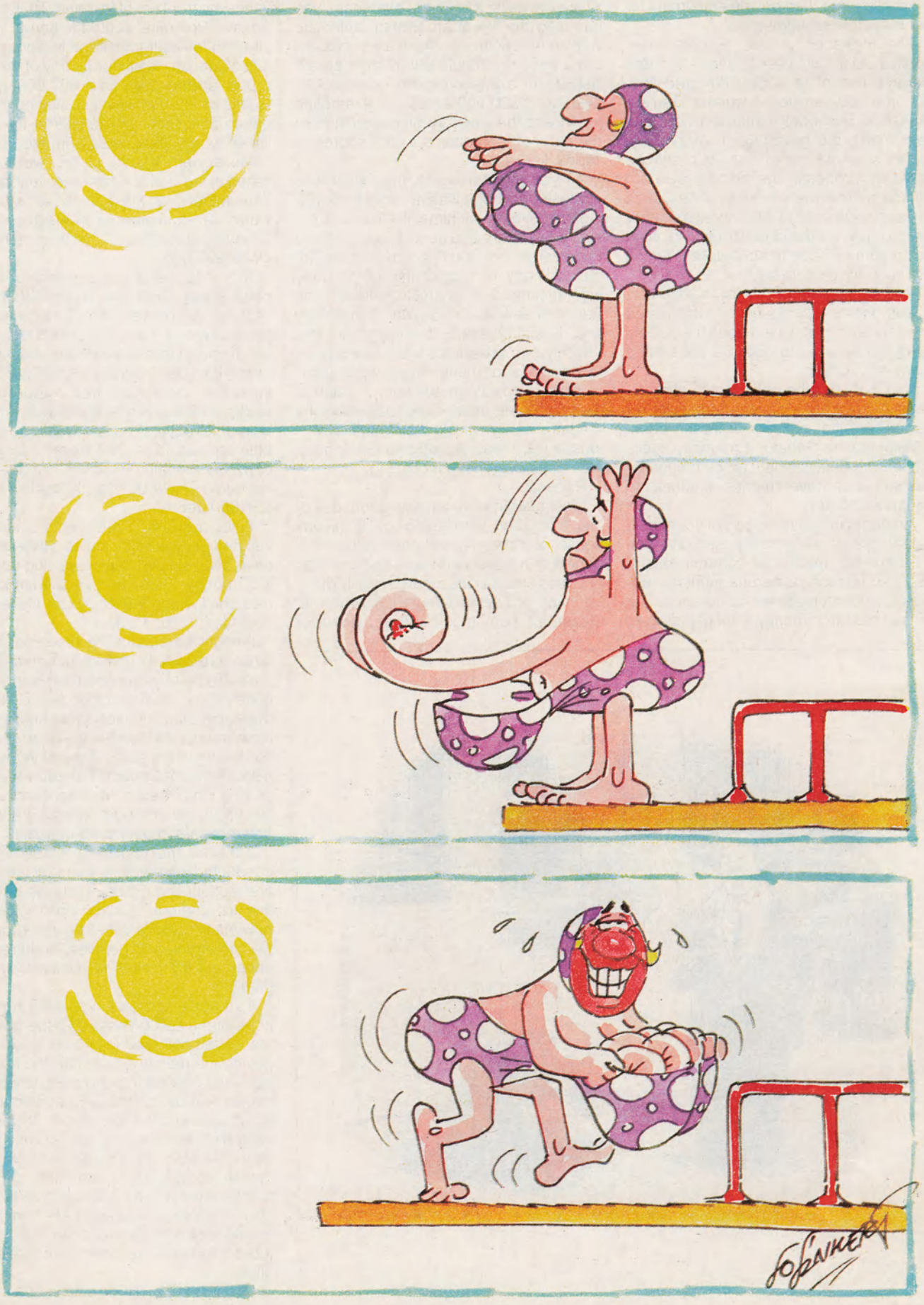
Many studies undertaken at your expense are little better than excuses to collect money and spend it. Favored professors and others with a knowledge of the art of grantsmanship have learned how to make you pay for their private pastimes. They merely go through the bureaucracy. They've learned that bureaucrats handling play money can be persuaded to lavish it on almost any scheme that is properly presented for the bureaucratic point of view.

If a professor wishes to take a vacation to an exotic clime, this becomes "basic research." Its utter irrelevance to the lives of those who pay for it is hidden under a mantle of academic sanctity, and anyone who objects must be an ignoramus.

That is more or less the condition under which billions of dollars of taxpayers' money came to be wasted. Among the worst aspects of this research scam is that it plays upon the better instincts of the American people. The message has long since gone out that Americans believe in education and the advance of knowledge. So, we have been willing to support, often against our better judgment, endeavors that experts testify would contribute in some remote way to the progress of human knowledge. We have been told over and over that penicillin was discovered on a moldy plate. So you had better support any crackbrained study they care to dream up. You never know what might come of it.

It's true, of course, that there is always a remote chance that something will come of anything. But what they don't tell you is that the researcher who discovered penicillin, Alexander Fleming, was not working off some government grant on a tropical isle. He made his discovery, quite by chance, in his own laboratory. It happened because his research was underfunded, and when one of his petri dishes became contaminated with an airborne mold there were no assistants to clean it up immediately. Furthermore, neither Fleming nor anyone like him would ever have convinced the National Science Foundation to give him a grant. The scientific establishment, which determines who gets money and for what, could not have been less interested in penicillin. It took more than a decade, after Fleming had published his results, for the scientific establishment to realize what the discovery meant.

Nonetheless, the fact that seemingly useless studies have later proven valuable has been hyped to the utmost by the academic community. They have created an environment in which many people are too insecure to say that a ridiculous study is ridiculous. Under these conditions, bureaucrats, who are never reluctant to



spend money, have been bamboozled into squandering billions for studies that yield little other than private enjoyment for the researchers themselves.

The mysteries of this process were spelled out for all to see by Pierre van den Berghe, one of its successful practitioners, in a book entitled *Academic Gamesmanship*. This book explained how one can "milk" the government. Among the author's candid comments: "In drafting a research proposal, the primary concern should be to write it in such a way as to appear worthwhile to the evaluators rather than to give a candid description of what you intend or hope to accomplish; hence the need for dishonesty."

And so, many a professor, having borrowed these techniques or discovered them himself, has played upon the gullibility of bureaucrats to obtain a subsidized summer vacation.

And that isn't the only benefit the successful suitor for a government grant receives. Another passage from the book, highlighted by Senator Proxmire, spells out in vivid details what can be gained by cashing in on government's readiness to squander money:

"In addition to paying part of your basic salary, grants will typically also give you an extra two months of summer salary. You can finance numerous jaunts to domestic and international conferences out of your research money without having to beg your university for it or having to justify your trip by reading a paper. And, if your research calls for going overseas, you can lead the life of an oriental potentate with an American income in a low cost-of-living country. Should you remain an expatriate for eighteen months or more, you even get a $20,000-a-year tax exemption for waving the star-spangled banner from the halls of Montezuma to the shores to Tripoli."

As you might imagine, the fellow who wrote the passage was no slouch at milking the government himself. On one occasion a few years ago he received $97,000 to research life in the Peruvian Andes. The methodology of part of this great study was described in an article entitled "The Peruvian Brothel, A Sexual Dispensary and Social Arena." It informs us that "twenty-one prostitutes were formally interviewed and many more were interviewed informally. In addition, the staff of the brothel was interviewed, especially the madam. . . . By visiting the brothel at various times it was possible to get a good idea of its everyday functioning."

Big deal.

Most people have a pretty good idea of the everyday functioning of a bawdy house, and they learn it even without the benefit of adult supervision. But let us be gracious and suppose that the study of the Peruvian brothel did represent some increase of human knowledge, however negligible. We must then reasonably ask what became of this ennobled effort to advance the frontiers of learning. That's what Senator Proxmire wanted to know. He instructed his staff to ask the National Institute of Mental Health for a copy of the final report arising from this $97,000 grant. Guess what? NIMH never obtained the required final report, or copies of the published works that flowed from the grant.

More than 40,000 books were published in the United States last year alone. The authors of most of these volumes would have considered themselves lucky to have earned $9,700 for their pains, let alone $97,000.

So, under nagging from Senator Proxmire, a very short final report was finally sent in by Dr. van den Berghe—three years overdue. Then, to top it off, this great academic gamesman had the crust to inform NIMH officials that he wasn't about to send the government free copies of his works. Any books he did produce with the help of taxpayers' dollars would be available for purchase. Not even a courtesy copy. As Senator Proxmire remarked in his book, "How do you like that? After a $97,000 fleece!"

When asked by a reporter to comment, van den Berghe said he was "flattered" to have been singled out for wasting taxpayers' money. Said he, "In academic circles, the Golden Fleece Award is the next best thing to the Pulitzer."

It might be said in the professor's defense that there is nothing out of the ordinary about someone obtaining a massive government grant and then failing to produce very much. In fact, it was unusual for the bureaucrats to press the good professor to turn in his study. They never would have done it if Senator Proxmire had not been on their backs. Most research studies produced through federal grants or contracts are never heard of again.

Consider the results of a spot check conducted several years ago by the General Accounting Office on claims paid by the government to 2,400 contractors. In how many of those cases do you suppose the government agencies bothered to check out the claims for which they had paid?

If you guessed zero, you were right. In none of the 2,400 cases had the government even bothered to find out why it was paying the money or whether the alleged work had ever been performed. Explained James Alubowicz, the GAO audit manager who conducted this study: "Suppose HEW hires someone to write a book on alcohol for $50,000. The author's final bill comes to $150,000 and the government—without an audit to verify his claims—goes ahead and pays him. HEW has no idea whether the author did a good job or whether the book was written at all."

Of course, it could be said in defense of those who never write their research reports that they realize what would happen to the reports if they did finish them and

"I won't be toyed with, Withers! Cross me, and I'll fart again!"

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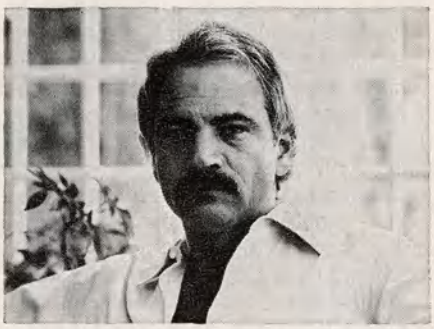

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that, being conservationists at heart, they want to save the paper.

Many of those reports written and turned in are simply stored away and never seen again. The *Washington Post*, reporting on the epidemic of waste in government consulting and research, said "tens of millions of dollars in studies and research sit unexamined in warehouses, agencies' files and cardboard boxes."

Contrary to the law specifying that the awarding of government contracts should come through competition, almost 70 percent of recent government-contract awards for amounts totaling almost $10 billion were let with only one bidder.

The Department of Housing and Urban Development awarded an $89,224 contract for a study to help reduce crime rates in public housing. The research dribbled to a halt, without achieving anything. Said Richard Burk, a HUD program officer who helped supervise: "Everything that could go wrong did. It was like Murphy's law."

In another contract, awarded by the Environmental Protection Agency, an Alabama firm received $43,442 for helping to compile data. The owner of the firm that received the contract said "it was supposed to be for $350,000 . . . but they never asked us to do anything. They just gave us a big contract and then they asked us to recompile data they already compiled. It was really nothing."

In another grand achievement, the same agency spent $360,000 for a consultant's study on truck pollution in Los Angeles and New York City. The study showed that trucks were driving through Manhattan at an average speed of *68 miles per hour*. The project director for the South Carolina firm that came to this startling conclusion laid the problem to testing equipment provided by the EPA. That equipment produced readings showing that a truck standing at a dead stop was moving at a speed of 25 miles per hour. Said the contractor's spokesman, "If you are reading garbage, it's garbage."

The EPA project officer who supervised the project, Roy Higdon, left the government in disgust. He told the *Washington Post*, "I, being a taxpayer, watched thousands of dollars go down the tubes and it teed me off. . . . these contracts, sometimes they are just plain ridiculous."

In another study by the EPA, the District of Columbia government was awarded $95,706 for a study of any harmful elements that may have been in the city's water. What was discovered? Consider this comment by Elbert Dage, who was called on to evaluate the results of this research. "The draft final report was completely unacceptable, not understandable, illegible, grammatically incorrect, filled with irrelevant information, inadequate methods of determination or repetition, and devoid of required illustrations or graphics."

The Office of Education, now its own cabinet-level department, spent $250,000 on a contract for research by a Los Angeles firm. All that was received in exchange was what one government official described as a "pile of unintelligible papers." An attorney for the contractor answered as follows: "How can the government say my client didn't deliver what he promised, when the government can't say what it is they asked for?"

Conclusions like that are all too appropriate, all too often. Moreover, it's frequently true that no one ever intended to use the studies in a constructive way. This was well understood by the authors of a $148,712 report on reorganization of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. They began their report with a comment from Petronius, a Roman satirist of the first century A.D.: "We tend to meet any new situation by enlarging and reorganizing, and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress by producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralization."

The *Washington Post* determined that no one ever read the report. As one former government official put it, "It was never used for anything. This was not unusual, it was common. Nobody ever wants to read these studies."

> Most members of the British Parliament have only one secretary, and answer their own mail. . . . The personal staff allowance for a member of the U.S. House of Representatives is twenty-two.

If this is a joke, the joke is on you. You pay for all this idiotic waste. And you will go on paying for it. It's not just the penny-ante items, the junkets, the backward motorcycles, and the crates of loony studies that are never read. Those are only the items easiest to tell about because they are the most comprehensible.

It is possible to know what $100,000 is. You may never see that much money, or at least not all at once. But you know what it could buy, what it could mean to your life or maybe to the lives of your parents or children. A new house maybe? A new car? Maybe the boat you always wanted? Or a dream vacation? Or better schooling for your children?

One hundred thousand dollars might be the total amount that you will pay in Social Security taxes in your lifetime. All you have to do is look to see example after example where that much money has been idiotically frittered away.

It's simple arithmetic: little things add up. Take something as small as a diode—a miniature electronic cell no bigger than the head of a pin. As confirmed by *Reader's Digest*, one such diode that could be purchased directly from the manufacturer for 9½ cents apiece ended up costing taxpayers $114 apiece. It's unbelievable, but true, that as procured by the Department of Defense (going through three middle men), each lousy diode cost taxpayers $114.

What happens on a small scale, on a human, comprehensible scale, is repeated in astronomical magnitudes in the big programs. Example: the government spent a billion dollars to clean up the Potomac River, which flows through the city of Washington. A recent audit of this spending by the GAO showed that $120 million was wasted. Money down the drain.

Example: according to the *Washington Post*, in a secret session, the Defense Resources Board projected that the total cost of the military spending buildup proposed by President Reagan could exceed his plans by $750 billion. If you had started at the moment Christ was born and spent $720 a minute, for every minute, day and night, from that time until now, you still would not have spent $750 billion.

But that is the amount by which Pentagon spending may overrun its budgeted costs between fiscal years 1984 and 1988. How could it be possible? Remember the diodes?

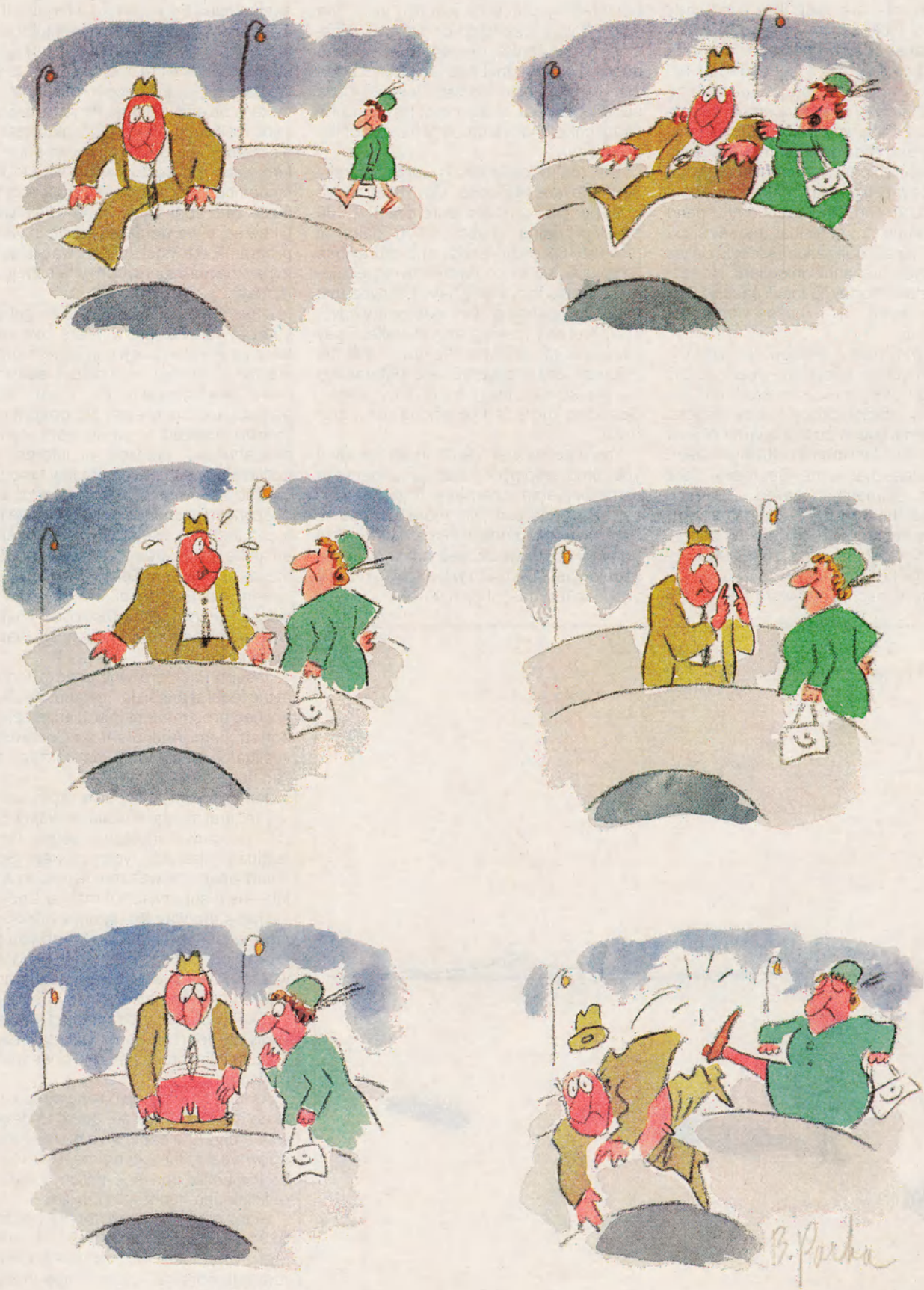
The funny thing is that anyone would still be surprised. That the American taxpayer would be fleeced is absolutely predictable. Senator Proxmire can't stop it. He can only ferret out examples of the waste. He publicizes it, votes against it, and nags his colleagues to do the same. And the world, as a result, is just a little less crazy than it would be without him.

But a senator, or even a president, trying to stop waste in the federal government is like a would-be magician trying to hold back an army of tanks with a wand. If he succeeds even a little, it is supernatural. A 10-percent savings would be a miracle.

But wasteful spending is not going to be cut. Reagan has not cut it; he has increased it. All the hullabaloo about "spending cuts" results from reductions that only slowed the rate of increase.

There is a reason why government is plagued with waste on a gigantic scale. It's not something that just happened because a few people were extraordinarily lazy, or a few people happened to be crooked, or a few people just happened to be smitten with cockamamie ideas. Government wastes money for the same reasons that people in free enterprise try to make profits. It spells survival for each and every department and program. In government, waste, extravagance, and inefficiency pay. It's that simple.

The reason that a government manager almost never wants to save money is that—unlike in free enterprise where savings and efficiency are the bases of profit and thus the way for people to get some-



thing for themselves—in government, savings and efficiency are a cause for dismay. Efficiency means a lower budget. And solving problems, God forbid, points toward the abolition of the agency

Bureaucrats are just like everybody else: they look out for themselves first. And because they do, we should not be surprised to find them squandering billions and tens of billions. Squandering pays. It's the way to advancement in government. It's the way to a larger agency, more employees, greater responsibility, and, hence, higher income. Look what happens every time the fiscal year is about to come to an end. The bureaucrats spend like madmen to see that money isn't saved: After all, our national debt is only a few notches over a trillion dollars. No reason to return money to the Treasury. Better to spend it. That's good for bureaucracy.

Make no mistake about it—wasting money at year's end is so clearly to the advantage of agencies involved that it is practically official policy. Some federal departments spend up to a quarter of their budgets in the last month of the fiscal year. It's a process that former Secretary of the Treasury Blumenthal called "pushing money out the door with a wheelbarrel."

Did the Pentagon manager who bought $119,074 worth of magazine subscriptions on the last day of the fiscal year think that these subscriptions were vital to the national defense? Or did he just have that much extra money to waste?

One federal board did a survey of high-ranking government executives to see what was bothering them. Many were bothered by practices just like that. One said, "I was instructed on several occasions to find contractors who would bill the agency for work that had not been started or even planned. This was done so large sums of excess budget monies could be spent rather than returned at the end of the fiscal year."

The Youth Conservation Corps had only 300 enrollees at Puxico, Mo. Yet for those 300 people, officials purchased 1,000 pairs of riding chaps, 4,000 pairs of gloves, 181 chain saws, and more than $120,000 worth of lawn-mowing equipment. Could they really have believed that this wild spending was necessary? No. They weren't making any mistake. They knew that the effect of the law is that the incomes of bureaucrats are determined by the size of the budget they spend. Spending more is like asking for a pay raise.

You'd get similar results in private life if you hired employees and gave them the same perverse incentives. If you hired a salesman and paid him more the less he sold, he would behave like a government employee. He would sell nothing. If you said to your lawyer, "I will pay you more if you lose this case than if you win," would you then be surprised if he lost the case?

So it is with government. Problems bureaucrats pretend to solve will continue to get worse until a bureaucrat can realize more personal gain from abolishing his agency than from making it bigger. If you want to have a lean, effective national defense that pays 9½ cents for a 9½-cent part instead of $114, there is a way to do it. We have to pay the people in the Pentagon more to be efficient than they are now paid to be inefficient. The project manager and his team who produce a new weapon system without a cost overrun should have higher incomes and better prospects than those who spend your money like water. Likewise, if we want less waste in welfare programs, the most efficient way to get it is to pay the managers more when they save money.

It has often been said that you get what you pay for. For many years now we've been paying the people in government to waste our money, to diddle it away. The more they've spent, the more they've earned, and the greater the opportunities they've realized to profit from "golden handshakes," conflicts of interest, and political power. The quaint few who have tried to save money in the face of these overwhelming inducements to waste have found that they were dismissed, or shunted aside, their careers at an end. Consider these recent examples:

Bertrand Berube of the General Services Administration disclosed that the GSA had wasted $1.5 billion. He was demoted twice.

Joseph Pitchford was once a foreman at the federal prison in Ashland, Ky. But he noticed procurement irregularities and reported them. Auditors from Congress investigated and found the charges true. Pitchford was fired.

James Nagel had been an administrator at a federal mental hospital in Washington, D.C. He grew disgusted at seeing his colleagues misspend your money. So he complained. He was reassigned to a new job—as a supervisor of maintenance.

That's the way the system works. Promote waste as a bureaucrat and you get a promotion. Try to stop it and you get nowhere. That is why one bureaucrat answered a government survey as follows: "If I knew of any wrongdoing, I would not verify or report it. I know from past experience that the crooks are the ones who are protected."

As long as we keep paying people more to do a bad job, we are going to be stuck with a bad and expensive government. In a few years, the government budget will be the better part of a trillion dollars, the deficit in the hundreds of billions.

Right now, the experts are predicting $234 billion in red ink by 1986. No one will know what these figures mean, except a few astronomers. And perhaps that's appropriate for a government that has been the economic equivalent of a black hole—sucking in resources that are never seen again.

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch

ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Rhonda, age twenty-eight

I'm twenty-eight, happily married with two kids, and I'd like to know why suddenly I'm having these dreams about cunnilingus and having sex with my best friend, Sally.

The two of us have been girl friends since we were in junior high school. Sally, unfortunately, had to get married during her senior year in school. The guy was big and awful, a stupid basketball-player jock. During their ten years of marriage, he's done only two things: get drunk and screw other women.

I waited until after I finished college to marry Frank, who was one of my instructors. Our worlds—Sally's and mine—have been pretty different, but we have remained friends, best friends, despite the differences in career and money and husbands. I guess I didn't realize how different we really were until Sally had an affair and left her jock husband—for a woman!

Sally and her female lover have moved to another town. I haven't

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

been in contact with her, and she hasn't called me. This all happened a few weeks ago. I was surprised and shocked, but not so much by Sally's behavior as by my own. I started having these dreams. Sometimes they occur three or four times a night. Maybe more. I don't always remember what I've been dreaming. But in all these dreams, I have sex with my best friend. I can't recall dreaming about having sex with her—or any other woman—in the fifteen years I've known Sally.

The lesbian sex in these dreams is pretty much the same each time. My long legs are spread wide. I'm flat on my back. I'm vulnerable. Sally has both my ankles in her hands. She's spreading me apart. I put up a struggle but seem powerless against her. Like a pair of scissors, my legs open easily and Sally goes for my crotch with her tongue. I don't mean to sound surreal, but Sally's tongue is almost like an erect penis. It pokes inside me, withdrawing completely and then reentering. It moves very, very quickly. I'm surprised by this, because I always thought oral sex would feel much different. I'd expected something more like licking and sucking. Sally's tongue is also big, bigger than humanly possible. It seems to fill me up, which is a sensation I've never gotten from a penis.

No man has ever performed cunnilingus on me. I'd never much wanted one to eat me—until I started having these

"I don't mean to sound surreal, but Sally's tongue is almost like an erect penis."

dreams about Sally. Now I'm curious. To be frank, I'm dying for it! Naturally, I've thought about asking my husband. I fear, however, that he'll ask me to return the favor and give him a blowjob. I performed fellatio on a man once and practically died of gagging when he came. No thanks. Not again.

Sally never made any sexual advances to me. But now people tell me that she always made it with women, even before she got impregnated by her dumb, big husband. I kind of worry about becoming a lesbian. Since my best friend has gone gay, I assume people think I will too. If I see Sally again, I fear that I'll realize my dream sex with her.

Dr. Ellis Comments:

The "secret" of your dream seems to be revealed in the sex fears you display in your last two paragraphs: (1) wanting cunnilingus but feeling horrified about performing a blowjob, and (2) worrying about being a lesbian.

Your fear of being homosexual probably incited you to dream of sex with Sally—since we frequently dream not of what we really want but of what we are terrified of wanting. But even when, in your dream, you have sex with Sally, you make sure that her tongue is like a penis—and you thereby protect your basic heterosexuality and your fear of having truly oral *relations with men.*

If you will face the fact that lesbianism is hardly awful—though it may not ever be your thing—and that oral relations, including going down on your husband, can be mildly distasteful or unpleasurable but not really a gagging "horror," you will probably stop having this dream. And you may find that you replace it with much more fulfilling sex dreams—and actions!

Greg, age twenty-nine

I'm a steelworker but have been out of work for the past five months. My love life is okay. I have no idea what this dream I always have means but I always enjoy it.

I dream I am a young, attractive secretary who wears revealing clothing at all times. At work I wear low-cut sweaters usually without a bra. My blouses are mostly sheer, to show the very sexy bras underneath, including one gold Lurex one I wear in the evenings. I have a beautiful body in my dream and show it off as much as possible. I hike my skirt up when driving my car so men on the street can get a good look at my legs. At leisure I wear the tightest jeans, with revealing tops, usually sheer or formfitting blouses, and tight, open-weave sweaters. I also wear very brief shorts and, at the beach, a string bikini or very sexy one-piece suit. I enjoy all the stares and second-takes I get in my dreams but never seem to contact the opposite sex. I only compare notes with other females asking their opinions on my clothing.

I also go shopping for very sexy underwear, bras, panties, teddies, slips, nightgowns, and camisoles. I usually buy all different colors of underwear. In my dream I am at work in gold Lurex panty hose with panties and a bra to match. Over this I have a red, sheer wraparound dress that lets the men have a nice view of my gold-clad body. A man enters the office and asks to see my boss. I tell him to have a seat while I see if my boss is busy. He is, and it will be at least

twenty minutes before he can see the client. While the client is waiting, he talks with me and tells me of his love for gold. Gold, anything gold, turns him on. So I open my dress to let him have an unobstructed view of my gold underwear. He approves, and then I wake up.

Dr. Ellis Comments:
Your dream probably does not mean that you are basically homosexual—as many psychoanalytic probers of the unconscious might interpret—but that you do desire some of the advantages of the feminine sex role in our society. You have a real yen for dressing up and being very physically attractive to others; and since, as a male, you feel you cannot give in to this desire too much without being seen as "queer" or "peculiar," in your dream you transmute yourself into a female and thereby safely indulge in your dressing-up desires.

Like the man you meet in your dreams, you also seem to be turned on by anything gold and would probably like to be a "golden boy." So in the dream you turn yourself into, and succeed greatly as, a "golden boy-girl." Such fantasies are quite okay. But you'd better also accept yourself fully as your ungolden, masculine self!

Marlene, age twenty-five
I had the most bizarre sex dream of my life a few weeks ago, after my lover, Jack, and I had had a huge fight. It started with Jack accusing me of sleeping around. I told him this was crazy. Since we'd started living together about six months ago, I had been completely faithful to him. There had been no other men. I realized then that Jack wasn't talking about the six months we had lived together. "I mean before that," he said. "Before you knew me."

I was shocked. I knew what was coming. I'd been very careful to screen my past sex life from Jack. I hadn't lied to him. But then, I had never told him the whole story either.

"Why didn't you just tell me you had been a whore?" he screamed at me.

I didn't deny the accusation. I'd been waiting for it. "Because I didn't think you'd understand" was all I was able to say.

"How could any man understand something like that?"

I wanted to say: "Look, I wasn't a streetwalker. I was working my way through college. It was a nice, respectable brothel. And the tips sure beat waitressing." But, of course, you can't say something like that at a time like that.

I didn't ask Jack how he had found out. I didn't want to know. I did not tell him about my days as a part-time prostitute because Jack's so very conservative. I realize that few men would be so liberal as to love a former prostitute, but Jack's less liberal than most. Much less liberal and open-minded. When we met, eight months ago, he was extremely naive and inexperienced in bed. We are both in our late twenties. I slowly began to introduce sexual variations into our lovemaking: oral sex, anal sex, positions other than the old standby man-on-top. I didn't hit him with my full sexual vocabulary the first week. I taught him slowly. Maybe he didn't even realize who was leading the way. He certainly never complained. However, when he accused me of being a prostitute, he said, "Now I know where you learned all your tricks in bed."

> "I have a beautiful body in my dreams and show it off as much as possible."

I don't remember sleeping a wink that night—except for having this bizarre sex dream. Jack slept in another room. Strangely, Jack had never been in one of my dreams before this night.

In the dream I'm in an old, musty attic. I remember it well. It's the attic of my grandparents' home, where I used to play as a kid. In reality, I've never been there with Jack. Both my grandparents are dead now. But in the dream he is in the attic with me. I'm showing him around. We are looking in old trunks, at a grandfather clock, etc., when I have this incredible desire to make love. I hear voices of people downstairs, but that doesn't stop me from nearly attacking Jack. Jack resists. He fears someone will discover us. But I have no qualms. I pull him down on top of me. The old wooden floor is dirty, but I don't care. He pushes himself away. All of a sudden we are both completely naked. I beg Jack to make love. He refuses, but I notice that his cock is hard.

When we're in bed sometimes, and I want to make love, I sometimes feel Jack's erection. He sometimes resists, and I have to tease him: "You say no, but your body says yes." Generally I get my way.

Jack has a nice cock, bigger than most men's, but in this dream it's even longer than usual. Gradually, I begin stuffing his cock inside my vagina. I feel full, but I keep putting

"I'm lying there in the attic, putting more and more into my vagina, almost as though Jack's penis is one of those wound-up garden hoses."

more and more of it inside me. Jack protests, but it seems as though he has no control over his own body. The more of his cock I put in me, the less he appears to exist. In the end I'm lying there in the attic, putting more and more into my vagina, almost as though Jack's penis is one of those wound-up garden hoses. It's not even attached to a body anymore. It's just one long penis. The sensation is warm and pleasurable as I stuff inches and inches of his cock into me. I continue to hear the voices of people downstairs. Suddenly the attic door opens and I see the faces of my family. I expect them to be shocked at what I'm doing. No one, however, says a word. They continue to smile and ask me, "Where's Jack?"

"I don't know," I say, and I have this incredible, long penis sticking out of my vagina. That's when I wake up.

I wanted to explain to Jack that I was never a promiscuous woman. Besides the men I had at the brothel, I'd had very, very few. But Jack left me a few days later. I never had this bizarre sex dream again. And I never dream about Jack. Except in my daydreams.

Dr. Ellis Comments:

It looks like you were shocked by Jack's discovering your prostitutional life and felt like you had a grim choice either to put yourself down or to deflate Jack for his moralistic attack on you. You healthfully choose the latter instead of the former.

You first retreat, in your dreams, to a "safe" position—to the attic of your childhood, where you had innocence and family acceptance. As a demanding—and somewhat spoiled—child, you get your sexual way with Jack, even against his will. No real resistance!

Then, to make things even safer, you reduce Jack to a mindless penis—someone who can no longer criticize you and who is only a Jack-in-the-jock, capable of merely satisfying you sexually. Good strategy, to protect yourself and eliminate the "danger" of Jack!

A better resolution would be to face Jack's criticism, refuse to put him down for it, and hold your head high in spite of your "lurid" past. But the solution you picked is okay and shows how a dream can be protective!

Barbie, age twenty

I have a boyfriend who's twenty-two, and his name is Carl. He's lied to me a few times. Nothing major, I suppose, but he still did it. I have a very close girl friend. Sometimes she goes out with Carl and me. But when she is with us, Carl all of a sudden seems nicer. I have known my girl friend all my life and have been going out with my boyfriend for almost three years.

Last night my boyfriend and I were at a hotel. He was being bitchy, so I climbed into the other bed and fell asleep. That's when I had this dream:

I dream I ask my boyfriend if he has ever cheated on me with my girl friend. Sometimes I ask him this when he's awake. He says no in the dream, but when I ask my girl friend she says yes, she has had sex with my boyfriend: last May, when I went to Florida with my parents, she tells me, she and Carl screwed in my bed for days. Here my first dream ends.

When I woke up, I called Carl over to my bed. He climbed in and rolled over to face the other way. I fell asleep again and had another dream:

I am getting out of my car in the parking lot at the hospital where Carl works. I just have a pair of panties on, no top, and I have a rather large chest. (In real life I do have a large chest. I think that's what Carl likes most on me.) I get dressed in the parking lot. Then I see a nurse come up to Carl and start to kiss his hand. She takes him by that hand and leads him to this all-white room with comfortable seats. They sit sort of facing each other. She is looking at him the way I look at him after we make love. The dream ends here.

Do these dreams just mean I'm jealous?

Dr. Ellis Comments:

Yes, they most probably mean you are jealous of Carl's screwing your close girl friend—and who knows whom else? Part of your jealousy seems quite okay, since you like Carl and would not want to share him or lose him to your girl friend or to any other woman.

But part of your jealousy seems to consist of serious insecurity, motivated by self-downing. You feel inadequate in some ways and think you are mainly keeping Carl because of your big tits and physical attributes but that he really doesn't love you in a nice, affectionate way. This may be purely imagined on your part.

If you will work at fully accepting yourself, whether or not Carl exclusively dotes on you, you will become more personable, more attractive, and less of a pain in the ass to him, and thereby reduce the likelihood of his being unfaithful to you. Try strongly choosing yourself instead of compulsively hanging on to Carl!

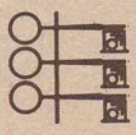
"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

FRIENDLY PERSUASION

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to tell if you're a winner in the war of words



PSYCHOGRAPH

When you have strong differences of opinion with people, do you (a) punch them in the face until they agree with you, (b) slink off into the night rather than risk a confrontation, or (c) stand your ground and argue your point?

If you chose (a) or (b), you can forget about completing the rest of this psychograph. In either of those cases, your confrontational style is so extreme as to be valueless. Tyrants and milksops may scare or amuse us, but they rarely convince us.

But if you're a relatively normal person, there's a good chance you chose (c). In that case, this quiz is for you. It can give you some idea of how convincing you are in your dealings with other people. It can tell whether you argue your points cogently and concisely or whether you're so scatterbrained you wouldn't be able to convince Noah that it was raining outside.

The ability to argue well, forcefully and fairly, is both an art and a skill. Some men are born with a talent for rationality and can always defend their positions with flair and coherence. Others spend years acquiring the skills of argument through trial and error. And still others never learn how to argue well and go through life wondering why nobody ever seems to understand them.

The ability to present your side of any story convincingly is a valuable skill. It can make it easier for you to coax that raise or promotion out of your boss. It can set the stage for a quick rise in politics, diplomacy, or corporate management. It will earn you the respect (but probably not the love) of those around you.

Remember, there's nothing wrong with arguing. The trick is to do it well. The art of argument has picked up a bad name because so many people do it poorly. A bad argument—filled with cheap shots, nasty innuendos, and irrational positions—is painful to everybody involved. A well-reasoned, constructive argument, on the other hand, illuminates the differences between people and makes it easier to bridge the gaps that separate them.

The following questions focus on the personality traits, attitudes, and strategies of people who argue well, people who are likely to win the debates they become involved in. Answer them honestly and you'll find out just how convincing you are when you have to stand up for your own beliefs.

1. Try and recall arguments in which you've been involved during the past year. On reflection, these arguments:
   (a) have always been about things you believed strongly in
   (b) have sometimes involved unimportant, nonserious matters that you argued over just for the plain fun of it

2. Do you enjoy playing devil's advocate and defending positions you don't really believe in?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

3. There's an old saying that goes like this: "Politics and religion are two subjects you should never argue about. Most people are just too touchy in those areas." Do you agree or disagree?
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) disagree somewhat
   (d) disagree strongly, those being two of my favorite subjects for arguing

4. If you were being really honest with yourself, how accurate would you say this statement is: "Once I make up my mind about something, I won't budge, no matter what anybody says"?
   (a) I'm afraid that's very accurate.
   (b) That's quite accurate; I'm often like that.
   (c) That's somewhat accurate; I occasionally close my mind like that.
   (d) That's not like me at all.

5. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) I believe most things people tell me. You might say I'm gullible, but I guess that's just the way I am.
   (b) Sometimes I believe people, but sometimes I don't. It might be more accurate to say I believe most of what *some* people tell me (for example my friends, family, etc.) and very little of what other people tell me.
   (c) I'm quite skeptical. I don't believe a lot of what people tell me. Even with close friends and relatives, I'm likely to say things like "Are you sure . . ." or "Can you prove . . ."

6. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) I usually lose my temper when I get into an argument.
   (b) I often lose my temper when I get into an argument.
   (c) I sometimes lose my temper when I argue.
   (d) I occasionally lose my temper when I argue.
   (e) I rarely lose my temper when I argue.

7. Imagine yourself in this situation: You have become involved in an argument with someone who obviously believes very strongly in the issue under discussion. You, on the other hand, aren't emotionally attached to the issue at all. Which would be your more likely response in this situation?
   (a) I'd pursue the argument to the end. Once I become involved in an argument, I don't back down.
   (b) Unless I felt like pursuing the argument for the sport of it, I'd probably back off. There's no percentage in arguing with a true believer, especially if you're not emotionally committed to the issue yourself.

8. How do you feel about this statement: "I'll argue about *anything*, even when I don't know what the hell I'm talking about"?
   (a) That's very true of me.
   (b) I'll do that sometimes just for kicks, but not regularly.
   (c) I'll rarely do that.

9. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Lovers should avoid arguments at all costs; they only lead to trouble"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. "A truly well reasoned argument can change the mind of even the most staunch fanatic." Do you agree?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Read this statement: "Most people who drown have been swimming; therefore, it's logical to assume that swimming is lethal." Is this a logical deduction?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. When you're arguing with someone and he says something really dumb, do you tell him? Do you say, "What you just said is really stupid"?
    (a) yes, usually
    (b) sometimes
    (c) occasionally, but not often
    (d) rarely or never

13. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
    (a) Most people have no reasons for believing the things they do; they just *believe* them and that's that.
    (b) Most people do have reasons for believing the things they do. They

may not often be able to express the reasons or the reasons may not be particularly logical, but they nevertheless exist.
(c) Most people have very logical reasons for believing the things they do.

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "In the final analysis, there is a right or wrong answer to every question and a right or wrong outcome to every situation"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
(a) Things that are most popular are usually best.
(b) Things that are very popular may sometimes be best, but popularity should not be relied on as a guide to quality.
(c) The most popular things are usually the worst. Maintaining quality in the face of mass marketing and mass production is virtually impossible.

16. Be honest now: when a celebrity endorses a product, are you more or less likely to buy it?
(a) more
(b) less
(c) I don't think it affects me one way or the other

17. When you have to deal with an expert in a field you know little about (such as auto mechanics, plumbing, etc.), do you always demand an explanation that's completely clear to you before paying your bill?
(a) yes
(b) most of the time
(c) sometimes, but I'm more likely to pretend I know what they're talking about even though I don't
(d) no, I always let them snow me

18. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "When most people believe something, it's usually right"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

19. You're engaged in an argument and your opponent appears to have proved you wrong. What's your most likely response?
(a) I gracefully admit my defeat and concede.
(b) I continue to argue; I'll never admit defeat.
(c) I try to withdraw from the argument without admitting defeat. I may eventually tell the guy I'm arguing with that he's right, but I won't concede until I've had a chance to review the arguments away from the heat of battle.

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Basically, arguing is stupid. Once a person's mind is made up, you usually can't change it"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 98 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-2, c-2, d-5
4. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3
5. a-1, b-2, c-5
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-5, c-3
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
13. a-1, b-5, c-1
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-5, c-2
16. a-1, b-5, c-3
17. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
18. a-1, b-5
19. a-2, b-1, c-5
20. a-1, b-5

If you scored 73 to 98 points:
You are probably a very rational, convincing person. You understand the subtle interplay of egos that takes place when two people argue. You know when to press your point; you know when to back off. You rarely make a move without having first studied all the possible consequences. You're the type of person who makes the perfect political adviser or corporate analyst. You know how to lay out arguments and alternatives in order of their importance. You don't go off half-cocked or get caught out on a limb in an indefensible position. You almost immediately sense the weak points in an opponent's position. Your logical mind is likely to earn you a high degree of respect, but don't expect people to love you. They are often intimidated by individuals who can pick apart their arguments as well as you can.

46 to 72 points:
People in this middle range are erratic. Sometimes they'll present cogent, tightly reasoned arguments; other times they'll go off on tangents and get completely lost. If you scored in this middle range, you probably enjoy a good argument now and then, but you don't always argue well. Your ability to convince people probably suffers most when you really believe in your position. When you don't have a strong emotional attachment to a position, you are likely to argue skillfully and logically. But when you are passionately committed to an argument, your emotions often lead you astray. Your coolness and rationality dissolve. You may particularly benefit from the pointers offered at the end of this article.

20 to 45 points:
You'd have trouble convincing your mother that you're her kid. Whenever you get into an argument, things seem to go out of control. You lose the thread of what you want to say, start jumping from point to point, and end up with a shapeless blob of non sequiturs lacking logic and authority. Both you and the person you're trying to persuade are likely to end up confused and angry with each other. Experience may have taught you by now to avoid arguments; in that case everybody probably likes you, because you never threaten or challenge. If, however, you haven't learned to duck arguments, you may be viewed as an obnoxious weirdo who will debate any topic voluably, vehemently . . . and incoherently.

LEARNING TO ARGUE WELL

You may never become the world's greatest debater, but you can acquire the basic skills needed to build a cogent argument. The best book we've run across on this subject is the forthrightly titled *How to Win an Argument* (McGraw-Hill). It's written by Dr. Michael Gilbert, who teaches philosophy at York University in Toronto, Ontario, and it's filled with straightforward advice and examples that can help even those who are woefully inept at getting their points across.

You need to read the book to get the full flavor of Gilbert's advice, but these sample rules may give you an idea of where you go wrong when your get into an argument:

- Don't believe anything.
- An exception doesn't prove the rule; it demolishes a generalization.
- Trust your instincts. If you're confused, there's probably a good reason for it.
- A statement needs more than reasons for acceptance—it needs good reasons.
- Always be suspicious of positions that are too easy to attack: they have probably been distorted.
- Listen.

SANITY TEST

BY EDWARD SOREL

PITY YOU COULDN'T COME TO MY GALLERY OPENING ALL OF THE OLD GANG WAS THERE.
THAT WAS THE NIGHT I MET THIS INCREDIBLE WOMAN I'M LIVING WITH NOW.
I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HER 'CAUSE SHE KEPT STARING AT ME ALL EVENING.
I COULDN'T GET TO TALK TO HER BECAUSE OF THE MOB OF PEOPLE AROUND ME
BUT AFTER EVERYONE LEFT I SAW SHE WAS STILL HANG-ING AROUND!
AND BEFORE I CAN SAY A WORD SHE TELLS ME HOW MUCH SHE ADMIRES MY WORK... HOW FOR YEARS SHE HAS WANTED TO MEET ME...
...THEN SHE MOVES CLOSE TO ME AND WHISPERS THAT SHE WANTS TO GO TO BED WITH ME AND HAVE MY CHILD!
AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE SHE THINKS I'M THE GREATEST LIVING ARTIST IN THE WORD TODAY!
Y'KNOW, UNTIL SHE SAID THAT I THOUGHT SHE WAS SOME KIND OF NUT
Edward Sorel

STATUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

return from lunch to offices decorated with large model ships. These are models of Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet, borrowed from the navy. Ed Meese, for example, picked a neatly rigged frigate, the U.S.S. *Ohio;* George Bush has two preppy Revolutionary clipper ships, the *Enterprise* and the *Fair American.*

The dashing, globe-trotting aura of these ships is not lost on Washington. One of the most envied perks in the city is its leaders' apparently endless and offhand flittings overseas.

Much is made of congressional junkets abroad. These "fact-finding and diplomatic missions" are usually planned for comfort as well as close-up views of The Real World: Paris in the spring, semitropical climes in midwinter, temperate but gay capitals as the summer heat seeps over D.C. like a steam bath.

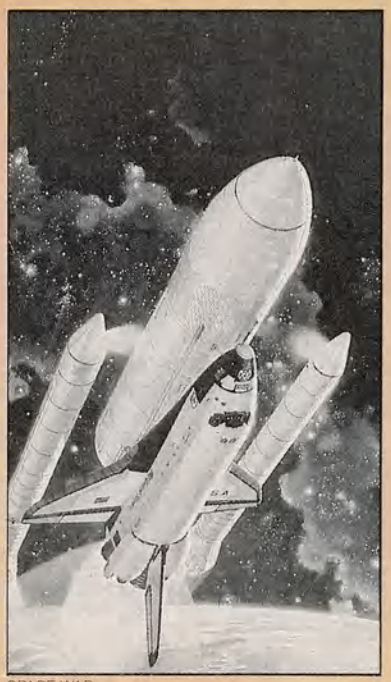
But often congressional travel is not as glamorous as it seems. Official jets do have beds for VIPs, but they're fold-down slumber bunks, like luggage racks. These are not perfect. When a Korean premier died, the U.S. delegation flown to the funeral included Cy Vance, then the secretary of state, Chip Carter, then the president's son, and Sen. S. I. Hayakawa. Halfway through the flight back, Hayakawa, perhaps dreaming of a recently mastered tap-dance routine, jolted suddenly in his sleep. He tumbled from his narrow bunk onto one of Cy Vance's guards. Blinking but unhurt, he took advantage of the interruption to totter sleepily to the lavatory. A stewardess, passing the vacant VIP bunk, slammed it shut. Returning, as he thought, to his roost, the unfortunate senator clambered into another, on top of Chip Carter, the president's son. Neither was pleased with his unexpected bedfellow. Both almost plunged to their dooms in shock. Apologizing profusely, the small senator debunked and wandered off to hunt his lost bed. It was a wearying eleven-hour flight. Upon his return, he snoozed soundly in the Senate. (Around Capitol Hill, Hayakawa, who is well known for dozing fitfully in the Senate, is known as Nodd. Wynken and Blynken, the other stars of the nursery poem, are Sen. Edward Kennedy, constantly on guard against his image as a womanizer, and Sen. Jeremiah Denton, who as a prisoner-of-war blinked out the word *torture* in Morse code to a TV camera.)

It is an unpleasant fact that foreigners do not properly appreciate Washington Status.

Nancy Reagan decided to go without her husband, who had been shot, to the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Di. When she heard how lowly would be her seat at St. Paul's Cathedral among the foreign heads of state, she almost changed her mind about going. Her escorts—Peter

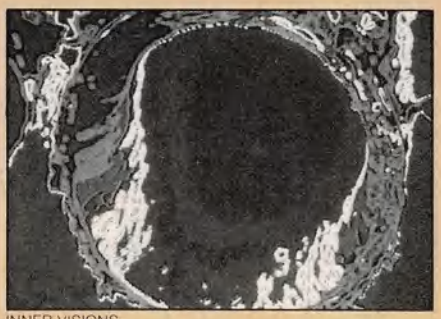
THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE JUNE 22



SPACE WAR

FICTION



INNER VISIONS

SPACE WAR—The first battle for the stars is already being fought on earth. And before the first laser shot is fired, the United States is losing. Unispace 82 is a United Nations conference that threatens to shut private enterprise out of orbit, hand the vast resources of space to the Third World, and curtail operations of the NASA shuttle—while permitting the Soviet Union to set up the ultimate military base 300 miles overhead. Read editorial director Ben Bova's frightening exposé of this threat to our space program, in *Omni*'s July issue.

INNER VISIONS—The brain studying the brain. Many brilliant minds have struggled to illuminate the organ of intellect in its infinite complexity, and researchers at UCLA Medical Center have now pioneered a technique that reveals the brain in vivid, three-dimensional detail and with unrivaled depth of focus. Their unique photographs create the illusion of penetrating inner space. Readers will marvel at the intricacy of a single brain cell, or wander, bacteriumlike, through a forest of nerves that tower like redwoods. Don't miss this journey through the landscape of the mind in the July *Omni*.

TINKERING WITH UTOPIA—Such technologies as genetic engineering, psychopharmacology, and brain implants promise a lot, but what will they deliver: better living through science, or a Brave New Future? As we edge closer to the next millennium, people are beginning to ask this question. In this month's *Omni* you can read about what some of the world's top scientists, such as Konrad Lorenz and brain-control expert José Delgado, think regarding the likelihood of a man-made utopia, what technology will do to our sex lives, and why we may be the last of an imperiled species.

CAREERS IN SPACE—In a special section, July's *Omni* reviews the opportunities for working in space development today and the potential for becoming one of tomorrow's space pioneers. We'll tell you which companies will be the prime movers in industrialized space and which training will best help you become part of their efforts. Whether your interest is orbital engineering or exobiology, *Omni*'s special selection will help you achieve your career in space.

FICTION—This month *Omni* presents an exclusive excerpt from Frank Herbert's *The White Plague.* The award-winning author of *Dune* and *God Emperor of Dune* makes a stunning departure from those best-sellers in his all-too-plausible scientific horror story. William Gibson returns with "Burning Chrome," a story in which two hoodlums attempt the heist of their lives.

McCoy and Joe Canzeri, both of whom have since left the White House—made up for it by ensuring the most dazzling Status symbols they could think of parading around London: the largest limos and an entourage of attendants and hairdressers beyond anything the English, including the queen, had imagined. The queen drove her own small car to a race meet; Nancy arrived in state like a Mafia empress; the Status did not translate successfully.

The Eastern shuttle to New York is the longest trip Status Washingtonians undergo by choice (excepting, of course, their annual pilgrimages to Martha's Vineyard, the Hamptons, or Rehoboth and obligatory visits to newly fashionable countries).

Even Elizabeth Taylor tired of the shuttle. When her play *The Little Foxes* moved to New York, she hired a club car on Amtrak. The car was loaded with fresh flowers, champagne, a French accordionist singing the street songs of Paris, caviar, pepper steaks, creamed spinach, and Dominique, her favorite Washington restaurateur, in a Maurice Chevalier hat. She had a cast party all the way there.

You want romance? You've got the wrong Washington. Try Spokane.—Voice in Clyde's, the Georgetown bar

Elizabeth Taylor was probably the most romantic thing that ever happened to Washington, D.C.

At the time, it must have seemed deliciously romantic even to her: meeting the queen at the British Embassy, on the arm of handsome John Warner, when he was running the whole Bicentennial. "He looks like he has combat fatigue," one of John's friends confided gleefully after two weeks of love and Bicentennial fever. "John's overmounted again," nudged a member of the Warrenton Hunt. (John is famed for choosing horses used to better equestrians.) The original challenge of helping him become elected senator must have been dazzling, although after it was all over Liz swore never to do it again. Certainly she refused to grant a single interview to the *Washington Star* after it ran the Oliphant cartoon showing him riding Liz, à la National Velvet, to victory. So romantic a figure was she to worshiping, star-starved Washingtonians that even her X rays were stolen from a local hospital.

John was swept away too.

"What's it like being married to Elizabeth Taylor?" a child asked him.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "Ben Franklin was walking down a street in Philadelphia and met a pretty lady. Immediately he fell in love. And, my dear, it was only after he fell in love that he discovered: electricity!"

Right about then, Elizabeth was discovering more than electricity. She discovered what a Washington Marriage means to the wife of a politician: playing a thankless supporting role, with minimal applause and low billing. "You're gonna have to learn to change in gas-station rest rooms if you're going campaigning with John," she was told by a pol's wife at a ball in Richmond. She had been so mobbed by the romance-crazed crowd that she had had to wriggle away and hide in the Ladies. For someone accustomed to having the decor of her dressing room—including white shag carpet, lavender-lace walls, floor-to-ceiling mirrors, and an aquarium full of soothing, live fish—written into her contract, it must have seemed a strange state of affairs.

As the political noose tightened around her neck and the horrors of campaigning sank in, the romance died. She began to tell friends in Europe that she'd had it up to here with the goddamn chicken dinners.

It finally became clear that Washington's notion of romance might not fit Elizabeth at all at the gala she chaired for the Wolf Trap Center for the Performing Arts, a favorite Washington recreational spot and charity. This affair, out in the countryside of nearby Virginia, was the most bizarre social event of the summer of 1980. It was memorable only because Rod McKuen and Burt Reynolds sang "Baby, It's Cold Outside" to each other, setting off a wave of gay gropings in the audience. Most of its weary patrons had left, aching with boredom, by the time Liza Minnelli finally got onstage, after midnight; and Johnny Cash got into a hellacious fight with the Park Service security because they wouldn't let him escape from the melee early.

Dizzy with the freedom and camaraderie of showbiz people after the strangling restrictions of politics, Liz greeted John's arrival backstage with a merry "Well, well! Here comes Senator Asshole!"

Soon afterward, plans were laid for her performance in *The Little Foxes*—her declaration of independence from her Bicentennial beau. It was after the play's premier in Washington that John said, "There are three things in my life—my marriage, the Senate, and squash."

Squash! What happened to electricity? The rest is history.

"Got my tickets?" "Any ID, sir?" "Gee, no. I left it in the car. But I've got my initials embroidered on my shirt cuffs. Will that do?" "Of course, sir."—Conversation at the box office at Constitution Hall

Perhaps it's time to pause now for a quick checklist of present Status symbols in Washington:

Having, if you are in the public employ, a bodyguard, a chef, or a chauffeur at the taxpayers' expense.

Having your phone bugged. In 1979 a Harris poll showed that four out of ten members of Congress believed theirs were. The number has probably increased.

Use of the Presidential Box at the Kennedy Center. (This is quite often used by

IN THE JULY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

GAY SEX GOES STRAIGHT

Straights may have invented sex, but gays improved upon it. Take some of Len Richmond's tricks of the trade to bed and see for yourself. There are plenty of homosexual variations that work just great for straights.

A CONVERSATION WITH GAEL GREENE

Philip Nobile interviews the author of *Dr. Love*. She's even steamier than her book.

SEXUAL CURIOSITY

Teenagers ask some pretty complicated questions about sex—questions that plenty of adults can't even answer. Read Leah Wallach's ten answers to what teens ask most and find out how much you know about the facts of life.

THE DATING GAME

Jerry Weller regales you with tales of his wild life—one long succession of dates, occasionally interrupted by mates. If you long to become an unparalleled dater, this one's for you.

CONFESSIONS OF A HEALTH WIDOW

When Ellin Pollachek's lover turned into a health nut, he started paying more attention to his body and less to hers. Ms. Pollachek's blow-by-blow description of how she lost her lover to carrot juice and jogging will leave you in stitches.

senators and cabinet members and their staffs. It has a small anteroom behind it, with a bucket of champagne provided and, of course, a private john.

Being invited to an Edward Bennett Williams brunch at a Redskins game.

Catching the president's cold.

Having *Women's Wear Daily* and *W* cover your party.

Not having your parties covered at all.

Harvard. The more than forty Harvard hotshots in the Reagan administration include Caspar Weinberger, the defense secretary; David Stockman, the budget director; the attorney general; the secretary of transportation; the chairman of the Fed; the NASA administrator; and White House communications chief David Gergen. In the Carter administration, the lone three—Schlesinger, Adams, and Califano—were purged.

For men: Squash.

For wives: Savitri's yoga classes.

A silver Concorde bag.

Having a baby animal at the National Zoo named after you.

A Top Secret security clearance. (While he was still National Security Council chief, Dick Allen ordered Henry Kissinger's security clearance upgraded and updated so they could chat.)

Yes, the limo. Don't be shy. Even Ralph Nader, when asked to appear on a television show, has said he will if they send a limo.

Having a dish named after you or adapted to your name. (The Steak Oregano at the Intrigue became Steak O-Reagan-O after the election.)

Sidesaddle riding in Hunt Country.

Exotic trees in your office, courtesy of the National Arboretum. (Members of Congress and other certain high officials may cultivate these.)

Happy Hour at the Embassy Row Hotel. (It is coyly called the Negotiation Hour.)

Living quarters: The Watergate, with all the Reaganists; Georgetown, with the Washington Immortals; Capitol Hill, with the Congress; Cleveland Park, with Art Buchwald; Potomac, with the horsey set; McLean, with the Kennedys; Kalorama, with Justice Sandra Day O'Connor and Diane Sawyer.

Your hairdresser comes to you.

An elevator in your house.

A summer retreat on Martha's Vineyard. Jackie Onassis is a shell's toss away. Lillian Hellman won't let Art Buchwald walk across her property. Walter Cronkite and Kay Graham retreat there. Lobbyist Frank Ikard has rented one of his houses there to the Queen of Sikkim. Robert McNamara sold a place there because of the nude bathers. Carly Simon goes because Washington people don't know who she is. And once, when the airline service failed, John Belushi chartered a thirty-two-seat plane and flew everybody home.

Your house displayed on the Georgetown House Tour, for charity. (This is for Status, not ego reinforcement. One former couple, David and Carol Shapiro, put their

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historic house on the tour and tramped after the visitors, pretending to be fellow tourists. "I don't understand why *anybody* wants to live here. Do you?" one tourist asked them.)

An entourage. This is helpful in case you are stuck in an elevator, or suddenly need sex or a Coca-Cola.

Sheets designed by Jane Wilner. (The Georgetown shop did Ethel Kennedy's bed in multicolored Porthault floral bouquet; White Houser Jim Baker in tailored beige and green; best-dressed lister Deeda Blair in French country check; and Jack Valenti, of the Motion Picture Association, in green-and-white striations. The shop is part-owned by Susan Brinkley, wife of David.)

Silly macho dinners: The Gridiron Dinner, where silly songs are sung to media people in white tie. (Jimmy Carter refused to go and won the media's eternal enmity.) The Alfalfa dinner, where a silly speech is given to the powerful by one they nominate for president. The Oxford and Cambridge Dinner.

Administration piano players. (Charlie Wick, Michael Deaver, and many other Reagan biggies play.)

Home computers.

Tiny, spontaneous tea parties.

Media fame. (Dear Abby raced out cab-hailing into a Washington drizzle and jumped into a front seat. "Hey, lady, this here's a police car. Say, don't I know you? Aren't you Dear Abby? It would be a pleasure to take you where you're going. Will you write a letter to my Mom?")

In Washington, do not expect Status from:

Cocaine. Slightly risky. Comedian Mark Russell, at a party he gave for Mort Sahl, used as his centerpiece a large pile of white powder with straws stuck into it. It was flour.

The Lacoste alligator. This is so *cliché* that beefcaky beaux on the gay beach at nearby Rehoboth often have them tattooed on their chests.

A pool. "For God's sake, why have a pool? How middle-class! People rich enough to afford a pool are *never* in town to use it!" The Status builder who said this put a fountain in the middle of *his* pool to prove he didn't use it.

Perrier. Last time I looked, Georgetown mailmen had the coolers in their jeeps packed with it. They are probably on to San Pellegrino now.

Going to every party and event. Garry Trudeau, who draws "Doonesbury," summed up what most Status Washingtonians feel after their first two years on the town: "I've been trying for some time now to develop a life-style that doesn't require my presence."

Long titles. High-Status in most world capitals, they are not envied in Washington. A pity. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration at Commerce boasted one staffer called the Administrative Assistant to the Assistant Administrator for Administration. Finally, he got his own Administrative Assistant, and had to change his title.

Of what use is the Status chase? Basically, little.

Status simply provides a buffer zone between you and life's nasty little encounters. You do not have to deal with rude bus drivers, disrespectful underlings, or unpleasant strangers. You do not have to stand in line. (Although one of Washington's most charming sights, the night of the King Tut exhibition black-tie opening, was a queue of several hundred people—ambassadors, cabinet members, senators, the extremely rich—all shivering democratically together in the chill night air in the pursuit of Art.)

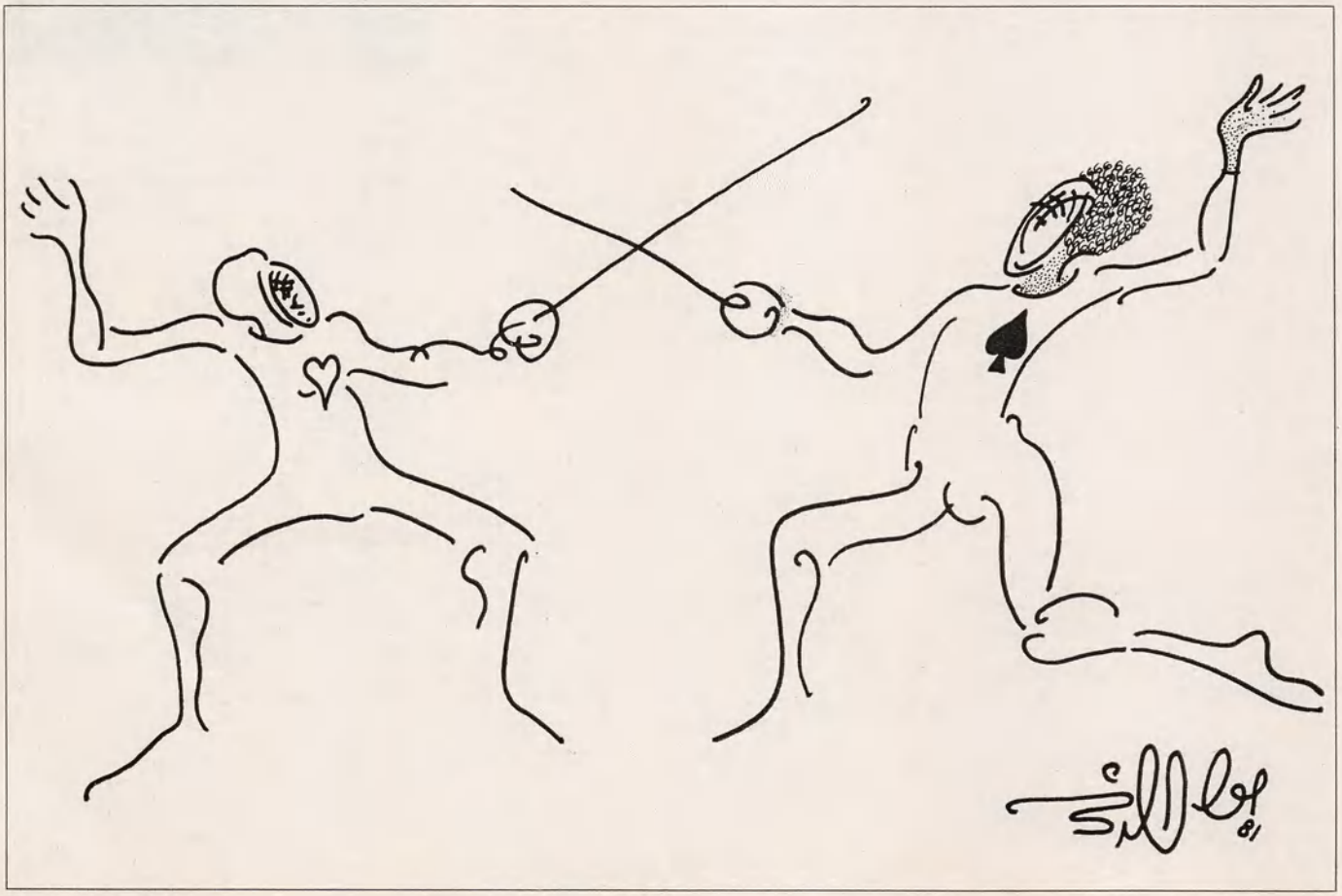
The more inferiors you have on the Status scale, the less likely you are to find yourself screamed at, insulted, or facing Hard Truths from unwelcome sources. You will always be able to get a hotel suite, a restaurant reservation, a ticket. You are able to cast the charitable, warming beam of your Status on family and friends. Sometimes, you may even do it without knowing it.

Two young women spurned at the door of the fancy restaurant at the Kennedy Center went to a cheaper eating spot and decided to test Status ploys.

They telephoned the restaurant that had excluded them. "Hello, Act III? This is Senator Warner's office. Two of our staffers are going to be down at the Kennedy Center today. They'd love to eat lunch there."

"But of course," toadied he. "Just have them ask for me."

In Washington, Love still means never having to say you're sorry. Status means hardly ever having to say please.



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DR. LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

selfconscious as if she were swathed in a floor-length gown pouring tea for the Daughters of the Republic. A young Adonis walked up to her.

"Where you been hiding all night, sweetie?" the guy asked. He had a rough accent, Turkish, maybe, or Israeli.

"It's okay," Barney hissed over his shoulder. "Take him. Maybe I'll do better on my own. I'm going to look around for a nice couple. Are you game?"

"Oh for sure. Find some groovy people. Please."

Barney got to chatting with a couple from Toronto. "Since it was our last night in New York, we flipped a coin. I voted for the Four Seasons," the man said. "And Ellie voted for Plato's. So here we are." When Barney brought up the idea of switching, Ellie perked up but Ned stuttered a bit and said he wasn't ready.

Barney looked around for Amber. He imagined he could hear her distinctive gurgle and moan somewhere not far away.

"I can't believe I'm here," said the woman next to him at the bar. Barney turned and looked down. She was short, plump, and very pretty, a golden-skinned Puerto Rican, he guessed from her accent. "Yes," she confirmed. "Visiting from San Juan. My girl friend dared me."

Barney invited her into the whirlpool. He put her hand on his cock. She looked around to see if anyone was watching and then gave him a frightfully efficient handjob. Barney was really hot now. He persuaded Maria Rosita to towel off and join him in the mattress room. "I can't believe I'm really doing this," Maria Rosita giggled, her plump, soft ass jiggling.

The mattress room was wall-to-wall bodies now. Barney arranged Maria Rosita half on top of somebody's thighs. "Ouch ouch!" she cried as he entered her. "That's too big. Ooofff." He found a position that turned off her protest and rocked gently. "I lub all that," she said. "I come." If she hadn't announced her coming, he never would have known. From a far corner of the room he heard Amber's squeal.

Barney deposited Maria Rosita on a chaise, squeezed her hand, and went off to find Amber. There was a crowd blocking the corridor in the maze of private back rooms. He peeked inside. There was Amber, hanging from a leather belt, being fucked from both sides by her Adonis and someone Barney was sure he recognized from porn movies—an obscenely well endowed blond. He decided not to say good-bye.

Walking back to his locker from the shower room, Barney felt a familiar anxiety. It was walking on that flat, dark-green carpet in his wet feet. He could imagine Mama's hysteria. "Sex, all right, I understand, but how can you walk where a bunch of strangers walk without bedroom slippers? And those mattresses. I hope you insisted they give you clean sheets."

Itching a little, Barney decided to take a good, hot bath as soon as he got home.

Barney walked into the Fantasy Burlesque on Forty-eighth, off Broadway, not knowing what to expect, vaguely excited and vaguely uncomfortable. The theater smelled of stale bodies and cigarette butts and it wasn't quite dark enough for Barney. Amber had sounded manic with happiness when she called. "An acting job," she said. "Six shows a day. Big money. Oh, Barney, this could be the beginning!"

There was a trumpet fanfare, and some clown in the glassed-in sound booth was calling her name. The curtains parted. And there she was. The spotlight was magic. She was more beautiful than he'd realized, with that luminous skin and the fragile, almost aristocratic face. Not even a mane of wild, blond, teased curls and a cloak of white feathers detracted from a certain delicacy. She stood there, tapping her foot, cool and arrogant. Then she began wiggling and grinding to a disco beat, moving her mouth in an inane sexiness reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe parodying herself. It took her two minutes to shed her white crepe gown. Amber writhed behind the feathers, long slender legs in white lace stockings attached to a ruffled white garter belt.

The audience was howling, taunting her to shed the feathers. Her smile was like sunshine, pure and ecstatic. She dropped her feathered cloak to the stage and arranged her ass on it. Spread her legs, touched her pussy, caressed her breasts. The more they screamed, the wilder she became. She was naked now except for her stockings, thrusting her pussy at them. She tried to prance down the runway, but she could scarcely move because of the clutch of men lining the edge of the stage waving dollar bills. She seemed so hot. Wildly turned on, in love with herself . . . her eyes shining as if transported by some fantasy miles from this sleazy scene.

That's why he couldn't believe his eyes. She was letting them lick her. One dollar a lick. Barney was so upset, he thought he would shove through the mob, tear her away. It was disgusting. He backed out the door as she settled on a chair, legs held high in a deep vee . . . men lined up to eat her. On her face was an expression of ecstasy he knew from Plato's.

He was damned if he would be just another wild-eyed geezer, drooling at her dressing room. Who knew what went on there or for how many bucks? He started down the street but he had to turn back. He couldn't just leave. A big black guy guarding the door insisted he pay to come in again.

"Amber." His voice was stern. She didn't seem to notice. She pulled him into

the dressing room. Five or six strippers were more or less naked and oblivious. She jumped up and down.

"They love me," she said. "They adore me." She threw a wad of bills on the counter. "Money means nothing to me, honestly. It's getting the audience in the palm of your hand. It's their response that counts. I'm in love with the stage."

There was no way to reach her now.

"Is this the last show?" he said.

"I've got two more to go," she said. "Oh wow. Do you think I need a Valium?" She was jumping up and down. "A joint. I've got a joint." She inhaled. "I was hoping someone would send me roses. I'd love to celebrate later with you . . . can we?"

"I'll be asleep in forty minutes," he said. Her face fell. "Well, all right. You can wake me." He wrote his address on a prescription form. "We need to talk."

"I can wake you?" She hugged him. "Oh, Dr. Kincaid, I'll be so hot by then."

"Oh, God!" The ambulance was headed for the wrong hospital. Barney raced alongside, trying to signal the driver. "I'm a doctor," he cried, jerking awake out of the dream. It was the intercom. The doorman buzzing her arrival was apologetic. "I didn't want to ring, Dr. Kincaid, at this hour, it's so late, but the la—Miss Sinclair insisted you were expecting her." Barney detected a snide tone in his voice. He had a vision of Amber in the lobby, naked and shedding feathers. "Send her up," he said, suddenly hot.

Her feathers preceded her. And she wasn't actually naked. Not quite. She had changed her garter belt—it was red, to match her boots. "I played with myself in the taxi," she said. "The cab driver went crazy." She knelt at his feet. "It's all right now, isn't it? I feel it's all right." She untied his bathrobe, playing right into his fantasies. He remembered vaguely planning to avoid sex with Amber. She was too young, and her resemblance to Amy disturbed him. He had wanted only to help her, to warn her, to save her. And now he was breaking. She teased him, finger flicking, tongue darting, till he grabbed her by the curls. Then she took a deep breath and swallowed him. She was every wanton siren in every porn movie he'd ever seen. He pulled her up and bent her over the back of the sofa. He found her clitoris and pinched and stroked till she seemed to collapse. Then he spread the lips—trying not to think of all the night's tongues—and lost himself in a hard, angry fuck. She lay there when he finally withdrew, making little gibbering sounds. Then she picked herself up and began bouncing about.

"I'm starved. I was too excited to eat all day. May I?" She strolled out to the kitchen and studied the refrigerator. "Hostess Twinkies. Kodak film. You must have been expecting me." She giggled. "I need an avocado. Avocados are the most sensual food in the world. I would like you to put some avocado—guess where?" She had

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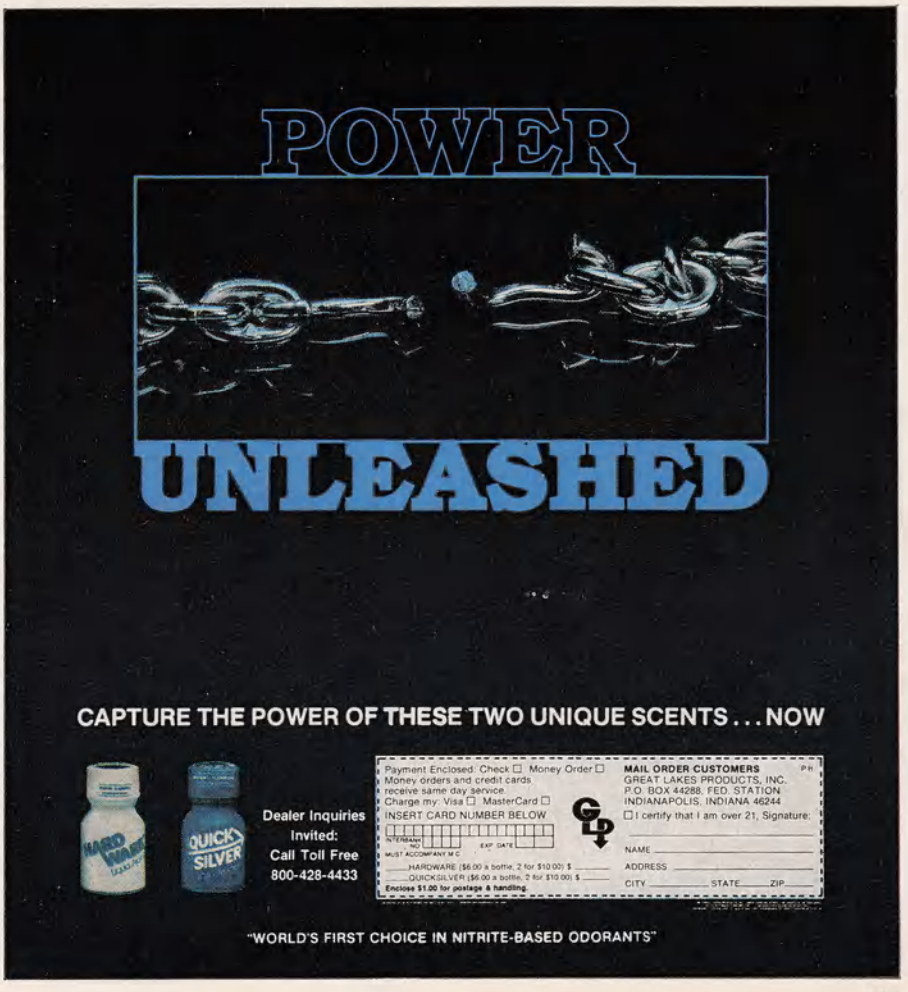
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torn off a hunk of Swiss cheese. "Is this cheese antique? Boy, are you a bachelor, Dr. Kincaid. Boy, do you need help. Do you need me?"

Barney sat in the dark, watching her in the light of the refrigerator.

"This is a very balanced meal," she said, standing on one foot and pouring a glass of tomato juice.

Barney was really feeling the hour. "I'm going to lie down," he said. He must have fallen asleep immediately, because he woke when he heard her come into the room. She had lit a candle.

"Guess what I have between my legs," she said, walking a hobbled gait.

"I can't guess," he said with a groan. "I'll guess tomorrow. We have to talk tomorrow."

"It will be stale by tomorrow," she scolded.

But he was half a second from total unconsciousness.

"Is it noon?" she asked when he woke her. "I will be born again at noon."

"I have to leave at noon," he said.

"I won't get up for anything but great sex or champagne," she said, eyes shut.

He returned with a split of champagne. It was flat but she was too thrilled to notice.

"I don't suppose you've got a pinch of caviar out there," she said.

Barney was already regretting that he'd let a moment of genuine human concern sink into undisciplined hedonism. How could he hope to rescue her from Sodom and Gomorrah if he was a compulsive citizen of S & G himself?

"I'm worried about you, Amber," Barney began. "What you're doing at the Fantasy Burlesque is not acting." He looked at her. He had never seen her in the morning before . . . in daylight. Her skin was translucent, with a light sprinkle of tiny freckles across a perfect nose. Without makeup she looked very young. "How old are you?" he asked. "No lies."

"Twenty-two?" She said it with a question mark.

"What do you mean, 'Twenty-two?'"

"Well, twenty-five, actually, but I have to be careful. You age so fast. As an actress, it's best to be young and vague."

Barney felt as if he hadn't had enough sleep, which wasn't strange, considering he hadn't had enough sleep. He had never expected to feel so decrepit at what ought to be his prime. At twenty a few hours of sleep had brought him bouncing back. He sat on the edge of the bed, sipping coffee from the lopsided mug Candy had made in pottery class. What was he going to do about Amber? He just didn't have the heart to send her back to the dirty raincoat crowd. Have the heart . . . my big, fat heart. Barney couldn't remember if he'd taken his cortisone that morning. He decided he hadn't. "Are you really an actress?" he said. "Have you studied acting?"

"I'm not Katharine Hepburn," she said, imitating the Hepburn voice, "But then I'm not simple street trash. Do you know how hard it is even to get into an audition?"

"Well, getting your pussy licked six days a week isn't the way," Barney snapped. "You *must* be an actress. You sure looked like you loved it. Tell me it was just an act."

She looked at him. "I did feel that they loved me. The whistles and cheers . . . you know, they did love me." She disappeared, exploring his apartment. "Hey," she called out, "this is a cute little guest room. Oh, I could be sooooo cozy here." She slithered toward him, playing the sex goddess incarnate again, not knowing how infinitely more appealing she was as her sweet, daffy self. "You have piles," she said. "Piles. Piles of laundry. Piles of mail. Probably piles of unpaid bills and errands. I could be your girl Friday. Give me your errands. I can shop. I can't iron." She frowned. "I cook. A little."

"You're right," Barney agreed. "I need help." A man needed a wife because who else remembered to buy birthday cards, Barney thought. Barney had taken Reeney's wifely services for granted. She'd balanced the checkbook, doctored the houseplants, supervised periodic house paintings, wrapped Mother's Day gifts—hardly enough to make a marriage but small graces he'd no longer sneer at.

"You wouldn't have to pay me much," Amber was saying. "Room and board and just pocket money."

"I definitely do not need a resident girl Friday," Barney protested. "My daughter sleeps on that daybed back there, alternate weekends. I guess you could use it in an emergency but I'd rather just pay you by the hour. You keep your present place."

"I don't exactly have a place," she confided, gathering her feathers. "I camp out here and there."

Barney looked at his watch. He was late. "Well, you just keep camping out. I have a friend who's an agent. If you're serious about acting, I could call him. You'd probably be great in commercials. All right, you're my girl Friday. This is serious. Organize my closets. My refrigerator. My income-tax file. And please, take your feathers home in a shopping bag or something. Wear a sweater of mine and some jeans on your way out. I hope this isn't a mistake." He was astonished with himself for getting involved like this. When he thought of the women who'd pleaded and connived to creep into his life by taking over the laundry. He shuddered.

Surely it was wisest to pay someone to handle the mundane details of domestic survival. They couldn't very well sue you for alimony later or punch too many guilt buttons if you canceled the arrangement.

He was halfway down the hall when he remembered he'd forgotten his cortisone. He went back and swallowed a couple of pills with the last ounce of Amber's champagne. He was actually pleased with himself.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Zola, or Dreiser. Taking into account their time and literary mores, isn't their portrayal of sex and violence also more graphic than mine? Also, in matters of sex I trail way behind television and contemporary magazines, including the one in which this interview is to appear. As a novelist, I haven't been part of our sexual avant-garde.

Penthouse: Why do you think sadomasochism is such a prevalent theme in current popular culture?

Kosinski: Popular culture uses these images as shock treatment in a desperate attempt to wake up its audience, which has been made sexually neutralized—or should I say neuterized?—by overexposure to a bland diet of television. The preoccupation with S&M is nothing but a short-lived scream for attention.

Penthouse: Some authors, like J. D. Salinger and Thomas Pynchon, seek to conceal themselves. Why do you choose visibility?

Kosinski: Since the end of World War II, when I was twelve, I have structured my life to be both private and public. I like to openly participate in the life of the community. I am committed to certain ideas and I want to be able to fight for them. Nothing interests me more than people. In the States, I felt safe enough to go public both as a writer and as a social activist in the field of human rights. For an artist there is no better safety than to go public. Once you are public, the public looks for what it has already seen. At one time, everyone tried to trace Salinger, to find Pynchon. No one tries to find Kosinski. In a sense, my visibility is my ultimate camouflage: nothing hides one better from the public than appearing on the Johnny Carson show, because everyone thinks they know what one is doing and what one is all about—and yet there are 364 other days in the year, when they don't.

Penthouse: Is it true that you often go about in disguise?

Kosinski: I do, but not too often and only for the sake of privacy. Once in a while, though, I don't mind a little prank. Last night, for instance, I went out, in disguise, with two friends. At one of the places we visited, we met a Yale graduate they knew—and who, when I taught there, was once my student. Testing my disguise, my friends began discussing Kosinski with him, and for part of the evening, the conversation was about Kosinski—my teaching method—and what he, and others like him, thought about me.

Penthouse: Did you participate in the discussion?

Kosinski: No, I sat next to them, drank my drink, and, pretending to be tired, just listened. The disguise worked.

Penthouse: Did you enjoy this?

Kosinski: I loved it. I acquired yet another insight into my own past. I had an enormous charge out of it.

Penthouse: Do you mind being recognized by your readers when you go to the various sex clubs?

Kosinski: No more, no less than when I go any other place. Sex clubs are open to the public and profiled in *Time* and *Newsweek* and on prime-time television, and are aspects of our life. And as a writer I'm just as curious about them as I am about industrial exhibits or sports events. Most people at the sex clubs aren't into recognizing others. Usually, they are there to seek inner recognition.

Penthouse: Do you ever visit the sex clubs in disguise?

Kosinski: Once in a while. But when I want to remain anonymous, I also wear disguises to museums, industrial exhibits, or cinemas. In disguise, whether alone or accompanying someone in particular, I am more abandoned, as if an outer censorship has been lifted. After all, I don't go to these places to discuss my novels, or my politics. I am there to be myself, to watch or even to do what interests me.

> At least twice transsexuals have appeared among the protagonists of my fiction, and that's why I've photographed some eighty of them at various stages of their metamorphosis.

Penthouse: There are many public figures who complain about the press's violation of their privacy. Do you feel that there is an area of your life which the press should leave alone?

Kosinski: Ours is an open society. If by virtue of my writing and my other social activities I become a public figure, the press has a right to go after me. Still, there are many areas of my life which are private and anonymous. That's why I conduct myself the way I do. If I am big enough to make myself a public figure, I should also be small enough to hide well.

Penthouse: Have you encountered dangerous situations in your nighttime wanderings? Do you carry a weapon?

Kosinski: I encounter the same dangers most people do. As for weapons, I have my own ways of dealing with these things.

Penthouse: A gun?

Kosinski: Never a gun. Still, I have my own ways.

Penthouse: Will you talk about them?

Kosinski: No.

Penthouse: You used to race GT cars and motorbikes. You are also a relentless polo player and jumper, as well as an aggressive downhill skier. Do you enjoy high-risk sports and danger?

Kosinski: I don't. I'm extremely careful. I take more precautions against danger than any sportsman I know. I want to stay alive and unharmed for as long as chance will let me—I love life too much to risk it in a silly way.

Penthouse: Are you afraid of dying?

Kosinski: Not at all. Not even remotely. The notion of death—and its imminence—enhances life.

Penthouse: In *Pinball*, Andrea Gwynplaine, the beautiful and talented Juilliard student, seeks revenge. Revenge is a frequent obsession of your characters. Why?

Kosinski: Defense, rather than obsession. My characters often defend themselves against entrapments by oppressive societies. I see revenge as the last vestige of the eminently threatened self. When I was a student at the Stalinist university and the party threatened me with prison unless I would reform or openly perform an act of self-criticism and repent, I warned them, "Don't forget, if I go down, some of you will go with me." Revenge can be a positive force—the victim's final dignity.

Penthouse: Norman Mailer said that, for the sake of culture, he would be willing to take the risk with Jack Henry Abbott again. Would you?

Kosinski: Culture is a risk already. Society doesn't really need it. A lot of societies go without much of it; others kill it easily.

Penthouse: Was culture worth the risk Mailer and others took with Abbott?

Kosinski: Absolutely. Yes.

Penthouse: Jack Abbott was released from prison, with Mailer's help, and then Abbott killed again. Could someone like Abbott ever function in society as a "normal" person?

Kosinski: Yes, but after the proper transition. With Abbott, there was no provision made for a meaningful transition from the traumatic reality of prison to the traumatic reality of Manhattan. We all assumed that a violent man, coming from a violent environment, would become peaceful, simply because he happened to be an intellectual. Abbott also might have assumed that simply because he was a writer, he could now deal with his own emotional terror.

Penthouse: Why would Jack Henry Abbott write to you? What were his letters to you like?

Kosinski: I'd just been elected president of P.E.N., the association of writers and editors, and I had advocated the reenforcement of the P.E.N. prisoners' program, whereby books were sent to prisoners, who were encouraged to enter writing contests in poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

As far as I know, Abbott entered one of these contests, in fiction. He wrote his first letter to me in 1973 because he had read *The Painted Bird*; and because in the novel the boy is saved by the Red Army, Abbott assumed that as a result of my own childhood I was, like him, a Soviet sympathizer. Needing help from P.E.N. and

wanting to get out of prison, Abbott seized the opportunity to consider Kosinski his ally. The letter began in a friendly tone. But midway into it he had read other works by me, including my two studies of the social psychology of the Soviet system, which were obviously critical of it. The letter's tone became hostile. He called me a Rockefeller coupon-clipper, an enemy of mankind, who corrupted himself by escaping the possibility of becoming a member of the Communist party and living in the East.

When, after having read *The Devil Tree,* he learned that, like *The Painted Bird,* it too was strongly autobiographical and that I was once married to an industrialist's widow, his negative picture of me was complete. The assault continued for two years and many letters. Abbott embarked on the most sustained, vile barrage of personal, sexual, political, and aesthetic abuse, dissecting my novels and filtering them through his notion of my betrayal of mankind, and of my attachment to what to him was the worst of it—the contemporary theological Judaic concept of radical self-understanding and the Protestant message of the human boundary situation, both of which he easily detected in my fiction. To him, my preoccupation with the individual's freedom to define himself was nothing but an attempt to create a capitalist-market ideal consumer.

I wrote to Abbott once, then twice more, after which I stopped. When, after my second term as president of P.E.N., I became active in the International League for Human Rights and in the American Civil Liberties Union, Abbott decided his enmity wouldn't take him anywhere. He then sent me several conciliatory letters, saying he'd been wrong in his initial assumption, and that after a second reading of my fiction he'd come to the conclusion that I had a right to my—however individualistic—philosophy. But I didn't reply, and he abandoned me as a potential rescue system. Abbott waited, until he came across Norman Mailer, who was writing *The Executioner's Song* and who, having had brushes with violence in his own life, would be—Abbott must have assumed—a more receptive ally than Jerzy Kosinski.

Penthouse: When you finally met him, after his release, what was the encounter like?

Kosinski: The meeting was very friendly. I was invited by him to come to dinner, and ever since I blame myself, for I shouldn't have gone. After all, the dinner was to pay tribute to Jack Abbott and to his book. The book restated the philosophy which in my life I had so often rejected—and yet I went to pay tribute to Jack Abbott.

Penthouse: Why?

Kosinski: Because I became corrupted, that's why. Because I was corrupted by my exaggerated responsibility to society, and by the superficial requirements of my own social visibility. And because of my temporary—I like to think—inability to sort out what was moral and immoral about the whole affair. Come to think of it, some of the greatest corruptions in history might have started with such an innocent invitation to a dinner. Photographs taken during the dinner by a friend of mine show Abbott passionately embracing me, and—I am sorry to say—my responding in kind by toasting him and so forth.

During the dinner, with reference to our correspondence, I asked him whether, if he were to join the Communist party and it took power in the United States, he would go after me and put me in prison. He said that it would depend on historical circumstances as defined by the party, not by him personally. I asked him then whether as a free man he intended to continue to apply his philosophy of pragmatic violence of the "school of gladiators" he wrote about in his book, and he said that this, too, depended on circumstances—personal ones. I said that as a child of World War II, I, too, had come from a gladiator school, but that I had advice for him: in our world, if

> The preoccupation with S&M is nothing but a short-lived scream for attention. Popular culture uses these images as shock treatment in a desperate attempt to wake up its audience.

one is accosted by a violent man, one must move aside. To confront such a man with violence would mean to subscribe to his code, and I loved life too much to risk it on somebody else's terms. "Well, I would never let anyone push me around," Abbott said. "Then," I said, "you might die in the hands of another gladiator. I have been out in this city, and in Chicago, and in Los Angeles, and in Denver, and in New Orleans; in big towns and in small towns; I have been to the gambling resorts, the whorehouses, as well as in universities and the churches. It happens to be a very violent country, so when they hit you, and you don't move away, they'll hit you again." "Well," he said, "that is not what I would do, Jerzy."

Meanwhile, I advised him to look for an apartment on Staten Island, outside New York. I felt Staten Island would expose him to the sea, which he didn't know at all. I thought the sea might give him an idea of the world as an open space rather than just as Manhattan—an urban prison cell. But then, all of this talk dissolved into chatter. It was my last and only meeting with Jack Henry Abbott. You know the rest.

Penthouse: After World War II, Jerzy Kosinski also had to emerge from a violent milieu.

Kosinski: And initially at least, I didn't necessarily deal with it any better than Abbott. When the war ended, I was placed by the authorities with hundreds of other parentless kids in an orphanage, where we fought each other with the skills acquired in our survival and with the venom learned from our Nazi and Soviet oppressors. As a mute (I lost my speech at the age of nine), I ran an additional risk of being considered retarded—and treated accordingly, particularly by other boys. In the orphanage violence reigned: once again, though this time not from the peasants, I learned firsthand (though it wasn't just a hand) what rape meant—both sides of it.

After my parents traced me to the orphanage and took me out of it, I lived with them and with their newly adopted baby boy, who, I felt, had usurped my place in the love of my parents and whom I hated more than the memory of war. And so I began to go out at night and seek the attention, respect, and love of strangers, even though the authorities warned my parents I was a potential runaway. Imagine! I survived the war by running away from one village to the next in the rather harsh region of Eastern Europe, and when the war ended, the authorities warned my parents I might run away! On several occasions, I was picked up by the police as a runaway vagrant.

Penthouse: As a runaway vagrant?

Kosinski: Yes. But I wasn't really running away. I was merely running. Had I wanted to disappear, I was equipped to do it without ever being caught. I just wanted to go out at night, where I could test my freedom to hide, and when fewer people seemed to mind a mute kid. But I always wanted to come home. And in the morning the police would deliver me to my poor parents, as a runaway child. As a result of these escapades, and my brushes with the law five months after my parents found me, we had to leave the big town we lived in and moved to a small town in the mountains. There I was placed in the care of a deaf-mute ski instructor. It was thought that, since there is no nightlife in the mountains, I could not enter into conflict with the law.

Penthouse: Many of your novels offer a catalog of the cruelties you yourself witnessed. What is the cruelest thing you saw in postwar Eastern Europe?

Kosinski: The cruelest thing I witnessed was the steady, relentless manipulation of individuals by the party. The constant interference in the lives of innocent, decent people; the constant censoring of every act; the steady presence of the totalitarian philosophy. And the oppressive fear it introduced to our daily existence. In Communist Poland, an interview with a critic like you would have been a source of unbearable terror to me and my family. The terror would start long before your arrival and continue long after your departure—not to mention the unpredictable outcome of its publication. The consequences of an

interview could have been terrible. If I said only what I was supposed to, you or your editors could accuse me of not telling the truth, of just trying to please the party. If I became openly hostile and spoke the truth—we know the consequences of that.

And so, the constant, unresolved predicament of being at the mercy of the most sinister political apparatus ever developed, in whose hands your life and the life of your family is vested at every moment. At any time, when I took nude pictures, it was considered, by the party, as an act of bourgeois preoccupation—for which I could be expelled from the university and punitively drafted into the army. When, for instance, I spent hours in the library, I had to keep in mind that someone would make a tally of how many hours I spent there reading what books. Then, at a student meeting a party member might get up and start a general discussion of the reading habits of certain people. "For example," he would say, pointing an accusing finger at me, "in the last few weeks, betraying his contempt for our socialist tasks, Comrade Kosinski has escaped into the capitalist niche of Romantic poetry."

Penthouse: You were never a party member?

Kosinski: No. I refused even to join the student union—an obligatory membership for anyone studying. In Lodz, the nation's second largest city, I was the only one who didn't belong, and because of such open defiance I was twice thrown out of the university by the student union. Threatening to resign, the rector and the dean had me reinstated, because they claimed that if the students could so arbitrarily remove a perfectly good student like me, they could also, if they wanted to, remove a rector or a dean.

Ironically, soon after, the party decided to utilize for its own good even my anti-Communist stance. Twice, in 1955 and in 1957, I was appointed to be in charge of the Western honorary dignitaries—scientists, writers, theologians—at both the Warsaw and Moscow Youth Festivals—precisely because I was a known anti-Communist, and so were many of the Westerners. Officially, I was assigned to this task simply because I spoke some foreign languages, but in fact this was done to convince the West that in a Communist state dissent was allowed. When the foreign dignitaries arrived, they were told that in charge of them was Jerzy Kosinski, the young, multilingual social scientist—and well-known dissident. That's how perverse the system is.

Penthouse: You are a survivor. Is there any act which is not justified by the need to survive?

Kosinski: A great number of things would not justify my surviving. There was a time when, planning my escape to the West, I pondered suicide, simply because if caught, I would be given a long prison sentence and I didn't think that going to Communist prison for seven or twelve years was worth living for. I carried cya-

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nide, and if they came to arrest me, I was perfectly ready to lick it. Also, I would have committed suicide had I been used against anyone else. The time they threatened to draft me—once into the army intelligence and once into the Polish secret police—I told them point-blank: "It's a useless act: the minute you do it, I will kill myself." To show that I was perfectly capable of it and that they couldn't stop me, I described three or four very pragmatic ways I might use to kill myself. After this, the party took a second look at me and more or less they left me alone. I would never let myself be used against anyone else—even if my life depended on it. Since I view life as a process that can end at any time, and arbitrarily at that, I see nothing wrong in using suicide as a safety device—one more guarantor of the decency of my life as it goes on.

Penthouse: Why did they want you for the army or police?

Kosinski: Because I was a survivor, with a history of violence, yet intelligent enough and—they probably assumed—Byzantine enough to serve them. That's where they misjudged me: precisely because I was Byzantine, they could never get me alive.

Penthouse: Because of your brutal childhood experience, do you perceive yourself as a victim?

Kosinski: I saw myself as a victim only from the age of six, when, at the war's outset, I was separated from my parents, until three years later, when I lost my speech. Ironically, as a mute, I accepted myself as being apart from others—and thus no longer a victim. Since I couldn't communicate with their world, the conflict ended. If I could no longer answer questions asked of me by their world, I didn't have to worry about those who would ask them either. I ceased being afraid. I looked at myself from within. I listened to my own inner voice. I knew my answers. Nobody else did.

Penthouse: What was it like for you before you achieved this inner peace?

Kosinski: I hated life. I was afraid of pain. Of being molested, raped, drowned, starved, killed by a German bullet, or taken to a gas chamber. Between the ages of six and nine, I made several suicide attempts. Once, I threw myself from a tree; another time, from a fence. I wanted to die because I had been badly abused and beaten up, and I didn't want to go through all this again. Once, to kill myself, I pondered swallowing nails.

Between the ages of nine, when I became mute, and fifteen and a half, when I got my speech back, I developed inner peace. Though I was beaten and maltreated a lot when I was mute, I led an extremely rich inner life. I had no quarrel with myself. But then, once I regained my speech after the war, the trauma began. The Stalinist society went after me, asking questions I didn't want to hear, demanding answers I would not give.

Penthouse: How did you lose your speech?

Kosinski: In a church, on Corpus Christi in June 1942, while serving in a Mass as one of the altar boys, I was supposed to transfer the Bible from one side of the altar to another but fell with it. Since moments before it happened I knew I was going to fall—both physically and, I thought, forever in the eyes of the church—I am convinced that I lost my speech from the tension *before* the actual fall.

Penthouse: How did you finally regain your speech?

Kosinski: A skiing accident eventually brought it back. I was skiing downhill toward my ski instructor, himself a deaf-mute, a warm, older man who had lived in the mountains all his life. There was a precipice on the way, and sliding toward it I was gripped by the fear that something unavoidable and horrible was about to take place—the same fear I once felt during that Mass. This fear, I think, snapped my muteness, moments before I actually fell into the precipice and fractured my skull. My speech reemerged a few weeks later.

> When I want to remain anonymous, I also wear disguises to museums, industrial exhibits, or cinemas. In disguise . . . I am more abandoned, as if an outer censorship has been lifted.

Penthouse: Could something like this happen to you again?

Kosinski: It could, though I don't think there is anything right now that could generate such terror in me. I'm not so fearful anymore. Maybe I'm too old to experience fears of such intensity.

Penthouse: You are now working on a screenplay based on your novel *Passion Play*. Would you ever consider directing a film?

Kosinski: Directing doesn't interest me. It's collective and highly restricted by the never-ending responsibility vis-à-vis screenplay, actors, investors, studios, etc. Writing fiction leaves me uncensored and free to do what I want to do most. Now that I've acted—in *Reds*—I realize even more fully that no artist is as free as a novelist.

Penthouse: Can you tell me why, in *Reds*, Warren Beatty cast you in the role of Grigori Zinoviev? And were you strongly directed by him?

Kosinski: Profoundly directed. My performance owes far more to the director than, as an actor, I would like to admit. Initially, I turned down the role. But it was pointed out to me that while, as an actor, I could afford not to play in *Reds*, as a novelist I couldn't afford to miss the opportunity of such an experience. Then, I realized that I probably wouldn't have another chance to play in a Hollywood epic—and *Reds* might be the biggest epic ever made.

But the prime motivation Warren provided was moral and political. He said that, after my having been imprisoned for twenty-four years by totalitarian philosophy, I now had a chance as Grigori Zinoviev to show millions of Americans what a committed Communist is really like—both ideologically motivated, bureaucratic, and detached from concrete human existence at the same time. Warren said I could show such a bureaucrat in confrontation with John Reed, who was a writer very much like I am today, a man defending his moral right to write what *he*, not the party, perceives to be truth. Regarding one of the film's final scenes, when Reed screams at Zinoviev, "You don't rewrite what I write!", Warren said, "Isn't this what Kosinski had been doing for the last twenty years? Defending himself and, as past president of P.E.N., other writers and intellectuals like him against censorship?" Thus, said Warren, in the confrontation of Zinoviev and Reed, I would speak for the philosophy that once oppressed me in the first half of my life, and Warren would defend the very principle that has rendered me free as a writer in the second half of my life. To make certain that I was free to convey the essence of Communist doctrine as proposed by Zinoviev, I would write my own lines.

Penthouse: You contributed dialogue to the screenplay?

Kosinski: Yes, I wrote all Zinoviev's dialogue, with Warren going over it. Then, to match Zinoviev's, Warren would write the lines of John Reed.

Penthouse: How did Warren Beatty deal with you on the set of *Reds*?

Kosinski: To throw me back into my past, Warren did something very clever. The extras he selected to surround Zinoviev in his committee were actually Soviet bureaucrats who had left the Soviet Union very recently and lived in Spain and France. Because they spoke only Russian, I was forced to speak Russian to them. Once they learned who I was, they did not hide their dislike for me, both as a writer who abandoned his native idiom to write in English and as an actor portraying Zinoviev; a Jew and a character they did not think much of. Soon they made me profoundly uncomfortable. I was in a state of emotional siege and, willy-nilly, in the process, emotionally I *became* Zinoviev.

Equally soon, as Kosinski/Zinoviev I began to dislike Beatty/John Reed, who in his American naiveté knew nothing of what I had to go through with these Russian hard-hats. I guess that my hostility, however minimal, permeated my performance and possibly made it more authentic.

Very early in my acting, Warren also no-

ticed how in the midst of a take of one of my passionate tirades I became discouraged when I suddenly saw four crew members deeply asleep behind the cameras. After that, in all other takes, he banned everyone from my field of vision, so I couldn't assess the impact of my acting on others.

Penthouse: Did he ask you to watch the rushes?

Kosinski: He said I could see the rushes, but he said it in such a way that I sensed he didn't think I should. So I decided against looking at the rushes. I did not see myself in *Reds* until two days before the movie opened.

Penthouse: Were you happy with your performance?

Kosinski: No, I was not. I would rather have played John Reed, and be handsome and glamorous, and kiss Diane Keaton.

Penthouse: Tell me about that other famous actor in your life—Peter Sellers in *Being There.*

Kosinski: For a long time, I thought the role of Chauncey Gardiner should be filled by an unknown actor, not by Peter Sellers. I even conducted a video test with some fifteen nonprofessionals. Every one of them proved that, even if given the role, he would *remain* unknown. Then, after bombarding me for nine years with calling cards and letters—in which he called himself Chauncey Gardiner—one day, in a small garden, adjoining a beach house in Santa Monica, Peter Sellers demonstrated to me how he'd play the role. I was staggered by what I saw. But it wasn't easy to sell Peter Sellers as Chauncey Gardiner. Everyone thought he was overly identified with *The Pink Panther.* Finally, I managed to convince them. As the role called for no visible signs of aging, without much fanfare Peter Sellers underwent plastic surgery, knowing that immediately after plastic surgery, his face would become a bit blank, its facial muscles slightly rigid. You might have noticed the difference between his face in the last *Pink Panther* and in *Being There*—his last serious film.

Penthouse: Will you say something about your next novel? Is there one already in the works?

Kosinski: My next novel will be about intimacy, and I have already begun it. It will focus on the spiritual background of intimacy, and on its taboos and rages. How is society present in the lover's embrace? Is some of love pornographic? Is some of the body pornographic?

Penthouse: George Steiner has argued against writers making erotic life too public in their works. What do you think?

Kosinski: I think that since a novel is itself an intimate act, it is eminently suited to examine intimacy. A novel is the most intimate thing I can make. Right now, until my next novel is out, nothing I do or say or show is more intimate than *Pinball.* No relationship with me could be more intimate than reading it.

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I CHASED 'EM DOWN INTO THE LABYRINTHS, BARON—BUT NO ONE COULD FIND 'EM DOWN THERE!
WHERE ARE MY LITTLE FRIENDS, UNCLE VINCENT?
FRIENDS? SHE'S DELIRIOUS! THEY'RE IN HIDING—IF I GET MY HANDS ON THEM THEY'LL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!
THERE, THERE, DEAR—TRY TO GET SOME REST!
BUT UNCLE—THEY SAVED MY LIFE! THIS MAN...THE ONE WITH THE RED NOSE AN' GLASSES...HE TRIED TO KIDNAP ME!
RED NOSE AND GLASSES? SHE'S HYSTERICAL! HURRY UP WITH THAT SEDATIVE!
BUT UNCLE...
POOR THING! RAVISHED BY THOSE HORRIBLE MONSTERS! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP THEM AROUND, VINCENT—THEY OUGHT TO BE SHOT!
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YOU NEED REST, MY DEAR! YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A TERRIBLE ORDEAL!
BUT UNCLE —YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL HAND! THAT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HANDS I HAVE EVER SEEN!
THE REST OF YOU OUTSIDE, PLEASE. YOU CAN LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! SHE'S IN SAFE HANDS!
I KNOW SHE IS— THAT'S WHAT'S SO BORING ABOUT YOU, VINCENT!
IS SHE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT? WHICH ONES ARE THE LIVER SAUSAGE?
OF COURSE SHE IS! SOME OF THESE CIRCUITS ARE A BIT FRAYED... ALL SHE NEEDS IS SOME DATA REMOVED FROM THE MEMORY BANK.....
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NEW SHAMPOO I'M USING!
SHE WON'T REMEMBER A THING WHEN SHE WAKES! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THOSE DAMNED MONSTERS DID TO HER? ALL THAT BUSINESS ABOUT A MAN WITH A RED NOSE!
SHE MAY HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO THE MONSTERS? SHE MAY HAVE DEVELOPED A KINKY TASTE FOR THE BIZARRE!
SELF ABUSE IS ADDLING YOUR BRAIN!
THERE'S NO TRACE OF THAT IN THE COMPUTER! I SHOULD KNOW —I MADE HER!
PARDON ME, I'M SURE! I'M SORRY I SPOKE!

AS THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT, CHASTITY DRIFTS INTO A DEEP AND TROUBLED SLEEP
OPPRESSED BY DREAMS OF ANXIOUS FOREBODING
PURSUED BY DARK MENACING FORMS AND OF FALLING — FALLING TOWARDS SOME FEARFUL FUTURE!

NEXT MORNING ALL IS FORGOTTEN. CHASTITY AWAKES, REFRESHED AND HAPPY.....
MORNING? IT'S 11-30-ALRIGHT FOR SOME PEOPLE!

LIGHTING THE GLOOMY CASTLE WITH THE RADIANCE OF HER PERSONALITY
GOOD MORNING ALL! IT'S LOVELY OUT THERE IN THE SWAMP—FULL OF WILD FLOWERS!
D'YOU KNOW—I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY!

I'M NOT REALLY DRESSED FOR A SPORTS CAR!
NO SWEAT! I'LL TRADE IT IN FOR SOMETHING ELSE ON THE WAY TO TOWN!

ACCEPTING INVITATIONS FROM AN ASSORTMENT OF MILLIONAIRES, OIL SHEIKS, FILM AND ROCK STARS—EVEN THE ODD BASE—BALL PLAYER.....
AND JUST WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ALONG PERFECTLY, TWO NEW AND SINISTER CHARACTERS TAKE THEIR PLACE IN THE WINGS...
WHO ARE THEY AND WHY HAVE THEY BEEN ORDAINED TO PLAY A STRANGELY DECISIVE ROLE IN ALL OUR LIVES?... WATCH OUT NEXT MONTH... YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN EYES!!

COMPUTER CRIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

steal money in all cases, but to use them as a tool, like any good businessman. Well, if they can use computers like a good businessman, they can also use them like a bad businessman—or like a criminal."

Huber's "whispers," it would seem, are getting louder. In South Korea, an organized-crime ring, with help from Americans, used a military computer to steal up to $17 million a year in food, uniforms, vehicle parts, and other merchandise from U.S. Army bases. In San Francisco, a group of Mafia front men posed as stockbrokers, using a legitimate investment fund and genuine commodities transactions as a "laundry" for computerized racketeering profits. Parker ticks off a number of other cases: "a statewide raid of organized crime in Massachusetts found records of gambling, drugs, prostitution—and two computers . . . A bookmaking case in Tulsa, Oklahoma . . . Albuquerque, where a senior mechanical engineer from Sandia wrote the computer programs for local organized-crime gambling activities . . ." The list goes on.

There is also evidence of increasing use of computers by disorganized crime. A pimp in Santa Ana, Calif., was found to have records on 4,000 customers in a personal computer—including billing information, personal likes and dislikes, and so on. And unbelievably enough, nearly every major prison in the country now offers courses in data processing to convicts, a situation Huber calls "insane." Sure enough, the FBI is already receiving reports of computer crimes perpetrated by prison-trained programmers, including one case in which inmates at Leavenworth Federal Prison obtained tax refunds ranging from $600 to $10,000 by determining IRS auditing triggers and then avoiding them in phony returns.

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of increasing computer expertise among professional criminals is the access to vital systems that can be gained by such "legitimate" fronts as banks and brokerage houses. If a bank, for example, is controlled by a criminal element, as a small number are, that bank still has access to one or more of the computer systems used to move money around the country—including the massive FEDWIRE, an electronic pipeline into the Federal Reserve. We'll have more to say about these systems later, but for now it's enough to know that there are a number of them, and among them they process a dollar amount *equal to the gross national product* every three days. A crooked bank with legitimate access to these systems would obviously have its fingers poised above an enormous till, and the temptation to dig in might be too much to withstand. According to the FBI, this actually happened in the case of one bank in New Jersey.

Sabotage. Into the realm of the increasingly dangerous. In Los Angeles, four men—two of them juveniles, and all under twenty-six—were arrested for stealing vital manuals from Pacific Telephone and Telegraph's COSMOS computer center. (Interestingly, two of the arrestees had been previously charged for computer fraud in San Francisco, making them among the first known recidivist computer crooks.) According to district attorney's investigator Robert Ewen, the information in the stolen manuals could have been used to shut down much of the telephone system in the Los Angeles area. Although PT&T tried to pooh-pooh the incident—"there are too many safeguards," said a spokesman, "so many transactions that would have been required to shut down the systems"—according to Ewen, "the potential was there. Whether the telephone company could have stopped that somewhere en route is conjecture."

Comments from the tight-lipped FBI are even more interesting. "Once you have access to a system and mobility within it," says Nolan, "the potential for damage is as large as the system itself. The potential in the [PT&T] case was mind-boggling. Those people were able to seriously jeopardize a very extensive installation."

What if a PT&T-like invasion went one step further, from seriously jeopardizing a communications system to actually shutting it down, with all the attendant chaos? "The thing is," says Nolan, "most routine criminals don't go in to disrupt an entire system. They're there to get the money and get out." A significant pause ensues, then a rueful addendum: "Terrorists might, though," he says.

The possibility of sabotage of computer installations by terrorists—either by physical sabotage, as in bombings, or by electronic invasion—has many experts worried. Dennis G. Severance of the Financial Executives Institute reminds us that in the last six years more than thirty computer centers in Europe have been bombed by terrorists. Roy C. Tucker, Jr., president of Risks, International, a security consulting organization that specializes in predicting terrorist activities, feels that "defense-related industry and nuclear utilities might well become a target for terrorists," and Congressman Bill Nelson (Dem.-Fla.) has information that as many as twelve such attacks have already taken place in the U.S.

Even more disturbing is the possibility of a coordinated, crippling attack on a large number of utilities and communications systems by a tightly organized *confederation* of terrorists—a sort of widespread, computerized version of the Brink's robbery at Nyack. The FBI's Nolan sees this possibility as unlikely. In his view, Nyack was not a sign of coalescing strength by newly unified terrorist groups.

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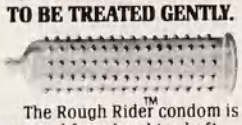

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"Besides," he says, "a concerted effort to disrupt a large number of systems would take years of planning, effort, and commitment on the part of the terrorists. It's hard to do something like that on a long-term basis without somebody telling somebody. Eventually that information would get back to an FBI agent, and all the bells would ring. So the chances are that sort of thing would be detected in midstream."

Other experts disagree with Nolan's estimate of the dangers posed by newly strengthened terrorist groups in America. "When previously established groups suddenly reappear, as they did at Nyack," says Tucker, "it's worth considering the possibility that terrorists are linking up in this country." Another security expert puts it even more bluntly: "They're joining forces, all right," he says. "Within the next two years, you're going to see exactly the same kind of terrorist attacks here that we've been seeing in Europe all along."

Even Nolan admits that where computer vulnerability is the issue, "terrorism is a matter of real concern. Terrorists are usually looking to publicize their cause, so if they attack computers, this generally gets them a lot of attention. And the fact that terrorists need so much money to finance their activities is even more frightening." The staggering amounts of money stored in various computer systems creates what Nolan, with typical FBI understatement, calls "a more dangerous scenario."

Espionage. From the halls of Silicon Valley to the shores of the Potomac, no one understates this problem. Computer programs and components (the "software" and "hardware" of the technical lexicon) have in themselves become valuable items, some programs being worth up to several hundred thousand dollars each. It is in this area, the area of information theft, that the FBI sees "the biggest potential for . . . increase." According to Nolan, "the state of that particular art could well develop a level of sophistication and capability that would allow it to advance faster than the implementation of controls."

There are indications that the situation is already out of control. A computer technician named Bertram Seidlitz was able to burn Optimum Services Company of Maryland for almost all the access codes for its WYLBUR program, a program that gave the company a competitive edge in supplying services to several federal agencies. Superior Court Judge Peter Stone of California's Santa Clara County (the site of most of the Silicon Valley computer centers) has said that the theft of industrial secrets has become "an abnormal way of doing business that has been countenanced" in Silicon Valley. Stone has blasted the computer industry in general for its "abominable" security.

The threats posed by lax security are not limited to the computer industry. Many experts feel that national security itself may be at stake. Congressman Nelson is worried about "the vulnerability of computer systems in general, and national security systems in particular." The FBI's Nolan says that "there is significant foreign interest in computer research and installations both in Santa Clara County and the Washington area." According to Parker, "there are supposed to be more foreign agents in Silicon Valley than there are in East *and* West Berlin."

Nolan cites "quite a number of recent incidents," among them the case of Marc Andre DeGeyter, a Belgian businessman who was arrested for attempting to obtain American computer secrets, allegedly for the Soviet Union. Indicted on eight felony counts that could have led to forty years in jail, DeGeyter was somehow allowed to plead guilty to lesser charges, and was let off with four months in jail and a fine of $10,500. Although attorneys denied plea bargaining, the *New York Times* reported that "several persons connected with the case said DeGeyter's industrial espionage in this country had been far more extensive than the Federal Government had acknowledged, and that he had boasted of obtaining other technical secrets from such companies as IBM."

> A pimp in Santa Ana, Calif., was found to have records on 4,000 customers in a personal computer—including billing information, personal likes and dislikes, and so on.

In Silicon Valley, Peter K. Gopal, the president of a Sunnyvale consulting firm, was sentenced to two years and eight months in prison for conspiring to steal electronic secrets worth an estimated $10 million from Intel Corporation and National Semiconductor. Federal investigators maintained that Gopal was the head of a spy ring that was hand-carrying stolen data to Austria, from where it was shipped to Poland and then to the Soviet Union.

Nolan readily admits that the FBI is "concerned" about computer espionage and the danger it poses. "These incidents have all occurred over a short period of time," he says, "and it's the same activity over and over again. Now these incidents did not lead to the degree of success intended, *but there was success.*"

DeGeyter and Gopal may have been caught, but one wonders how big an iceberg they represent. "That's the concern that everyone shares," Nolan says. "How much of this is going on that we're not aware of?"

The question for the future is: if national security on the ground can be compromised by electronic espionage, what about missile programs, space programs, satellite operations? "With the seeming disarray we have currently in the intelligence community," Huber says, "you wonder how easy it would be for someone to place somebody at a computer at Cape Kennedy during a shuttle flight and cause that flight to abort, or even fail under way. I'm sure NASA has taken every precaution, but it's a beehive of computers down there. "It just takes one little bee to be out of order," he admonishes, "and the queen's in trouble."

Economic crime. There is a line beyond which electronic crime begins to affect not only individuals and organizations, but whole systems. If this line is crossed, it is the economy itself that becomes the victim. These days, when the computer represents the economy's central nervous system, its jugular vein is the network of Electronic Funds Transfer (EFT) systems that actually move money from one place to another. It's been said before, but it's worth repeating: the country's four major EFT systems—FEDWIRE, CHIPS, BANKWIRE, and SWIFT—move about $400 billion dollars a *day* domestically, and about $600 billion internationally.

Now the blood of this system, the hard cash, is not cash at all. It is not gold, it is not even paper. It is a series of electronic impulses contained on magnetic tape. "The data is now the money," Parker says, "and the computer becomes the vault. The actual communication lines in the EFT systems become a part of the vault. For very small amounts of time, the telephone circuits are actually storing the money while it's being zapped from one place to another. So if you were to predict where the largest losses could occur, you immediately focus on the EFT systems."

There is serious concern in many quarters about the security of those massive systems. Parker says he *thinks* the systems are *minimally* secure, but says "they could be more so." Dr. Ron Rivest, an MIT computer specialist who helped devise a coding system that is widely used in defense computers, is more emphatic. "The EFT systems are certainly vulnerable," he says. "I'm definitely concerned. The banks are slowly increasing the protection of their systems, but there's a lot less protection than there should be." Even William Moroney, president of the EFT Association, who maintains that EFT systems are "quite secure," also admits that, indeed, there are "windows of vulnerability that shouldn't exist—sloppy internal practices, technical shortcuts."

Whether a crook or a foreign agent could hit an EFT system hard enough to actually cripple the entire economy is open to question. But there is more than one way to subvert a system. Parker has expressed concerns about a "Trojan Horse"—a secret, unauthorized program

piggybacked into a computer system on top of a previously existing, authorized one—systematically bleeding the national economy in such a way as to severely weaken it. Dr. Michael Dertouzos, director of MIT's computer-science center, talks about causing national chaos by manipulating the data base for certain economic indicators, and Parker concurs, saying such manipulation could cause "pretty severe damage."

How severe? SRI hosted a task group recently that asked exactly that question. "We went over all the scenarios we could think of," Parker says, "trying to see if there were any vulnerabilities that could cause a nationwide collapse or disaster. We couldn't find any. We could come up with scenarios that could cause massive losses, but only in limited areas of the country. Even in those cases, if you take into account the resilience of society, its ability to find some other way of life, then you can conclude that that stage of vulnerability has not been reached—today."

Somehow all this sounds less reassuring than intended, especially if one lives in one of the "limited" areas (Washington? San Francisco?) that might suffer "massive losses." For those who remain unreassured, Parker strikes an even more nervous note: "We could anticipate," he says, "increasing use of computer technology, its increasing complexity, and society's increasing reliance on it. So these scenarios that may not cause disaster today might cause a disaster in the future."

Is security possible? Can computers be protected from the sorts of invasion that might cause disasters? The problems, it seems, are nearly as immense as the computer systems themselves. There are technical problems, perhaps the greatest of which is the enormous proliferation of computers, which Nolan characterizes as "so broad and so rapid that in terms of just sheer numbers it can get ahead of us. We think we're keeping pace, but we can't be assured that we are."

In many quarters, especially in business, there is a real need to provide remote access to systems, with all the built-in vulnerabilities that these dial-a-computer features create. The investment community has now come to rely on the speed offered by EFT systems as a money-making factor in and of itself.

Moroney puts it bluntly: "When you're talking about moving billions of dollars around the country, and making money depends on your ability to get it from one place to another in minutes instead of hours, you're talking about millions of dollars that can be earned simply by speed. That speed can be slowed down by too much security."

Anyone who wishes to make a computer secure must weigh the cost of security against what he feels to be the real risks of vulnerability. As Moroney says, "If you spend a million dollars to protect a hundred, that's not security—it's waste." Security systems can indeed be extremely expensive. "You can spend a bundle buying computer security," says Huber. "If you've got a big system, you start at a quarter of a million just to have someone come in and look the thing over. Then you start buying software, and access controls, physical stuff, and the next thing you know you've spent as much as it costs to buy the computer. Well, business is business. If it costs that much, they're going to say, 'Who needs it?'"

Another problem is the difficulty of detecting computer crime when it actually does occur. As Robert A. Jacobson, president of International Security Technology, says, "we only read about the failed computer criminals. The really successful ones are never detected in the first place." According to Parker, "some ripoff techniques are neither preventable nor detectable if the perpetrator is smart enough." The Trojan Horse technique, for example, amounts to what Parker calls "a needle in a haystack. Even if you suspect there's a Trojan Horse in your system, it would take a couple of hundred man-years to find it."

If the technical problems in computer security are staggering, pure people problems can be even more so. "The majority of computer crimes," says Moroney,

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"haven't been accomplished by technological interlopers, but because someone who controlled the system from inside went bad. All the technology in the world won't prevent that sort of crime." Parker agrees. "Prevention," he says, "is a matter of keeping the fox out of the chicken coop, and that's almost impossible to do." This is especially true when the fox is young, bright, well trained, and lacking in what Nycum calls "an ordinary grounding in the ethics of dealing with computers"—a profile that fits the vast majority of computer crooks.

People problems can be just as bothersome on the right side of the fence as on the wrong side. Many businessmen and technocrats have an it-can't-happen-to-me attitude—until it does. "The people in data centers are in there to crunch numbers," says Huber, "and the attitude is hassle-me-not with all these security procedures." When crime does occur, the immediate reaction is to keep it quiet. "Banks," says Parker—and what he says undoubtedly applies to government agencies as well—"would just as soon the public didn't know how vulnerable their computer system might be."

This attitude can make things rough for law-enforcement agencies, which are having a difficult time dealing with computer crime in the first place. One computer company told the FBI that out of a thousand cases of computer crimes in its files, only 12 percent were reported to authorities, and of those, only 18 percent resulted in convictions. For one thing, few police departments have personnel whose understanding of computers is as complete as that of the criminals they're pursuing.

"It's frustrating," Nolan says, "when the robbers are better trained than the police." Judges and juries often have trouble understanding the data-as-money concept, especially when trying to apply cash-age laws to the often abstract subtleties of today's computer crime. "What we need," says Nycum, "are a set of laws that say 'yes' to computer crime, so that when they occur we can just call out a number and go to court."

The picture of a computerized society with all its doors and windows open to any criminal with a little training in data processing obviously overstates the case. If not, as some experts point out, computer crime would be as common as burglary. Throughout computerland, grids are in place that are designed to keep these crimes from happening. "The idea," says Parker, "is to make the enemy work harder than the gain is worth. Then you've got some security."

To that end, many businesses are following the lead of government agencies, particularly the Department of Defense, and instituting controls. A number of large corporations, including AT&T, are cutting down the amount of remote accessing they allow. According to Parker, the electronic-audit profession—the "security cops" of the computer world—is beginning to catch up to the level of proficiency of the computer crook. Many organizations are physically duplicating their facilities so that no one set of hardware or information is irreplaceable.

Technical security systems are blossoming everywhere. These range from coding of information to exception reports (an internal alarm system in which the computer notes any unusual transactions) to security kernels (a "software lock" that allows access only to specific, authorized sets of data) to systems busting (using a computer to pinpoint vulnerabilities in another computer).

The people problem is being attacked by using military-like clearance systems with stringent investigations of computer personnel's backgrounds, and by separating duties, responsibilities, and authorizations so that no right hand knows what any left hand is doing. As the FBI sees it, the very openness of American society mitigates against criminal success; as Nolan says, "somebody's always going to tell somebody else."

Things are looking somewhat brighter in the legal arena, as well. At present, sixteen states have passed laws that are aimed specifically at computer crime, and Congressman Nelson has introduced a federal computer-crime bill now being considered by the House Judiciary Committee. "If that bill is passed," says Nolan, "we'll have the tools we need."

Despite the assurances of experts, there exists the nagging feeling that all is not well in computerland, and that things might get worse in the future. For example, Moroney notes that the exception reports generated by EFT computers are sometimes not read by anyone inside the system but the crook. Roger Schell, deputy director of the Department of Defense computer security center, feels that his security people do "a good job," but admits that "there's no systematic way to identify all the holes, and therefore you can't close them." He also admits that while transmissions of vital information from one terminal to another are encoded, the information itself is not; and that DOD's present hardware cannot be modified to include a security kernel system.

At the bottom of all this rather bewildering talk of systems and vulnerabilities, risk factors and controls, is what Parker calls the "Maginot Line syndrome." "The bad guy," he explains, "is not looking for where you do have controls, he's looking for where you don't have them. He's going to end-run your system every time." As we move toward an increasingly computer-dependent future, a future we may find replete with "trapdoors" and "Trojan Horses," that end run remains, as Parker indicates, a "close race."

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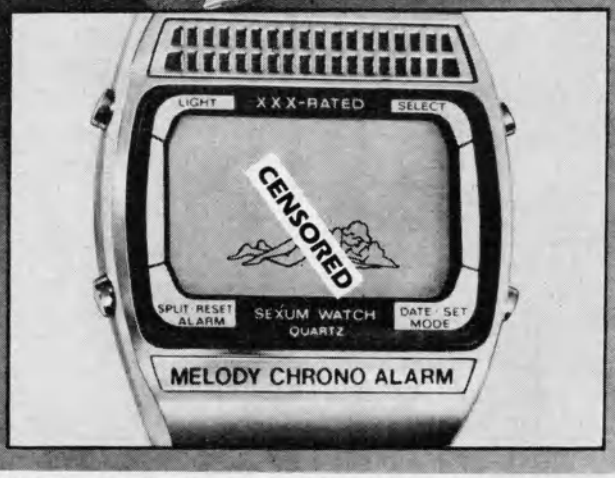

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

upstairs. I was downstairs in the bathroom jerking off, and just as I began shooting off into the sink I heard Veronica say, "What a shame to waste all that." I was most embarrassed.

Veronica pushed the door open, took a warm washcloth, and began washing off my cock, gently squeezing the last drops of come from it. She asked me why I had to jerk off and I explained that her mother hadn't given me any sex for more than five years because she didn't like it or need it anymore. The only way I had to relieve my tensions was to jerk off once every week or so. Veronica looked at me and said that just because I was sixty years old was no reason for me not to have sex and that maybe she could do something about it.

The next morning my wife had gone to church and said she would be returning late because the women of the church were having a tea for new members. I was sitting in bed reading the Sunday papers when my stepdaughter came in and began looking at the papers beside me. I really thought nothing of it at first, but when I felt her hand, which had slid under the covers, grasping my soft cock, I suddenly realized that she had something in mind that I hadn't enjoyed in many years. She gently massaged my cock and balls with her smooth, warm hands. My cock was stirring to her loving touch when she pushed the covers aside, opened my robe, and went down on my cock. I was amazed. She really knew how to suck my cock.

As soon as she had gotten me rock hard she opened her robe and pulled me on top of her telling me to "Fuck me, honey, fuck me!" I had never heard her use such earthy, graphic sexual language, but fuck her I did.

Since that first time, she gives me fellatio every weekend until I'm rock hard and then I fuck her with everything I've got. Sometimes we have to fuck downstairs in my workshop, and even twice while I sat on a stool and she straddled me. She tells me that her ex-husband would love to catch her with someone but that he would never suspect me because of my age. Suddenly, during the past couple of months I've been feeling younger than I've felt in years.—J. W.

Yours is one of many letters from men in their fifties, sixties, or even eighties that express their surprise that they still need and enjoy sex. The world may disapprove, calling older men with an interest in sex "dirty old men." What a terrible misconception! Your sustained interest shows that you're still quite young at heart and healthy in body and spirit. Keep the flag flying!

UNDER THE COUNTER

This letter is to let all readers know that there are more advantages to being self-employed than just tax cuts. I am the owner of my own business and have a good-looking girl helping me in the hot summer months. We weren't all that busy one day, so I asked her if she would clean out and organize our stock under the counter. It happens to be the same counter at which I receive my customers and where my cash register is located. It was a fairly hot day, so I was wearing a pair of loose shorts. I starting getting a few customers and was at the counter, when my assistant decided to organize and clean. It is fairly roomy, so she could get underneath without disturbing me while I was waiting on customers, or so I thought. Little did I know that the girl was some kind of a sex maniac who got her kicks through semi-public sex.

Suddenly, as I was standing there with my legs comfortably apart, I felt something touch my cock. Trying not to freak out in front of my customers, I just twitched a little and kept on counting change and smiling uncomfortably.

Then I felt my shorts being slightly lifted on the left side. This started driving me nuts, but I was still trying to stay cool in front of my customers, who began to look at me a little questioningly. By this time I was getting really excited and hard. Then I felt moist, soft lips wrapping around my

cock and sucking very slow and rhythmically. Sweat was beginning to appear on my forehead, and I bent slightly over the counter and grabbed the edge of it, bidding my customers good-bye. I'm sure they must have thought I was suffering from a hangover or a bad case of food poisoning. As my customers left the shop, my assistant began really going to town on me. My legs were about to buckle from her fantastic head action and the anticipation of more customers coming in as I was about to blow my wad in her luscious mouth.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I came like I have never come before. My knuckles turned white from gripping the counter so tightly. After I exploded in her throat I looked under the counter to see my assistant grinning like a Cheshire cat. Her pants were soaked with come because she had climaxed too. I didn't know what else to say. "Thanks a lot" was all that came out from between my still trembling lips.

"You're welcome," she said.

Since that day we have cleared out everything from under the counter, and I have tried my technique on her. Pulling her little shorts to one side, exposing her soft, warm pussy as she stands with her legs wide apart, I lick feverishly at her snatch. Under these conditions it takes no time at all for her to reach a thunderous climax.—G. H.

Are you sure your under-the-counter activities are tax-deductible? If not, it could be a sad "blow" to your business. In the meantime, I hope you and your assistant are expanding your enterprises successfully. You certainly shouldn't be having any problems deciding what to eat for lunch.

ENDLESS LOVE

You might call this reverse discrimination, but to me it's a pain in the ass! I'm a twenty-four-year-old man, six foot one, with sandy blond hair and a face and body that I've always been told turns girls on. And that's the problem.

You see, I'm currently dating three women. There's Jill, a cute, long-haired, little brunette of seventeen; Debbie, a short, busty, curly-haired blonde of 22; and Margaret, a luscious, green-eyed woman of forty with thick red hair and a dynamite body.

To put it simply, these three chicks have made me into an around-the-house sex object, and it's actually getting me down. All they want to do is suck and fuck. Most of the time, either one of them will have my cock stuffed down her throat, or all three will be licking and sucking me off. When I'm in the shower, Margaret will be sucking my cock. When I'm eating breakfast, Jill will be under the table, sucking me off. Once Debbie actually pulled me out of a movie theater to suck me off behind the building, out in the parking lot!

When I come in from work every day, these three female animals always strip me and suck me as soon as I get in the door. Watching television has become totally impossible with three chicks sucking my meat at the same time. How can I get my cock out of their throats and cunts long enough to sit down and have a serious talk about it?

I wish I could give you their real names in hope that they could read this and realize that there's more to do in life than fuck Margaret from behind or eat Jill's cunt every minute while Margaret fellates me, or rub my meat between Debbie's huge tits and into her mouth. Or whatever else they have in mind. Most guys probably dream of having three horny chicks after them all the time, but it can be a problem. And I know what I'm talking about.

Can you please help? Three blowjobs in bed every night are too many. I'm too tired to work, and I can't rest at home.—T. L.

You're right. Most men would probably love to have three gorgeous girls as their concubines. Frankly, I find it hard to believe that you can't control the situation at all. What are they doing at your house all the time anyway? If you really can't stand all that sex, maybe you should consider moving to an igloo in the Arctic. An Eskimo nosejob might suit you better than an unwanted blowjob.

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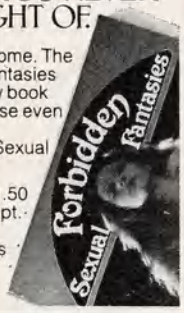

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

commands them to love all.

The Moral Majority—and I agree with one of your previous "Feedback" letter writers that they are neither moral nor a majority—have no right to decide what is acceptable in society for anyone but themselves.—*Douglas S. Grant, Rollinsford, N.H.*

Having just read the article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" in your February 1982 issue about the Moral Majority and the New Right, I felt I had to voice my opinion and concern about these fanatics and their ideas. It was very appropriate that reference was made to Terre Haute, Ind., in the opening paragraphs of the article, because the population of Terre Haute is much like the membership of the New Right. They both are scared of their young people and their ideas—the best of which may be the understanding and tolerance the younger generation seems to have for people who are different from themselves. Terre Haute has to be one of the least progressive cities in the U.S.—which is fine, because basically, the people here are in the over-forty-five age bracket. They are unappreciative, to the point of persecution, of the young people's needs and wants in the community. Are they afraid of their young people? Their intolerance of young, new ideas would seem to indicate that they are. Much like the population of Terre Haute, the membership of the Moral Majority and the New Right has tried to suppress (*kill* may be a more appropriate word) any broad intellectual development of their young people that might deviate from their own beliefs and needs. Fear of reality and what it means to the existence of these groups? I believe so!—*Mark Stultz, Terre Haute, Ind.*

The Moral Majority is nothing less than a terrifying political force that is trying to take over the country by playing on people's guilt. The most terrifying thing about it is that it is run by a fanatical dictator and is being taken seriously. It is one thing to hold an extreme viewpoint and another to force it on naive people.

When the economy is bad and people see corruption all around them, it is easy to listen to someone and believe them, especially when they have as much self-confidence as Mr. Falwell and are promising heaven. Adolf Hitler did the same thing. And we have all seen what "getting religion" did for Iran.

Jerry Falwell is only one man, and as long as you have people you will have corruption. I cannot believe that the majority of the American people would support a power-crazed fanatic. What right does one man have to tell another what he can do? We were all created *equal*.—*Mora J. Randolph, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

Upon reading the responses to the Falwell article by those who support him ("Moans and Groans," April 1982), I find it no surprise that these illiterate idiots, most of whom apparently have little grasp of the English language, blindly follow the teaching of Falwell. I found it appalling that these self-righteous buffoons have the audacity to proclaim that we *Penthouse* readers are hell-bound because we choose to indulge in your magazine. Who do these people think they are?

I'd love to know how many of those who responded thumbed carefully through each *Penthouse* page in search of the Falwell article and still keep the "filthy scum sheet" tucked carefully away in their underwear drawer for "future reference."—*J. L. Wells, Las Vegas, Nev.*

In reference to your "Moans and Groans" in April 1982—seventeen out of eighteen from California—if this is a true representation of the number of letters received, I would like to apologize for my state.—*Karl E. Butler, Chico, Calif.*

Well, gang, I guess it's my turn to finally drop you good hell-bound sinners a short note. To coin a phrase, I read every word you print religiously. This is not to say that I totally agree with everything printed in *Penthouse*, but, more often than not, I can see and appreciate your point of view. And I damned sure get tickled sometimes, as with the April 1982 "Feedback" and "Moans and Groans."

Just who in hell do these born-again nuts think they're fooling? I don't watch too much television, but I do enjoy reading many nonfiction books that I think have more to say than the Bible (which I have read). At one point I was a church member, but I gave it up because it was no more than a social gathering to sport new threads. And then, too, I've lost many old friends and good party folks to this born-again affair. But here I remain, happy, healthy, and puttin' along.

I constantly get visits from old friends hung up on these new-order churches. They push God down my throat until I'm ready to shit. And in the same breath they ask me to bring my group of bluegrass musicians to various gatherings to do fine vocal renditions of gospel music. Boy! We don't perform at church gatherings but we do sing gospel music. Why?

To tell you the truth, we do a good job with gospel music because bluegrass happened to pick up on it years ago and it sounds good. But it sure doesn't inspire visions of God. Good music is just that—good music.

I really think all this came to me after reading your articles on Falwell. He certainly does seem to be a nut, along with all the other video 'vangelists on the airwaves. I'm glad for your stories on him.

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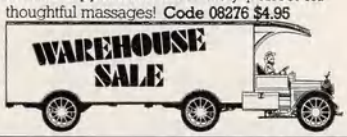

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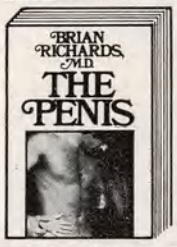

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Don't let his followers get to you. After all, free speech and all that good stuff, right? And if all the letters are right, I'll be in hell with you and your staff—bong in one hand and beer in the other—looking forward to a grand party with no Moral Majoritarians to give me a hard time.

Almost forgot to say that your whole magazine is great—cover to cover—and the girls are awful cute. See ya in hell.—*I.J.C., Baltimore, Md.*

I wish to begin this letter by stating that I am a born-again Christian. I also wish to state that I agree with everything you have said about Jerry Falwell. In my opinion, the man's god is not the God of the Scripture, but mammon. Falwell is the liar, and a thief as well, depositing the vast amounts of money that he gleans from his hapless and deceived supporters into his own pockets. It's high time that someone had the courage to expose the man, and I and my family are grateful to you for what you've done to expose him and the Moral Majority and the New Right (or should I say the "new Nazis"?). I say keep up the good work and don't let those narrow-minded bigots get you down! Someone's got to expose the rat!

By the way, in reference to your "Moans and Groans" column in the April 1982 issue: isn't it strange that eighteen out of nineteen letters (the ones that are printed "... including spelling and grammatical errors") were all from roughly the same geographical area?

Good luck, keep up the good work, and may God bless you. Don't ever be afraid to expose criminals like the so-called Reverend Falwell!—*Elaine Gregory, Sacramento, Calif.*

I do not feel that your articles about Jerry Falwell and his rise to national fame are slanderous. You presented honest, forthright, factual investigative reporting of the type not handled by newspapers. I think organized religion, even "nondenominational," is given better press than it deserves. I also think that we should prepare to tax our religious organizations in this country.

Keep up your fine, hard-charging reporting. Remember that the Jerry Falwell followers don't subscribe to *Penthouse* anyway. You can only gain more readers with your investigation.—*Frank Yates, San Diego, Calif.*

After reading the angry letters sent to you from some of Jerry Falwell's California following, I had to write and express my thanks to you for allowing the sane people of this country to view how their fanatical, demented minds work. Falwell's following seems totally unaware that the Moral Majority poses a danger to what America is supposed to stand for. Have they forgotten about liberty and freedom of choice, or is it that they don't have time to worry about such trivialities when there are more pressing matters at hand, such as planning their strategy to enter into right-wing politics?

While reading these cultist letters, fear for my rights as an individual (which these hell-bent, god-awful idiots want to deprive me of) made me realize the intensity of their devout desire to reform or rid the country of its "sinners." This realization had me in the throes of near hysteria, but hysteria was quickly replaced by anger and a total disgust for all people who let themselves be reeled in by a maniacal man who preys on their emotional weaknesses, then financially rapes them, promising them eternal salvation. His vast following fail to see the power he holds over them because they are blinded by their deep-seated belief that they will burn in hell if they question this "undoubtedly holy" man (hey, he's on television all the time, isn't he?) about his motives and his methods.

It's too bad that none of Falwell's California "Reich" will see this letter. I'd like to let them know that I think Jesus saves. At the First National Bank.—*Susan Melton, Fairfield, Ill.*

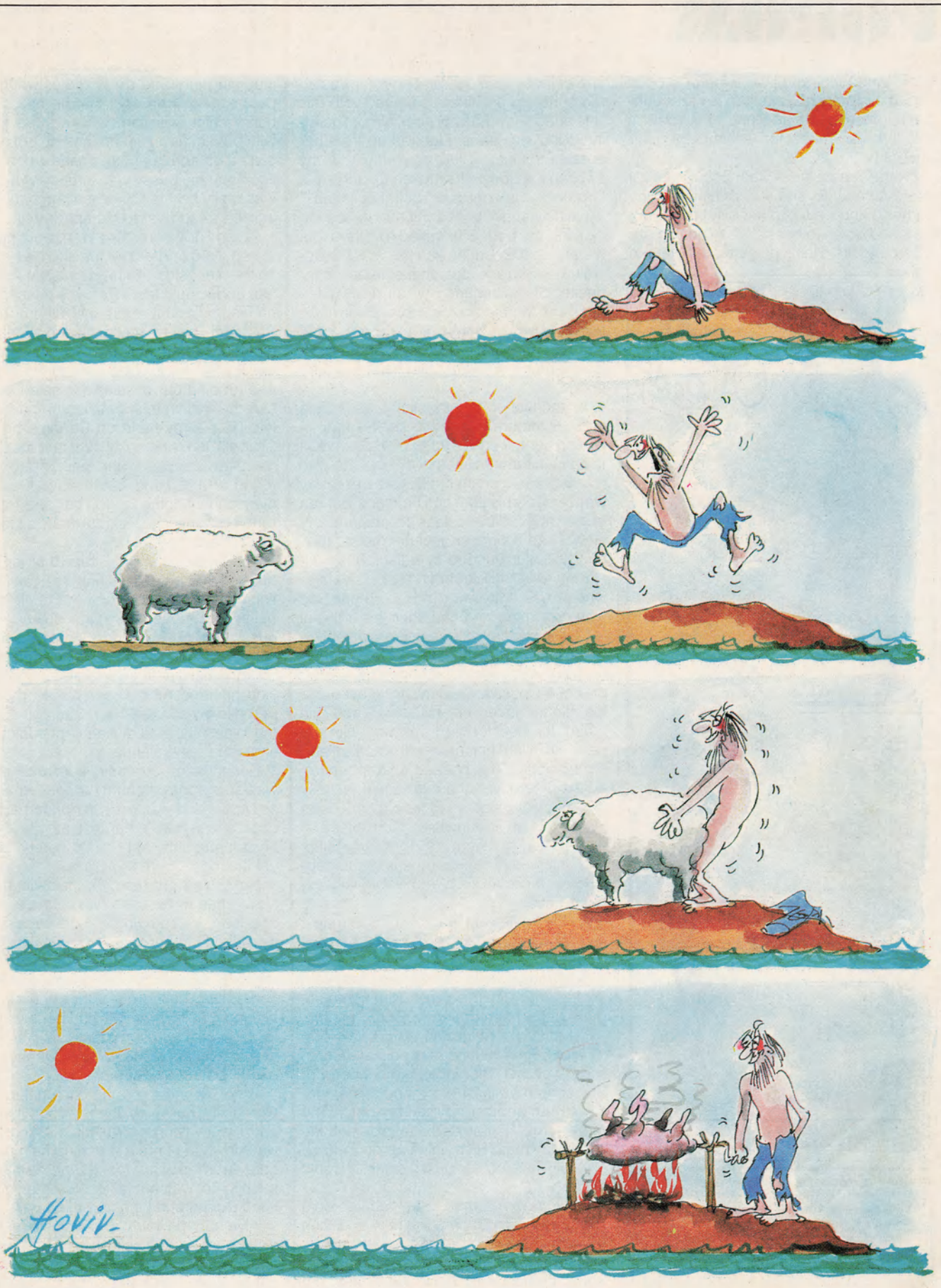
MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are produced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.

You guys think you are so clever, well you aren't. Sure you have the legal right to publish your magazine, such freedom. You and your magazine has perverted and destroyed everything this country once was great for freedom. There is no freedom in sin. Deny it as you may the facts speak for themselves. Teenage suicides are up as well as all suicides, murders, rapes, divorces. If people are so free and doing their own thing then why are they so miserable. Your magazine's philosophy is lie straight from hell. It destroys people, the responsibility will be on your head. And yes you do have the right not to be forced into a religious belief, just as I have the right not to be brainwashed by your religion of promiscuity and evolution, why wasn't my rights important.

I believed the lie of evolution until I found the truth in the Lord Jesus. In his precious love—*Ted Dotson, Rapid City, Mo.*

I find it hard to believe that anyone would risk the Wrath of God by confessing willfull opposition to His Son and His Minister (i.e. Dr. Falwell). The guilt of your Moral turpitude is sufficient to Damn you to fire (Rev. 21:8) Therefore I exhort you to forsake your Wicked Ways; Repent and be Saved i the name of Jesus Christ. . . . Please Hurry! Yours in Christ—*Bill Martin, Venice, Calif.*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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Beth, Kim, Rich, and I were the only ones left. At this point he said that he had a special surprise for me and that I could have it if I left the room for a moment. Fair enough!

When I came back into Bob's room, I was stunned to see Kim sitting on the corner of the bed with her silk blouse unbuttoned down to her naval, exposing her full, round tits. Her nipples were light and large, riding high on those two silky orbs. I turned to Bob, who was smiling, and he said simply, "Surprise!" He then motioned toward Kim, who was now fondling one of those luscious tits of hers. I was already horny, and that combined with this little peep show had my cock almost bursting out of my jeans. I looked up from her breasts to see her leering hungrily at my swollen member. She looked up and said, "You're gonna get your rocket polished."

Quickly she reached out and pulled me close to the bed. She pulled my hand to a warm and welcoming tit. Frantically undoing my pants, she located the object of her desire. She clenched my hot dog by the neck and impaled her wet throat with it. Alternately sucking and nibbling my cock, she had no trouble coaxing out the most thunderous orgasm I've ever experienced.

As the last of my hot, sticky load rolled into her mouth, I turned to see Beth positioning herself on the edge of the bed next to us in a semireclining position. She was leaning back on her elbows. Her body was remarkably tight and firm for a woman of her age. With no legs to obstruct my view, I had a clear shot of her moist, quivering slit, surrounded by a thick bush.

Kim was still gobbling my sausage when I heard the whir of Bob's chair. He was now nude and had shed his artificial legs. He skillfully positioned himself directly in front of Beth. He carefully placed his love lance into the opening of her drenched pussy. Quickly he shoved the directional lever on his chair and his mount lurched forward colliding with the bed. He filled her cunt with his big and throbbing tool. He backed up and repeated the move over and over again, quickly and efficiently slamming his big dork deep inside of her. Meanwhile, Rich joined in and started sucking and fondling Beth's erect nipples. She was moaning and begging for more as Rich and Bob lustily explored her.

All the while Kim was giving me magic face, and once again I was hard as a rock. I couldn't take watching anymore. Beth was starting to shiver and scream as I kept driving my stiff prod into Kim's mouth. Beth started screaming to Bob, "Fill me, you bastard! I'm gonna come!" At that moment, Rich fastened his cold aluminum fingers on her left nipple like a vice-grip. She screamed in ecstasy, and at that moment I ran another hot steamy batch into Kim's throat. Exhausted, I fell back on the carpet to watch Rich finish up on Beth by greedily sucking her pussy clean of Bob's juices.

I have now returned to my regular job. I still see Bob and company now and then for more fantastic sex and good times. Pleasure is a product of a healthy mind. Super bodies don't make super sex, super people do.—*Name and address withheld*

ON CALL

Ned and I had fantasized for about two years about having sex with another girl. Our fantasies were the source of many orgasms for us. Finally, one night they came true. I had already gone to bed after overindulging in some good reefer when the phone rang. Ned said that he had some horny chick with him who wanted to be with both of us. I said no, and he got really pissed off and hung up. That's when I noticed that my pussy was already wet and I was really horny; so I called him back and agreed to go over to his apartment.

When I got there, they were both naked in bed. Ned undressed me and I lay down on the other side of him. He started kissing me, and I could taste Donna's pussy juice on his lips and it made me even hornier! She and I were embarrassed when he pushed us together and we didn't really know what to do. Ned started kissing us and rubbing our pussies. He said that we had the two wettest pussies he had ever felt. He put my hand on Donna's breast, and I started rubbing all over and touching her hard nipples. Her boobs are real round and full and hard. I loved kissing them and touching them. Then she started rubbing mine and licking them so softly that it made my pussy ache.

The whole time Ned kept rubbing our pussies and putting his fingers in and putting them in our mouths so we could taste pussy. He moved my hand down to her pussy and I put my fingers inside. It was so tight and soft. She was so hot and wet I couldn't believe it! I moved my fingers inside her and rubbed her clit. Ned whispered in my ear to eat her. She didn't want me to at first but I did. Ned kept putting his fingers in me until I came.

Donna has such a hairy cunt and her clit was so smooth. I put my tongue in as far as I could and was really surprised at how good she tasted. When she ate me it was so soft and light that I could barely feel it, yet it almost drove me crazy.

Next, Ned put his dick inside her real slow. I had never seen him so big around and long. I was dying of horniness while he fucked her hard. At the same time I fingered her clit and sucked on her nipples. It took her a long time to come, but she finally did. Ned pulled out of her and started fucking me. It was what I had been waiting for. I came almost instantly. We fucked and played until 5:00 A.M. even though we had to be at work at eight.

There is one thing that still makes me especially horny to think about: Donna and I were lying on our backs and Ned was down at our feet watching us masturbate each other. (It makes me horny just for him to watch me masturbate, never mind Donna and I masturbating each other.) He had the lotion and was stoking his dick, and I could tell she was about to come, so I told him to put his fingers in her pussy. Well, he put three fingers in her and three fingers in me, and we both came all over his hands.

All night long he'd either fuck me or her first and then the other. He'd fuck her and at the same time put his fingers in me or

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kiss me, or vice versa. Once he came on Donna's belly and we rubbed it in her stomach and pubic hair. We'd rest once in a while, but someone always got horny and started it again. I would watch his balls bouncing up against her ass while he fucked her. Once, I put lotion on his ass hole and slid my finger in, and he came inside Donna almost at once. We all must have come gallons that night. There's no way I could write about everything we did that night, but these are some of the best.

There was only one bad thing: Ned said we didn't suck his dick enough. We've all been together three or four times since then and we've made up for it. He said that now it's like a contest to see who can suck him the most. No other time has been as good as the first, though.

Whenever Ned and I talk about these wild nights when we are making love, I always climax a lot. He wants me and Donna to be together by ourselves, but we never will, because it wouldn't be as good without him there to encourage us. The whole time Ned whispers to us what he wants us to do, and that helps a lot. I wouldn't have done nearly as much the first time if he hadn't done that.—*Name and address withheld*

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

My girlfriend, Randy, and I are students at a southern college. Our school, like most colleges and universities, has a stage show every now and then, and the last one set us off in a new direction of lovemaking. Part of this show dealt with hypnotism and the power of suggestion. I am too much of a skeptic to be hypnotized, but using the power of suggestion drove me up the wall.

The night after the show, Randy and I were sitting in my living room, watching television. I thought it was going to be a long evening, because the next day we had school. Instead, it became a night to remember.

She rolled a joint and got her "let's fuck" look. After we got a nice buzz, she came over to sit by me. "I want to try an experiment," she said. "But first you have to take off all your clothes." Never being one to argue, I was out of them in seconds. "Now, sit back, stretch your legs out, close your eyes, and listen to my voice."

It was very easy to relax with the nice high I had, not to mention no clothes. The first thing she told me to do was get a mental picture of her, especially her head. The image was slow in coming, but it got there.

"Look at the top of my head and let your mind see my face, the shape of my mouth. Move down my neck to the very top of my shoulder. I've got my long, red, see-through gown on."

Randy was getting good at this power-of-suggestion stuff. In my mind I could see her standing in front of me. But my mind wouldn't let me look below her shoulders. And she was just out of reach, so I couldn't touch her. I wanted her to go on, but she was intent on taking her time.

"Get a picture of my boobs. Watch each

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tit as it gets hard. Imagine each one in your mouth. Feel their hardness between your teeth." The tingling I felt in my balls was giving me a raging hard-on. My mouth was watering. I just knew each nipple was in my mouth, but so far she hadn't touched me. I kept thinking, "Why doesn't she get on with this?"

From her boobs, she told me to have my mind picture go down her soft belly and down to her neatly trimmed pubic hair. "Let me pull my gown up so you can have a better look. Can you see my pussy lips peeking out from my bush? Watch my finger slide in and out of my hole."

Who was she kidding? Not only could I see the lips, I could see the juice flowing out. How much longer could this go on?

"Keep your eyes closed and look at your chest. Feel my tongue around your nipples? I love it when they get hard like mine. Now, I'm making a trail to your belly." I can hardly stand to have my stomach messed with. But she wasn't even touching me, and it was driving me up the wall.

"Feel my fingers run through your hair?" Some time during her speech, she had gotten up and moved between my legs. When her fingers touched me, I almost hit my head on the ceiling.

"Don't open your eyes yet. Feel what I'm doing to you."

Her hand encircled my prick and, starting at the base, slid up and down the shaft. Slowly at first, but steadily increasing the tempo. I was not prepared for the load of come that shot out of me. And the more I shot, the harder she stroked. Finally, she stopped. When she did, my eyes refused to open.

When I finally got my eyes to focus, all I could see was the top of her head. She was after my cock again. Sucking me off is not one of Randy's favorite activities, but she was doing a good job now. My pole was at attention in seconds. Her mouth clamped down and went to work. Her hand was again around the base. As her mouth went down, her hand slid up. The first double jack-off on the same cock at the same time! I felt the tension in my balls build. Every time her head went down, I hit the back of her throat. When I came, she tried to swallow it all, but some oozed out the corners of her mouth. Rather than lick it off, she used it as a shampoo (which didn't work well after it dried).

"How do you feel?"

Instead of answering her, I pushed her onto her back. I pulled her gown up to her waist and wrapped my tongue around her clit. Rubbing, sucking, biting, and licking it, I brought her to a gigantic climax.

After it was over, we retired to the bedroom. I realized that during the whole power of suggestion thing, we hadn't fucked. No longer caring about sleep, we started all over again. The last thing I remember before falling asleep in her arms, my cock resting in her snatch, was how much fun we were going to have when it was my turn to have her close her eyes!—*Name and address withheld*

THE RIGHT INCENTIVE

Unlike a lot of your readers I have always known my story would interest "Forum," even though I realize a lot of it wouldn't be the kind of life-style most people would want to follow. For me it has been the greatest. I know that I'm a sexual slave, but I wouldn't change it for the world.

It all started back when I was eighteen. Sure, I had been out with boys, but I was still a virgin and really pretty innocent at the time. I did know what it was to get hot through and through every night. I would strip naked, lie on my back with my legs spread, and masturbate. One day while I was doing just that, the door to my room opened and there stood my older brother.

I got this sinking feeling in my gut. I didn't know what to do and all I could say was "Don't tell Mom." He said he wouldn't and then came and sat on the edge of my bed. He put his hand on my thigh and slowly slid it up to my cunt. I gasped when he touched me and he asked if I liked that. I said I did and he began to finish me off, all the time telling me what a mean little body I had. (I do have, too! I'm five foot two, 36-23-34, and 107 pounds.) I came like a cannon and he said he would come back and do me the next night too.

This went on for a week but I always had to be at the ready if I wanted it. I had to be naked, on my back, knees up, and legs spread when he came into the room. He said I would have to earn my fun, and he pulled his cock out of his pants. Can any girl forget her first sight of a cock? It looked so big, stiff, mean, and hard, and I was fascinated by it. He told me to touch it and I could hardly believe how soft the skin was, especially at the tip. Then he told me to put it in my mouth and suck it.

I could barely get it in my mouth. He told me to take as much in as I could and suck on it and move my tongue over it. He told me to play with his balls and suck them too and he taught me how to jack him with my hand while I was sucking him. He would say, "Be ready to swallow, because I'm coming." It would gush down my throat, so salty, and I wasn't really ready for it. If some slipped out of the side of my mouth, he told me to lick that up with my fingers. As he masturbated me he told me that when I could swallow every drop I would get a surprise.

Now he would come into my room and sit on the edge of the bed and I would kneel between his legs, naked, and take out his cock and suck him off. Sometimes he would reach down and play with my titties while I sucked. One night I kept down every drop of his come. He gave me a surprise. He got down and ate me through two orgasms. It was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

A couple of days later he came in and I sucked him off and then he ate me. Then he said, "I guess you want to know what's left." I said I did. He told me, "If you want it, ask for it." I said I wanted it. He said, "What?" Finally I said, "I want you to stick it in me. I want to get fucked by you." All this time he was sucking my titties and masturbating me, so my words came out pretty jumbled as I was coming. It was then that he slipped his cock up my cunt.

I was surprised, because I thought it would hurt lots, but it just pinched a little. He put my knees over his shoulders. I'm pretty small so he got in pretty deep that way. I just loved the feeling of him slamming into my cunt. I came again like a demon.

This went on for a couple of months and then my brother got a girl friend. He didn't come and see me much anymore. I was pretty depressed by that. But one day he asked if I wanted to go out that night. I said I would, but it had been about two months since our last fuck, so I didn't expect anything sexual. I thought it was over. Well, he drove me to a strip joint, and I said I wasn't going in. But he said that I would if I wanted it that night. I needed it so bad that I didn't argue.

We got a table by the stage. A girl came out and began to dance and I started to get turned on. It wasn't the sight of the girl but the thought of what it would be like to strip in front of all those guys. I doubted I would have the guts, but it turned me on to think about it. I got butterflies in my gut and a

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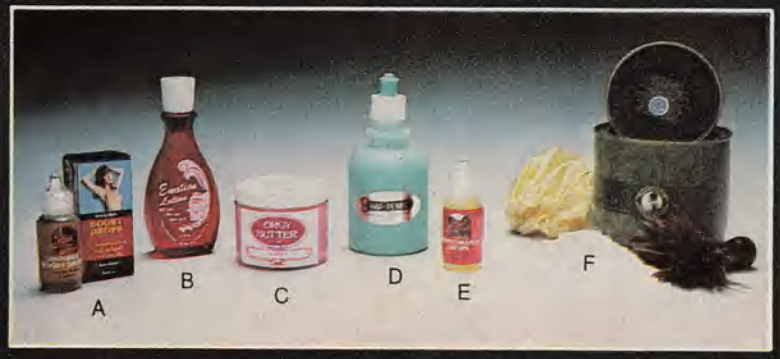

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twinge in my cunt when she showed her titties, and then I was really squirming when she got down to her G-string and guys started shoving money in it.

We watched some more girls and my brother told me to take notice of the one I thought was best. Finally a girl did a real good dance and I told him so. He told me to remember what she did. We waited until she came on again and he gave me a dollar and told me to put it in her G-string. I didn't want to, but he said if I did I would get an extra special fucking that night. When the girl finally came over, she looked a bit surprised to see another woman, but she turned her bum to me and bent over and looked at me between her legs. I pulled the strap down and was about to slip the dollar under it when she stepped back and made my hand slip right down on her cunt. She just stood up and laughed at me and I took off out of there.

When we got home I got fucked as promised. Then he told me that Mom and Dad were going away for the weekend and so he would like to see me do a striptease. I was to get my costumes together and he would get the music ready. He fucked me every night for the rest of that week, just like before.

On Saturday night his girl friend came over and he said she would watch, too, because she didn't want to go into a strip place but had always wondered what it was like. I didn't want her around but he talked me into it by masturbating me and promising me a good fucking. I got a real rush out of doing it. I watched their eyes when I took off my top and later when I took off my bottoms.

My brother's girl friend then said that she would take some pictures of me. She had a Polaroid camera. My brother began positioning me while she took shots. I wasn't too sure of it at first, but I soon got into it. Pretty soon I was masturbating for the camera. Then she asked if I wanted to take pictures of her. She had a pretty mean body too and was quick to get the hang of it. My brother grabbed the camera and told us to go at it together. She put her arm around me before I could object, bent down, and sucked on one of my titties. My brother told her to masturbate me. I didn't like it at first but started to come after a while. Then she ate me, and the next thing I knew I was doing it to her. Her titties were so soft and her cunt tasted too good for words. I even swallowed every drop of her juice.

I made it with the two of them for a couple of months after that. She admitted that she was bi and had been trying to find a way to get at me before they thought up their plan.

All of this happened several years ago. Now I am married and my husband is my new master. He can get me to do anything if he promises me a good fucking.—*Name and address withheld*

SELF-INVOLVED

Ever since I first discovered the joy of self-stimulation, I have been a master of masturbation. Now that I'm twenty-four, with a place of my own, I am able to partake of my pleasures in complete privacy.

When I feel myself getting in the mood, I will smoke a joint and get very relaxed while I thumb through some copies of *Penthouse*. The beautiful pictures start getting me very turned on, so I adjourn to my bedroom to get comfortable. Then I get the baby oil and Vaseline from my dresser and place them on the table next to my bed within easy reach. The wall facing the bed has a large, full-length mirror on it and I stand before it as I slowly begin to undress. After my shirt is removed I pull the zipper down on my pants and watch as my semi-hard cock tumbles out (I rarely wear underwear). When I am completely naked I sit in on the edge of the bed and admire my body as I spread my legs wide apart. I caress my smooth skin and run my hands down to my swelling cock and balls. By now I am completely hard and my eight-inch shaft is proudly standing straight up in the air. I lie back on the bed, propping myself up against the pillows so that I can look at myself in the mirror. My legs are still spread wide as I smooth the baby oil over my chest, stomach, inner thighs, and finally over my hard, thick pole. My skin shimmers as it reflects soft bedroom light. I take the Vaseline from the night table.

Scooping some up with my fingertips, I begin to smooth the slippery stuff over my throbbing love muscle. Starting at the head, I slowly stroke the Vaseline over the length of my shaft and then down over my aching balls. I wrap my hand around the tip and begin to slide up and down in a smooth, steady rhythm. My mirror image looks so sexy as I continue pumping. My prick is deep purple in color by now and looks so swollen. My hand glides down to massage my balls and then continues to the crevice between my tight ass cheeks. There I massage my sensitive ass hole, smoothing the greasy Vaseline over my tight back door and pushing the tip of my finger up against it.

When my sphincter is nicely relaxed, I take my Japanese love beads (pearl-sized beads, tied about one inch apart on a silk string) and slowly insert them into my ass hole, one at a time. I continue to slowly massage my cock. The feeling is tremendous as I watch the beads disappear up inside me and my cock and balls seem to swell to even greater proportions. Now I am totally into my self-loving and I concentrate on milking and massaging my cock. I bring myself close to the edge, only to back off, prolonging the ecstasy.

Finally when I can take no more, I begin to slowly pull the love beads from my tight ass hole. I tighten the grip of my hand around my thick, greasy shaft, and begin to milk my fuck pole for all it's worth. I can feel my come, under high pressure, beginning its journey from my aching balls, up through the length of my shaft. It reaches

the tip just as I tug another bead from the clenching muscles of my ass hole. I gasp as the first jet of come squirts out and splashes on my neck, chest, and stomach. I continue pulling the beads out, synchronizing each exit of a bead with a jet of come. I groan loudly as the last bead slips out of my ass hole. My balls and shaft contract strongly and I eject my final drops.

I am totally spent and I smooth the love cream over my tingling skin. Then, I close my eyes and fall into a deep sleep.—*Name and address withheld*

AFTER HOURS

I had always thought your "Forum" letters were the products of imagination. But my mind has been changed because of an experience I had at work last night.

My friend Ralph and I were working together at the same Mexican restaurant. Few customers had come in that night, so Ralph and I decided to close early. Just as Ralph was locking the door, a car drove into the lot. I saw there were two girls in the car, so I told Ralph to unlock the door. Lucky for us, he did.

Out of the car stepped two long-legged beauties. As we watched them approach the building, we noticed their gait was a bit unsteady, indicating they had been visiting a few bars earlier in the evening. Ralph couldn't keep his eyes off their voluptuous bodies as he took their orders. Donna was about five feet six, with blond hair and ample breasts swinging free beneath her T-shirt. Mae was taller, her long legs accented by her skintight jeans.

I cracked a few jokes, and they came back with a few of their own. They asked if we had hot dogs. Ralph laughed and said they could have hot dogs later. Pretty soon it was really time to close, and I came out and locked the doors. I told them to yell when they wanted out. Donna said, "We'll leave when you two leave."

I went back in, and Ralph said his cock was aching for the warmth of a juicy cunt. I told him not to worry because this could be our lucky night. Just then, I heard the girls say they were ready for their hot dogs. To my amazement, Ralph ran out and dropped his pants right in front of Donna. She took his hint and proceeded to give him head. I saw he was in good hands, so I beckoned Mae to the back.

Mae was obviously an expert at this game. She gave me an outstanding blowjob. No woman had ever sucked my cock with such relish. When I came, she swallowed every drop from my nine-inch member. I looked out in the dining room and saw Donna's legs wrapped around Ralph's head. I turned back to Mae, as she was licking my limp wang back to it full hardness.

Donna had started to scream, "Fuck me, fuck me!" and Ralph complied with her request, pumping on a table until they were both exhausted. Mae, in the meantime, had disrobed completely and had started to finger herself as I tongued and massaged her firm breasts. She led my head down to her glistening pussy, and within seconds her back arched in a shuddering orgasm. She moaned for more, and I gladly entered her soft cunt. She was by now well lubricated and had no trouble accepting my cock. Our hips were soon pumping in unison, and within a few minutes we came together on the floor.

To my surprise, Ralph and Donna walked past us into the office. "Too many windows in the dining room," Ralph explained. I looked into the office and saw Donna's chest pressed against a chair back, her breasts and erect nipples hanging over as Ralph entered her from behind. I feared Ralph would push her over with his vigorous thrusts. She threw her head back and gasped for air as her juices ran down his legs. The chair held up.

We spent a few minutes recovering, and the girls helped us clean up. They left, promising to come back the next night we closed early. We hope to have the same thing to eat when they return!—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

STEREO STAR TREK

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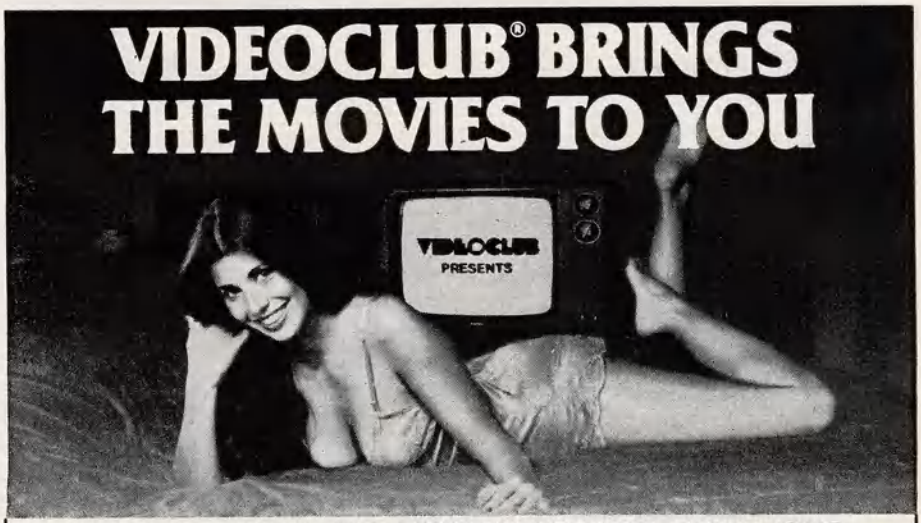

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S&M FOR BEGINNERS

THE AGONY AND ECSTASY OF RESISTANCE

The Agony and Ecstasy of Resistance—Sexual boredom is a major plague. As long ago as 1948, Dr. Alfred Kinsey discovered that marital intercourse did not "provide even half of the total number of orgasms experienced by males in our American culture." The recent *Hite Report on Male Sexuality* likewise noted that most married men are bored in bed—even when their wives are available. What's going on here? Is sex losing its kick? Not exactly. Exciting sex merely needs some resistance or barrier to keep the sparks flying. And without this resistance sexual interest collapses. This commonsense observation is true for animals as well as for man. Dr. C. A. Tripp, a noted sex researcher and a Kinsey protégé, is the originator of the theory of resistance, and he explains its fascinating implications in an article by Philip Nobile, editorial director of *Forum*.

Forsaking All Others—"You can never go near that female," Maximo was warned. "They would take you into a freezer in the meat market and hang you on the hook like a lamb, and then they would cut you up a piece at a time." The girl in question is the beautiful Nicki Mariani, who, as daughter of the Mafia *capo* who runs the Bronx, is definitely off-limits to any Puerto Rican, no matter how good-looking. Only Jimmy Breslin, the best-selling novelist and columnist whose reporting from the streets of New York City has gained him international fame, could write such a modern Romeo and Juliet story—an exclusive excerpt from his new novel, which will be published soon by Simon & Schuster.

Courtroom Psychiatry—Woman kills baby son, believing that Satan has entered his body. Psychiatrists declare that while she was patently deranged at the time of the murder, she was not certifiably insane *at this moment*. The judge has no alternative but to release her. The incompatible marriage between law and psychiatry continues to allow such murderers to be set free. Insanity as a legal defense is a most peculiar notion, and yet no other single factor has contributed quite so much to the present decrepitude of America's criminal-justice system. Nor, possibly, to the clammy fear that permeates our streets.

Interview with Curtis Sliwa—As founder and head of the Guardian Angels, a group of unarmed volunteers who patrol the New York City transit system and other high-crime areas, twenty-eight-year-old Curtis Sliwa has been attacked as a fascist, a vigilante, an ineffective do-gooder. He responds: "We're just average people choosing to create a better quality of life." He articulates the Guardian Angel motto: *Evil will triumph when good men do nothing*. And in two years of existence, the group has grown from a band of thirteen to more than 700 members in New York alone and has operating chapters in more than thirty-five cities across the country. In August's *Penthouse*, Sliwa is revealed in his most honest, open, and exhaustive interview to date.

S&M for Beginners—Sadomasochism is a forbidding erotic zone. Whips and chains and leather and handcuffs appear freakish to ordinary romantics. But S&M is a far more complex behavior than ordinarily supposed. And interest appears to be growing, judging from the new popularity of S&M clubs, boutiques, novels, and films. V. K. McCarty, executive editor of *Variations*, takes us on a tour of the discipline and bondage horizon, including an astonishing eyewitness report on a spectacularly high-priced pleasure-pain scene. Plus an interview with a dominatrice and lists of great S&M literary classics and historical figures.

STEREO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

tion. In combination, they give me terrific sound for the money."

(Ironically, in my position, sometimes you *don't* want the very best sound money can buy. During the many years I've spent in the music business, I've always relied on a gut reflex, an intuitive ability to tune in to mass taste. Listening to a new group in the studio, it's easy to get overwhelmed by that fabulous engineered sound. But that's not reality. To ensure that I hear studio sound the way much of the American public does, I always plug in a small radio-sized speaker for playback.)

Another very exciting star and totally different talent from Kool is my old friend Peter Allen. As a top headliner on "Rock Concert," Peter's both a brilliant songwriter and a great charismatic performer. I love to watch him at the piano; nobody else throws out such energy, flash, and bravura. But then the next minute Peter creates a totally opposite mood with a lovely, warm ballad. He can do it all.

Like many performers I know, Peter admits: "My equipment's a conglomerate of a lot of stuff. When I'm making some tapes to play while on tour, I do them directly on a fabulous, small Technics system, then play them back on a Panasonic portable. On one home system I've got JBL speakers; on another, Fisher. In one place I've got a lot of JVC components; another system's all Bang & Olufsen."

If his audio equipment's eclectic, so is Peter's taste in music. For relaxation, he'll listen to classical or Brazilian music. He loves old musical soundtrack scores—like Cole Porter's *High Society*, and he's got a tremendous collection of fifties records. "Sometimes I just go on a binge. Especially when someone's visiting and you each start saying, 'You want to hear something *really* weird?' It can go from the Four Freshmen to Mel Torme singing the complete score to *Porgy and Bess*. Next morning there's forty records scattered over the floor!"

I know what Peter means. Looking back on my years in music, I'm almost in awe of the variety: rock, rhythm and blues, country and gospel, disco, soul, new-wave and punk. I look back and remember all the thrills—both listening to music and making it available to so many millions of others. On one "Rock Concert," that meant premiering the Rolling Stones—their first public appearance after a ten-year hiatus. Another time it was putting together, on one show, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, and Jackson Browne. Years before anyone knew their names, I featured the likes of Billy Joel, Donna Summer, and the Commodores. To me, that's the magic of music: its dazzling diversity, its richness. It's the sound of today's—and tomorrow's—stars.

For information on the merchandise featured here, see page 193.

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